Collier's

PTEMBER 19, 1942 TEN CENTS

COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF COLLIER'S—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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Our New HOTPOINT ELECTRIC KITCHEN Is Just Around the Corner . . .

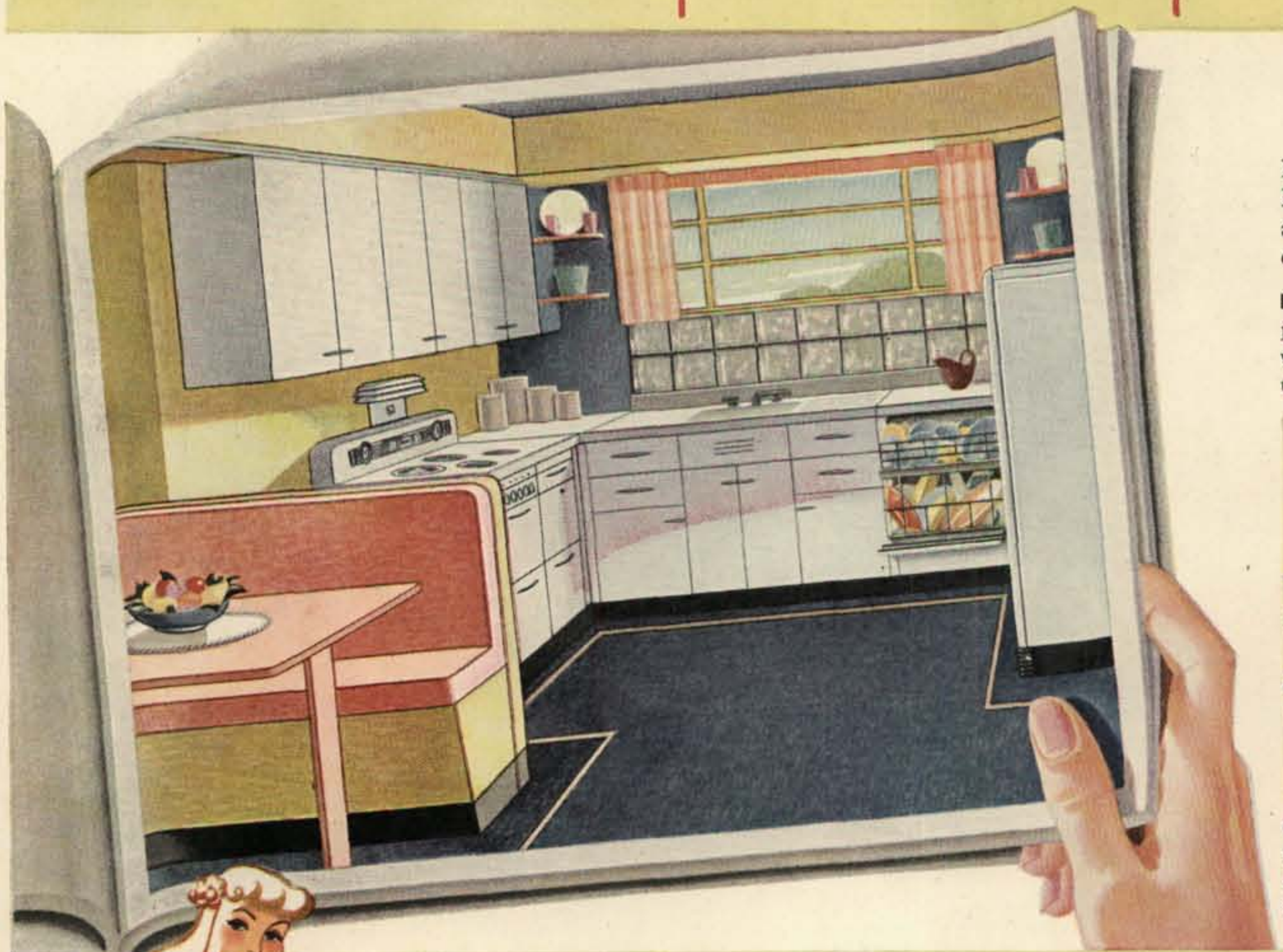
BUY WAR BONDS HERE

EVERY DOLLAR I spend for War Bonds gives me a great big thrill of satisfaction! I figure I'm not only helping win the war but hastening the day when I'll be able to own the kitchen I've always dreamed about—a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen like Jane's. You can't *imagine* how much actual time and work it saves her every single day—how amazingly easy it is to keep clean—how delightfully cool it always is!

. . . and Boy, It's a Beauty!

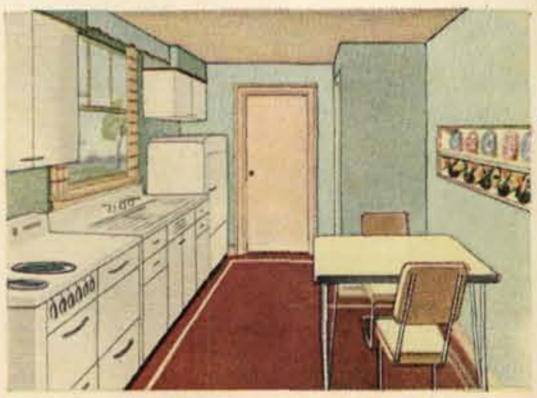
FOR HOMES COSTING $4000
FOR HOMES COSTING $6000

The cost of a Hotpoint Electric Kitchen averages about 10% of home-building costs.



I never realized that a practical Hotpoint Electric Kitchen could be so handsome! It's certainly a beauty—every gleaming inch of it! And best of all—it costs far less than we ever thought!

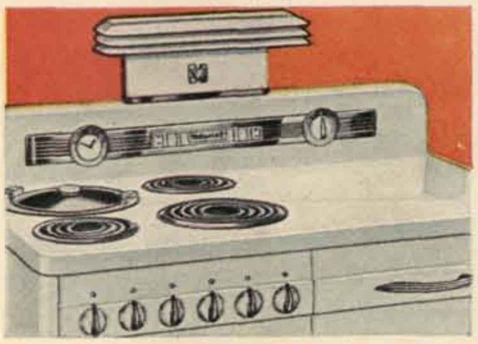
FOR A $6,000 HOME—The Colonial Kitchen (left), complete with Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator, Electric Dishwasher, Sink and Hotpoint Steel Cabinets, costs so little that many $6,000 homes now enjoy them.



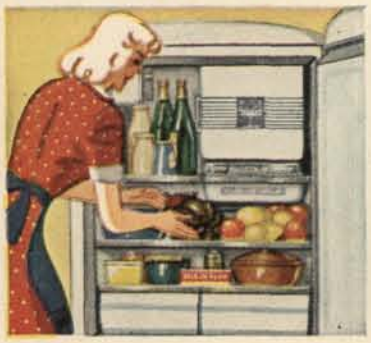
FOR A $4,000 HOME—The Sunset Kitchen (above), typical of *thousands* installed in low-cost defense homes, is equipped with Hotpoint Range, Refrigerator, Hotpoint Sink and Steel Cabinets.

We'll All Enjoy These Wonderful Electric Appliances

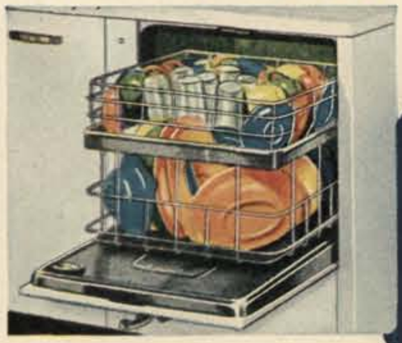
BUY WAR BONDS TODAY—ELECTRIC KITCHENS TOMORROW



● There'll be no more guesswork about my baking when I have a thrifty, accurate Hotpoint Electric Range! And cooking the clean electric way means the air in my kitchen will always be absolutely fresh and free from fumes!



● Foods will stay fresher far longer in my Hotpoint Electric Refrigerator. That's an important economy right there! And think of the savings we will make by buying food in quantities!



● Even the children can operate a Hotpoint Automatic Electric Dishwasher and Disposall. Just a flick of the switch and dishes are washed sparkling clean—food wastes flushed away.

Hotpoint
ELECTRIC
KITCHENS
★ ★ ★

EDISON GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCE CO., INC., 5685 WEST TAYLOR STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ GM ARMS FOR VICTORY ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

Anti-aircraft guns for the Army

Treasury of skills

It is only natural that today the vast treasury of Fisher skills should be working round-the-clock on a wide diversity of tasks for victory. Our assignments range from naval ordnance to army bombers and tanks, from delicate aircraft instruments to the machines and tools of armament production. The skills called for vary as greatly as do the jobs themselves.

Yet all are distinguished by the same fine craftsmanship — all devoted to the same high purpose. That is, to make certain the security and triumph of our native land.

armament ~~BODY~~ BY Fisher

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

PROUDLY FISHER FLIES THE "E" FOR EXCELLENCE— *highest service award in the Navy. Fisher, the* FIRST *in the automotive industry to receive this coveted emblem for its ahead-of-schedule production, is also the* FIRST *in the industry to fly the burgee with a star for continued excellence of production.*

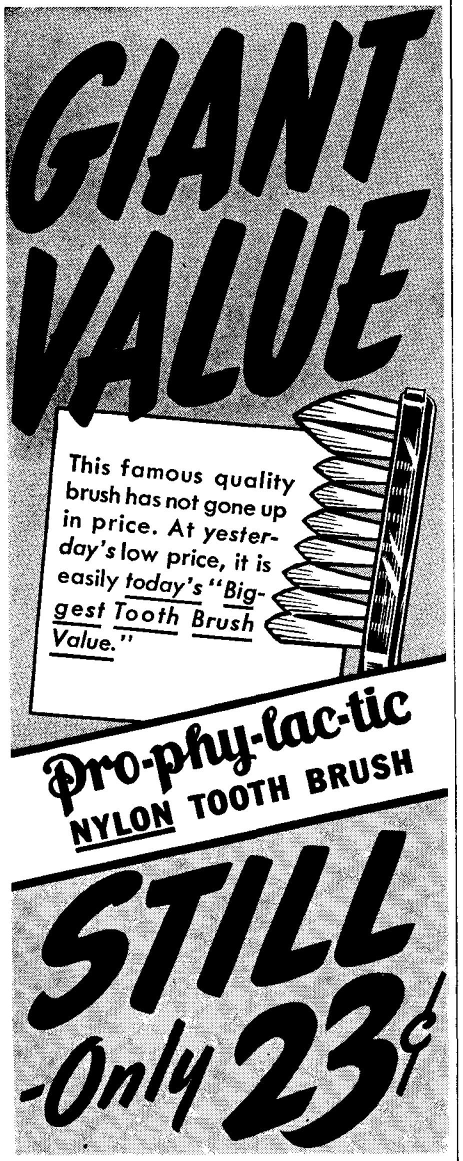
"HONEST, MISTER, IT'S NOT MY FAULT"

DON'T BLAME YOUR BLADE

If you get poor shaves too often . . . if your beard doesn't always "come clean", or your face feels raw and tender and irritated, don't be too quick to blame your blade. Blades today are really well made. It might be simply a matter of getting the right cream for your face, so

Change your cream. Try Listerine Shaving Cream *with the same blade you were complaining about!* No matter how tough your beard, no matter how sensitive your skin, if you're not 100% satisfied with Listerine Shaving Cream, just send the partly used tube to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo. Your money will be promptly refunded. *That's* how sure we are that this *different* shaving cream will delight you!

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
Brushless and Lather


GIANT VALUE
This famous quality brush has not gone up in price. At yesterday's low price, it is easily today's "Biggest Tooth Brush Value."
Pro-phy-lac-tic
NYLON TOOTH BRUSH
STILL -Only 23¢

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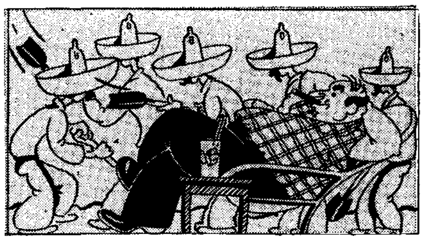
AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	England	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
MAX WILKINSON	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Near East
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier'

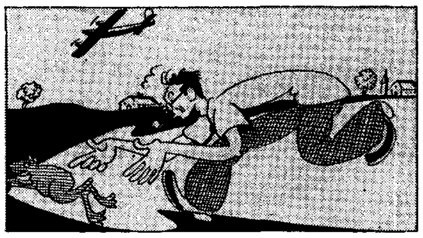
WILLIAM L. CHENERY **Editor**
CHARLES COLEBAUGH **Managing Ed**
THOMAS H. BECK **Editorial Director**

ANY WEEK

WE HATE to admit it but we've had at least a dozen letters from proud but indignant Californians about the mental agony they're suffering because there's a shortage of agricultural labor. This, we think, is not a pretty commentary on the people of this virile nation. If we can't harvest our own crops simply because the Japs who used to do it are in internment camps, because high-wage industry has grabbed off Caucasian farm workers, because we're too proud or soft to be Okies and Arkies, then we're asking for woe and will doubtless get it. Our idea of the worst letter we've had on this subject comes from a gentleman who courageously signs himself True American. "If," weeps he, "Mexico and Central America are sincere in their friendship for the cause of the United Nations, why don't they recruit armies of disciplined workers to work on the great American farms for the duration? Let them be paid American Army pay and thus they will be contributing to victory." His letter is written from one of the most luxurious hotels on the West Coast. We know the place—a lovely spot in which to shift responsibility and wherein to dream of ways and means of getting someone else to do the heavy work. But he's got it all doped out. The United States government would pay these imported workers, thus relieving the crop owners of all responsibility except, of course, what to do with their profits.



WE'VE received several complaints this week, but they'll have to go unswered because the editor of this magazine is out on an expedition for the Weihman Memorial Park. He left rather mysteriously, having whipped out several editorials raising a bit of deserved hell with some of our louder swivel-chair strategists—waffletails. Nor would we have known what he was doing had not he, in his haste, left behind a letter from his friend, Mr. Charles Furnald Smith: "As you may know, thanks to Lockwood Barr, we have some beautiful tropical water lilies and goldfish in the pool at Weihman Memorial Park. Lockwood tells me however that a bullfrog is needed to make the picture complete. He also tells me that no one in Pelham Manor can catch bullfrogs as you can. Do you want to undertake the assignment of catching one for our park pool?" And as long as we've gone that far, we may as well tell you that those secret ground markers discovered by the Air Forces on Long Island and which the Air Forces believed to be arrows to guide enemy bombers to military targets were actually blazes made by Mr. Chenery to direct him to lush frog-hunting grounds.



MR. BILL MASON, our rubber man, has just limped in from Mexico where, for one thing, he had dinner. Mr. Mason looked somewhat mauled. He told us that he was dining in the hotel patio in one of our favorite Mexican cities. "It was early and I was all alone in that patio," he says. "While enjoying my tequila, quail, tortillas and salad, I felt a nudge at my elbow. It was a large pig, a friendly creature but hungry. At my request, the waiters tried unsuccessfully to shoo the pig away but managed only to attract the attention of three large deer who joined us—or rather me. So the pig, the deer and I battled one another for my dinner. I got the quail, the deer got the salad, the pig got the tortillas, and one of the waiters drank the tequila to save it from being spilled. The proprietor was most apologetic and invited me to join him at his own meal indoors. We topped it off with a bit of song, I singing La Paloma and he The Star-Spangled Banner both at the same time. You've no idea how well they go together. Especially when you don't know the words."

AND Mrs. Mary Hedrick Simunich of Chicago, Illinois, brightened our week with a manuscript of a mystery story written by her ten-year-old niece Miss Mary Lita Simunich. Miss Simunich tolerates no nonsense. She calls her story Murder—just Murder—and murder it is, and very thorough murder at that. Miss Simunich informs us that she can't spell very well, although we wouldn't have noticed it if she hadn't mentioned it. Anyway, she can spell as well as we can. Reading Murder we got a bit confused at the end, but Miss Simunich explains that too: "I got so excited toward the end of the story, wondering who the murderer was," says the author, "that I made a lot of mistakes, not understanding it very well myself."

W. D.

THIS WEE

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FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. P

WING TALK. P

EDITORIALS
And Now, What's Holding U
"For Better or for Worse" Pa

COVER JOHN

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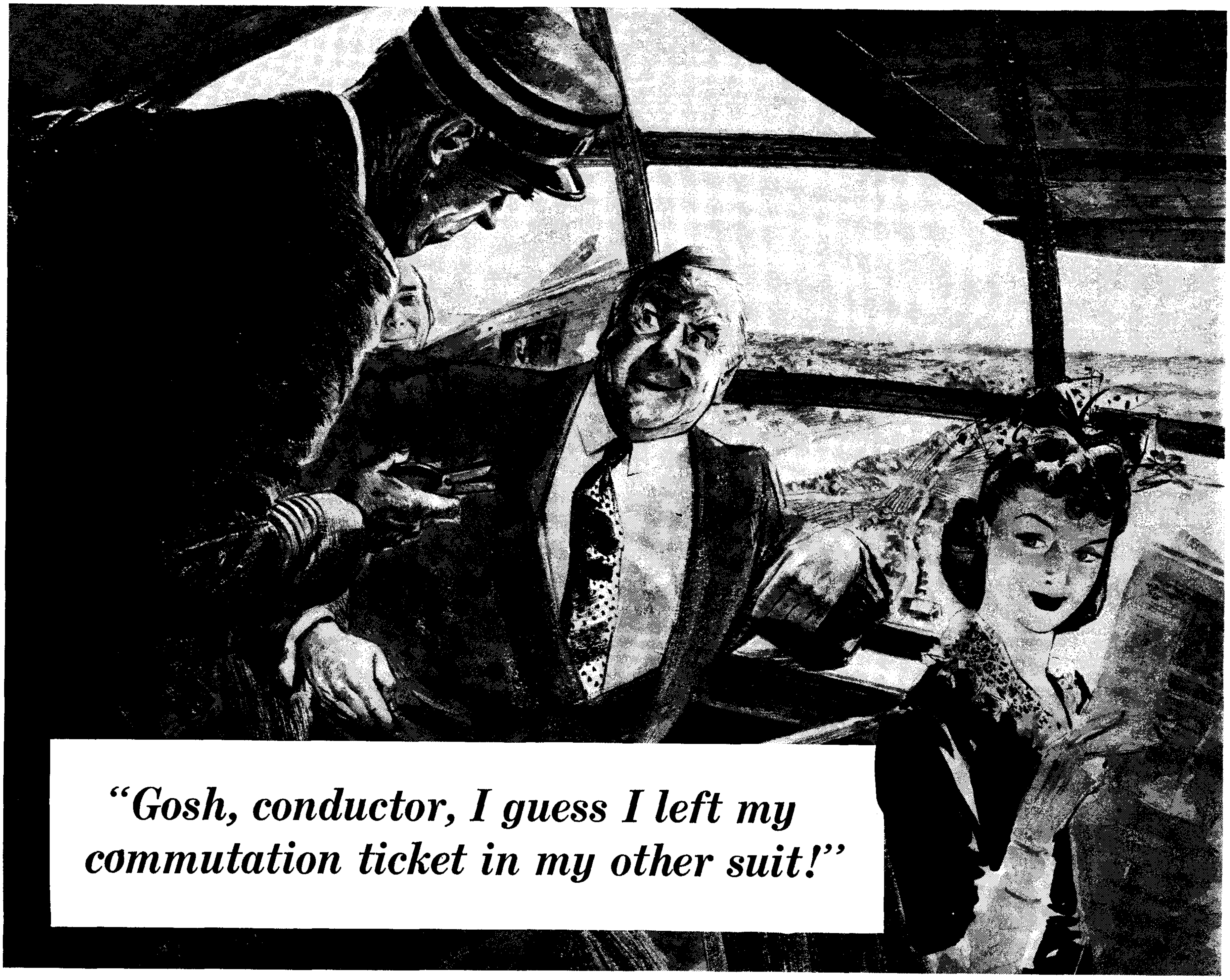


"Gosh, conductor, I guess I left my commutation ticket in my other suit!"

Some day you'll commute by plane to towns and factories that are now half a day's journey away. When you do, you'll very likely forget your commutation ticket more than once.

Yes! Out of our victory in this war will come a new America. An America which will again startle the world because of the way of life our people create.

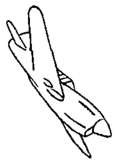
Let the "Doubting Thomas" keep this in mind: American industry is already turning out planes by the thousands that dwarf our present transports. The men and machines are already on the job. The will and determination are already at work. But today they're devoted to winning the war. *Tomorrow* they'll be devoted to the creation of this new America.

The skilled workman in the B. F. Goodrich Aeronautical Division knows how close the new America really is. He's seen the miracles of the past few years *first hand.* He's worked on tires for aircraft that can smoothly land a 30-ton Flying Fortress. He's worked on brakes that bring to a safe, smooth stop, a ship that can dive as fast as sound can travel. He's worked on De-Icers which defy Old Man Weather himself.

The 80 aviation products B. F. Goodrich makes are serving the Army and Navy right now. Our Silvertown Tires, Expander Tube Brakes, De-Icers, Bullet Sealing Fuel Cells go into America's bombers, fighters, training planes, helping to make them the finest there are in the world!

But some day we know that our handiwork at B. F. Goodrich will equip the planes of Peace. And these are the planes that will create the new America! The B. F. Goodrich Co., Aeronautical Division, Akron, O.

HERE ARE SOME FAMOUS AMERICAN FIGHTING PLANES THAT ARE SUPPLIED WITH B. F. GOODRICH EQUIPMENT



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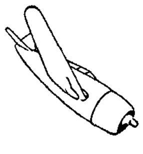
WARHAWK



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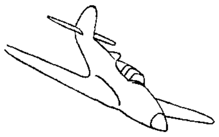

BELL
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AIRACOBRA

Skyway or Highway

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FIRST IN RUBBER

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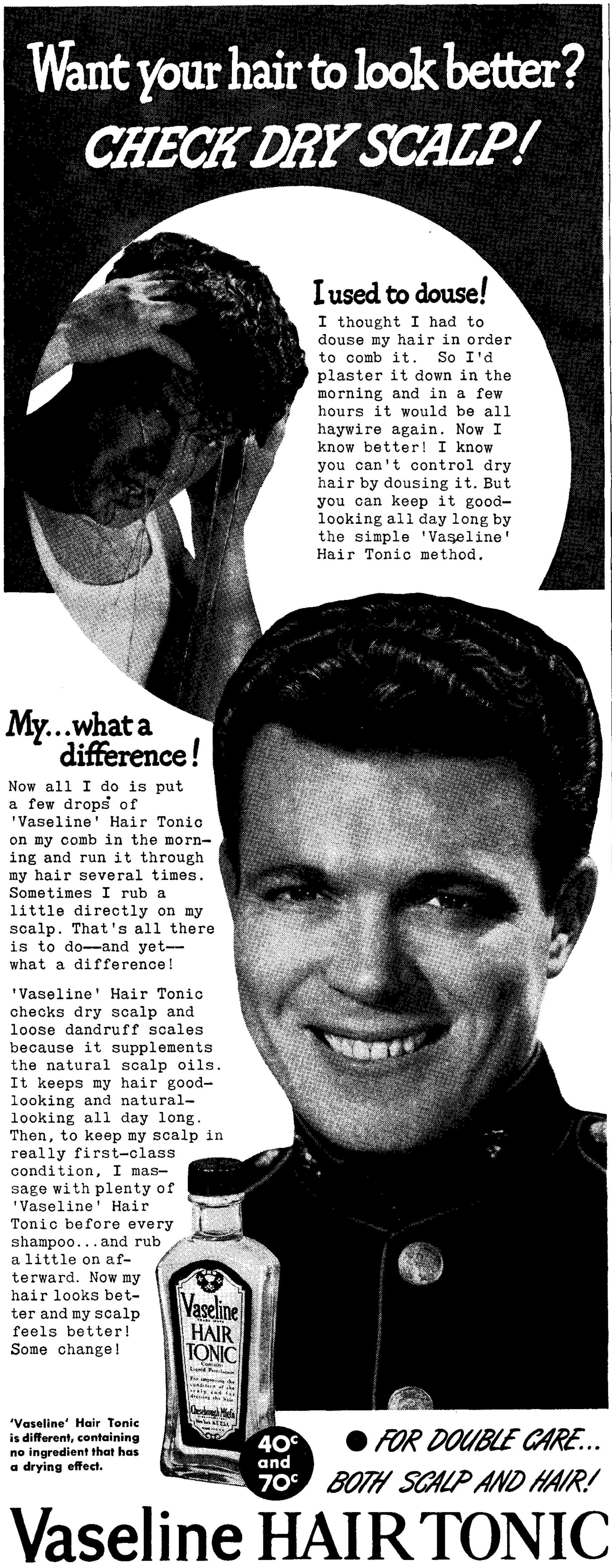
Want your hair to look better?
CHECK DRY SCALP!

I used to douse!

I thought I had to douse my hair in order to comb it. So I'd plaster it down in the morning and in a few hours it would be all haywire again. Now I know better! I know you can't control dry hair by dousing it. But you can keep it good-looking all day long by the simple 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic method.

My...what a difference!

Now all I do is put a few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic on my comb in the morning and run it through my hair several times. Sometimes I rub a little directly on my scalp. That's all there is to do—and yet—what a difference!

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks dry scalp and loose dandruff scales because it supplements the natural scalp oils. It keeps my hair good-looking and natural-looking all day long. Then, to keep my scalp in really first-class condition, I massage with plenty of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic before every shampoo...and rub a little on afterward. Now my hair looks better and my scalp feels better! Some change!

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is different, containing no ingredient that has a drying effect.

40¢ and 70¢

● FOR DOUBLE CARE... BOTH SCALP AND HAIR!

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

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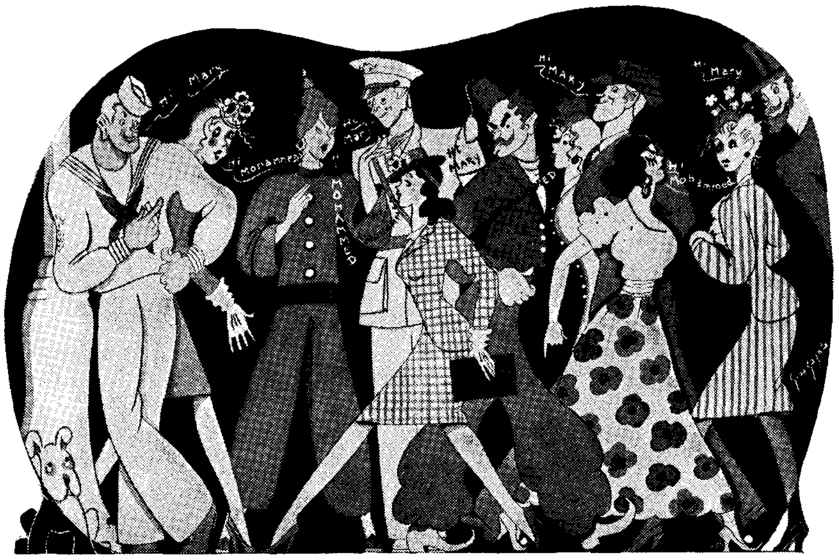


KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Considering the whole world, the most widely used given names are Mohammed and Mary—*By Janet Mayes, Brooklyn, New York.*

Seven songs called God Bless America are listed in the Index of the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers. Besides Irving Berlin, the composers include James Francis Cooke and Reginald De Koven.

In all American turf history fewer than 140 horses have won prizes amounting to $100,000.—*By Pete Serrano, Pacific Grove, California.*

Any American convicted of a crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude, even when his full citizenship has been restored, is forbidden "to enter, remain upon or pass over" the Panama Canal Zone.—*By C. R. Mahaffey, Redwood City, California.*

Thirty-seven out of every hundred airplanes produced in Great Britain today are made from materials and spare parts salvaged from damaged or wrecked aircraft, both English and German. — *By George T. Hankey, Visalia, California.*

A bomb dropped during an air raid over Glasgow, Scotland, at dawn on March 14, 1941, killed outright fifteen members of one family, probably the greatest tragedy of its kind so far in this war. The victims were a grandmother, the mother, six sons and one daughter, a daughter-in-law and her five small children.

Wheaton College, a co-educational institution in Wheaton, Illinois, forbids its twelve hundred students to smoke, dance, play card games and attend motion-picture theaters.—*By John S. McKown, Parkersburg, West Virginia.*

The largest number of runs ever made in one inning of a major-league baseball game was eighteen. They were scored by the Chicago club in the seventh inning of the 26 to 6 game played with the Detroit club in Chicago on September 6, 1883.

As late as the 18th century, even physicians believed that the heat of the body was produced by the friction of the blood flowing through the veins.—*By Sylvia McCandless, Omaha, Nebraska.*

Special telephone sets are now made for use in such industrial buildings as gasworks, oil refineries and chemical plants whose explosive atmosphere makes a small spark extremely hazardous. The instrument is so constructed that sparks are virtually eliminated. However, if gas should seep into it and be ignited, the explosion would be confined within the heavy cover.

During the first World War, the Allies sank 178 German submarines, 132 of which were sent to the bottom between January 1, 1917, and November 11, 1918, or at the rate of one every five days.

The only city ever to be air-conditioned is Rio de Janeiro. About eighteen years ago, a high hill, the Morro do Castello, which blocked the breezes from the sea, was removed, with the result that the summer temperature of the downtown section was lowered more than five degrees.

A motorist having a puncture or blowout need no longer change the tire on the spot if he carries a newly invented "wheel-crutch." It is a little truck, resembling an oversized roller skate, onto which the disabled wheel is driven and quickly locked in a cradle at the same level as the inflated tires. Thus the car can be driven at a reasonable speed for any distance without injury to the tire, tube or rim.

In this war, probably few American soldiers will die from infection. Before going into battle, each man will be given a box of twelve sulfanilamide powders to be dusted over wounds and burns so he can check infection himself while awaiting medical aid.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. **This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher**

Remember Miss America?

She willed a legacy to Uncle Sam

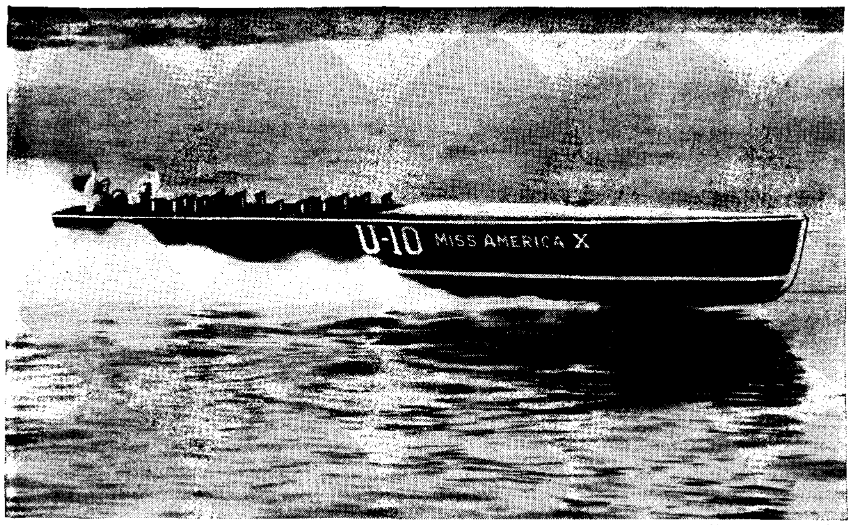
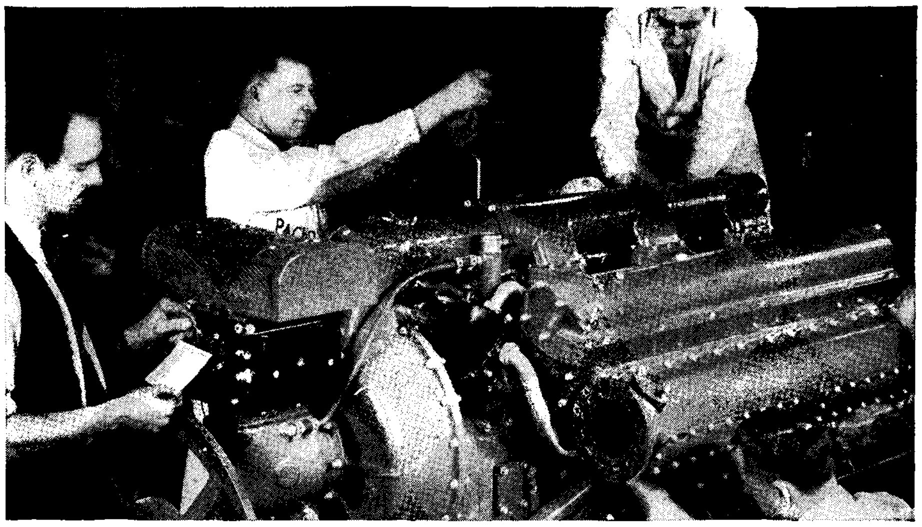
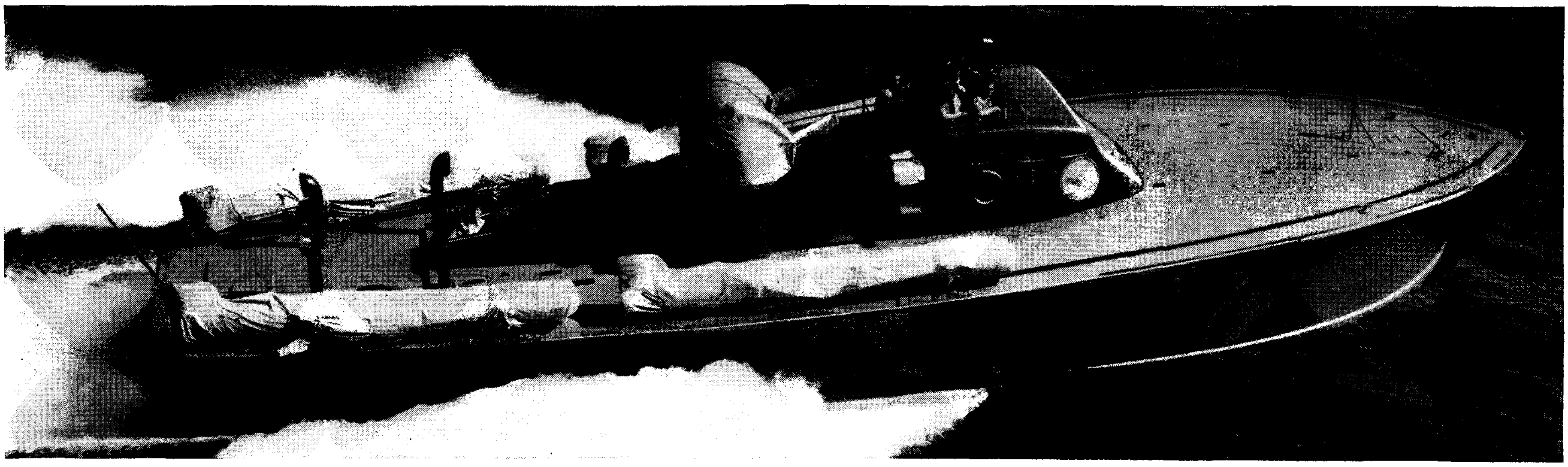


PHOTO M. ROSENFELD

1. **This is Miss America X.** She was the fastest thing on the seven seas. Powered by giant Packard engines, she captured the international speedboat trophy . . . showed the world how fast a speedboat can skim over blue water.



2. **Here's where Uncle Sam** enters the story. Over three years ago, when the U. S. Navy needed a super engine to power its newest weapon, the PT boat, they found Packard already had it. For Packard never stopped its research on aircraft-type marine engines—was ready to roll on a super-charged power plant made to order for these high-speed Navy craft.



OFFICIAL PHOTO U. S. NAVY

3. **That's why Packard** has powered PT boats from the start . . . why Packard was an old hand at war production long before Pearl Harbor . . . why these precision-built giants are being turned out in gratifying volume . . . why the Navy has awarded Packard its coveted "E," a flag which tells all who see it that the Navy says, "Well done."

You'll see the result in your *next* Packard

Packard war assignments call for precision production of the most exacting kind—marine engines for PT boats, and Rolls-Royce engines for aircraft. We're working exclusively on wartime production, but out of this precision experience, when the war is won, will come a better, finer Packard of the future. *ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE*

PACKARD

FOR PRECISION POWER

The Navy "E"—awarded to Packard Marine Engine Division "for Excellence and Achievement."

★ **Buy United States War Savings Bonds and Stamps** ★

On the engine's "firing line" in America's war machines

Sealed Power

PISTON RINGS

ENGINE POWER is Fighting Power—alow and aloft, afloat and ashore! One American division needs some 100,000 gallons of gasoline to move 100 miles; a P-T boat takes (naval-secret) of fuel to get from here to there—fast; a bomber draws precious high-octane at shower-bath flow.

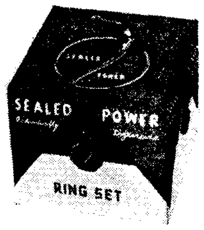
All this makes the finest of fuel-saving piston rings a "must" for every American military, marine or aircraft engine.

If you understand craftsmen, you'll know why Sealed Power men and women are very proud indeed to be assigned to make many millions of Sealed Power rings, pistons and other motor parts to serve in army trucks, tanks, motorcycles, jeeps, submarines, torpedo boats, destroyers, bombers, fighters, and many other battle engines. It's an honor, earned through years of peacetime service to the car and truck owners of America.

With motoring thrift so vital in these wartime days, you want the same gas-saving, oil-saving, engine-guarding Sealed Power rings in your car or truck. Sealed Power Rings are now available in packaged sets, engineered specially for each particular make of engine. Ask for them by name! Sealed Power Corporation, Muskegon, Mich. and Windsor, Ont.

Piston Rings for all types of Automobile, Aviation, Diesel, Stationary, Marine Engines.

©1942 Sealed Power Corp.



WING TALK

Old friends meet in Australia. Collier's W. B. Courtney and Major General Ralph Royce, hero of April's raid on the Philippines, now Chief of Air Operations, Southwest Pacific

PORT MORESBY, New Guinea: Although parts of Australia extend as far south of the equator as Chicago and Boston are north of it, combat flying in and from MacArthur's Southwest Pacific Command, so far at least, has been in the tropical north. The upside-down equivalent at home would be if fighting were to stem from Key West and Brownsville and over the West Indies. The Solomon Islands, where the land-based airmen of General Ralph Royce co-operated with the flying sailors and surface warriors of Admiral Ghormley, lie in this same belt.

In this area, the youngsters who fly the blue-star-on-a-white-circle insignia of Uncle Sam have many enemies in addition to the wily Nips. These, so the boys say, may be all summed up in one word that has become hateful to Yank airmen—"tropics." They're found on land and in the sea, as well as in the air.

ON THE LAND! There's a lot of walking home from plane rides here, especially in New Guinea and on the York Peninsula of Australia—by pilots shot down, or by those lucky enough, when low on gas, to reach islands. Sometimes natives fetch them in; to receive generous rewards of cigarettes and food. Each village headman is schooled to have his people on the lookout for grounded fliers. Often, however, the boys have to make their own way—through malarial swamps, over jagged ranges, along jungle rivers. Here are the land enemies: Mosquitoes so big that the pilots sometimes mount them on airfields in mistakes for pursuits; man-eating crocodiles; antediluvian lizards; fever-bearing insects; venomous spiders; and the world's most fearsome collection of poisonous snakes—pythons, fresh-water snakes, the deadly ten-foot brownie, adders, and, worst of all, the tiger snake which infests every place (marshy lands and dry, under rocks and in trees), glares at you with fiendish red eyes and hits like a bolt of banded lightning.

Thus, every American pilot carries a jungle kit in his plane. This includes machete, fishhooks and lines, mosquito head net, insect repellent, flashlight, as well as the usual sidearms, first aid, and emergency rations.

IN THE SEA! Most flying down here is over water—island jumping. If you lose your way, get a contrary wind, or slug too long over your target—chances are 9 in 10 you go into the sea. A favorite combat trick, by the way, of both sides is to keep enemy raiders overhead as long as possible. Harass them, lure them, turn them back if they start away; make them use up precious gas in maneuvering. Then they'll get caught short on the way home. It's not as satisfactory as shooting them down but it's more economical. So air-raid offense in these tropics is strictly hit and run; defense, hit and run around.

As to sharks, pilots swear they follow the planes' shadows on the water. This much is true: When you look down over the Great Barrier Reef or elsewhere, you see plenty of them and they don't look pretty. Near here, in the Timor Sea, the Australian and Dutch governments each year used to send destroyers to drop depth charges into the sharks' breeding grounds. The sharks are what you worry most about, yet there are other enemies in the sea, equally vicious—barracuda, morays, and the yellow-bellied sea snakes, which are unique. Sometimes they cover the sea until, as one young Alabama pilot said, "It sure looks like spaghetti."

IN THE AIR! Although you may have gained a contrary notion from books or tourist stuff you've read about "paradise isles of perpetual June," tropical weather presents the worst average flight conditions on earth. For young pilots newly from aviation schools in the United States, it is a constant and dangerous headache, full of vicious contrasts. If you're going to strafe Rabaul, for instance, nearly 500 miles from Port Moresby, you can't have a true graph of weather there. Intelligence reports are too old. Your outfit's meteorologist makes up a "probable forecast"—that's why meteorologists are an important

(Continued on page 81)

194?

We'll be ready

SIDE BY SIDE in the plants of Minneapolis-Honeywell and its subsidiary, The Brown Instrument Company of Philadelphia, control research for war and control research for peace go on twenty-four hours a day. Our present job is to provide the nation with the necessary equipment for combat, for military and defense housing and for essential war industry. Out of this experience are coming developments in automatic controls for American industry and American homes that will provide an effortless, scientific comfort and efficiency, for post-war living and working. To all who own or sell heating and air conditioning equipment, or who use industrial instruments, we say: "M-H and Brown Engineers are building, every day, every hour, for the war and for the future." Minneapolis-Honeywell Regulator Co., 2720 Fourth Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. In Canada: Toronto, Ontario. In Europe: London, England and Stockholm, Sweden.

Listen: "Alias JOHN FREEDOM" • Blue Network Coast to Coast every Monday, 10:15 to 10:45 P. M. Eastern War Time; on Pacific Coast, 8:30 to 9:00 P. M. Pacific War Time, or see your local newspaper . . . *"The Most Dramatic Show on the Air"*

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Make way

War's on the wires

Army, Navy and war industry *must* have quick communication.

It takes a lot of telephone calls to move a million men or make munitions — 12,000 calls for example, to make a bomber.

As the war effort speeds up, the load on telephone wires grows. We can't build new lines to carry it because copper, nickel and rubber are shooting, not talking, materials right now.

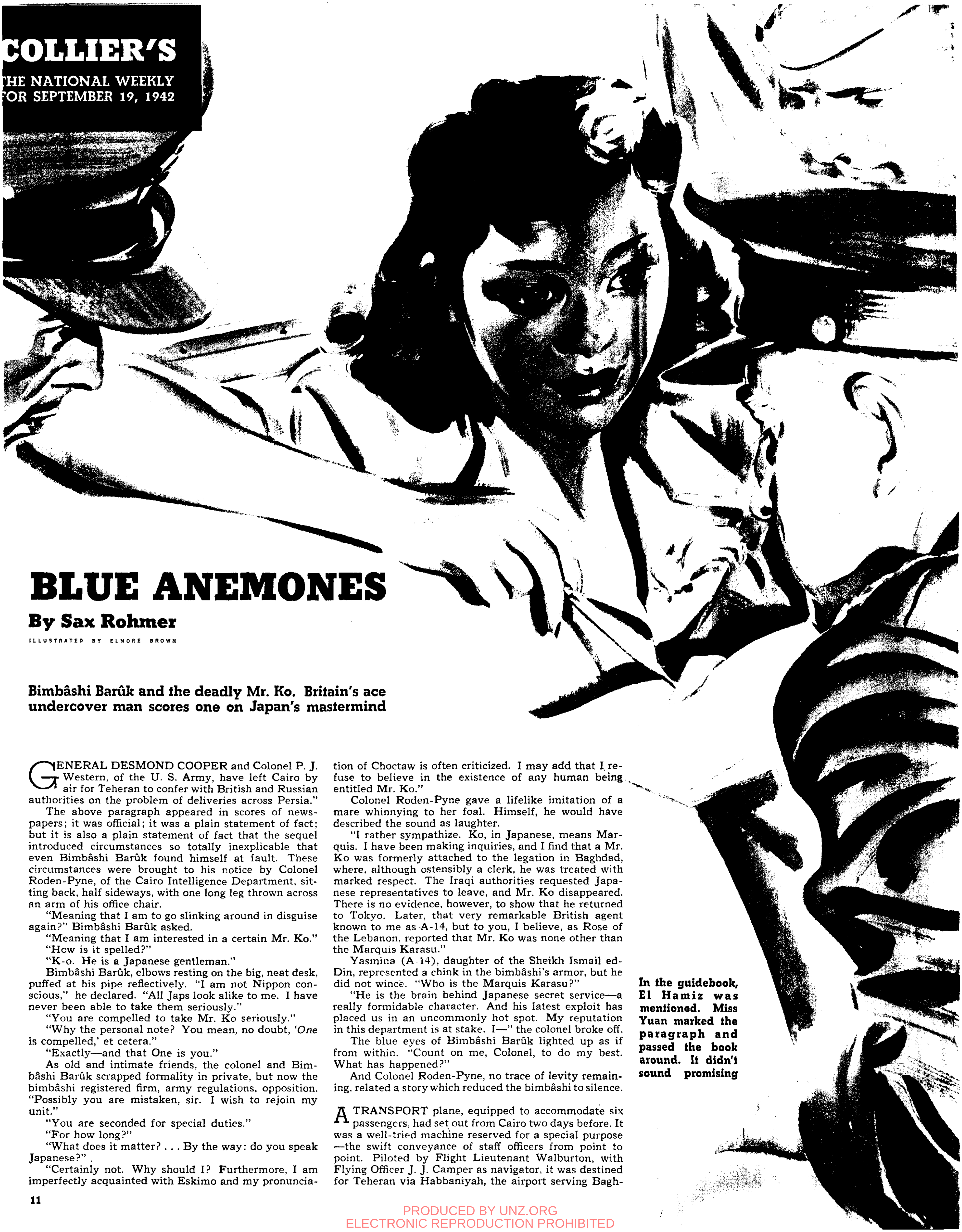
But what we can do is make the most of what we have. You can help if you will not make any Long Distance calls unless they are really necessary. Even on these, please be as brief as you can.

The call you save today may speed a plane or tank to the fighting front.

WAR CALLS
COME FIRST

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S
HE NATIONAL WEEKLY
OR SEPTEMBER 19, 1942



BLUE ANEMONES

By Sax Rohmer

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

Bimbâshi Barûk and the deadly Mr. Ko. Britain's ace undercover man scores one on Japan's mastermind

GENERAL DESMOND COOPER and Colonel P. J. Western, of the U. S. Army, have left Cairo by air for Teheran to confer with British and Russian authorities on the problem of deliveries across Persia."

The above paragraph appeared in scores of newspapers; it was official; it was a plain statement of fact; but it is also a plain statement of fact that the sequel introduced circumstances so totally inexplicable that even Bimbâshi Barûk found himself at fault. These circumstances were brought to his notice by Colonel Roden-Pyne, of the Cairo Intelligence Department, sitting back, half sideways, with one long leg thrown across an arm of his office chair.

"Meaning that I am to go slinking around in disguise again?" Bimbâshi Barûk asked.

"Meaning that I am interested in a certain Mr. Ko."

"How is it spelled?"

"K-o. He is a Japanese gentleman."

Bimbâshi Barûk, elbows resting on the big, neat desk, puffed at his pipe reflectively. "I am not Nippon conscious," he declared. "All Japs look alike to me. I have never been able to take them seriously."

"You are compelled to take Mr. Ko seriously."

"Why the personal note? You mean, no doubt, '*One* is compelled,' et cetera."

"Exactly—and that One is you."

As old and intimate friends, the colonel and Bimbâshi Barûk scrapped formality in private, but now the bimbâshi registered firm, army regulations, opposition. "Possibly you are mistaken, sir. I wish to rejoin my unit."

"You are seconded for special duties."

"For how long?"

"What does it matter? . . . By the way: do you speak Japanese?"

"Certainly not. Why should I? Furthermore, I am imperfectly acquainted with Eskimo and my pronunciation of Choctaw is often criticized. I may add that I refuse to believe in the existence of any human being entitled Mr. Ko."

Colonel Roden-Pyne gave a lifelike imitation of a mare whinnying to her foal. Himself, he would have described the sound as laughter.

"I rather sympathize. Ko, in Japanese, means Marquis. I have been making inquiries, and I find that a Mr. Ko was formerly attached to the legation in Baghdad, where, although ostensibly a clerk, he was treated with marked respect. The Iraqi authorities requested Japanese representatives to leave, and Mr. Ko disappeared. There is no evidence, however, to show that he returned to Tokyo. Later, that very remarkable British agent known to me as A-14, but to you, I believe, as Rose of the Lebanon, reported that Mr. Ko was none other than the Marquis Karasu."

Yasmina (A-14), daughter of the Sheikh Ismail ed-Din, represented a chink in the bimbâshi's armor, but he did not wince. "Who is the Marquis Karasu?"

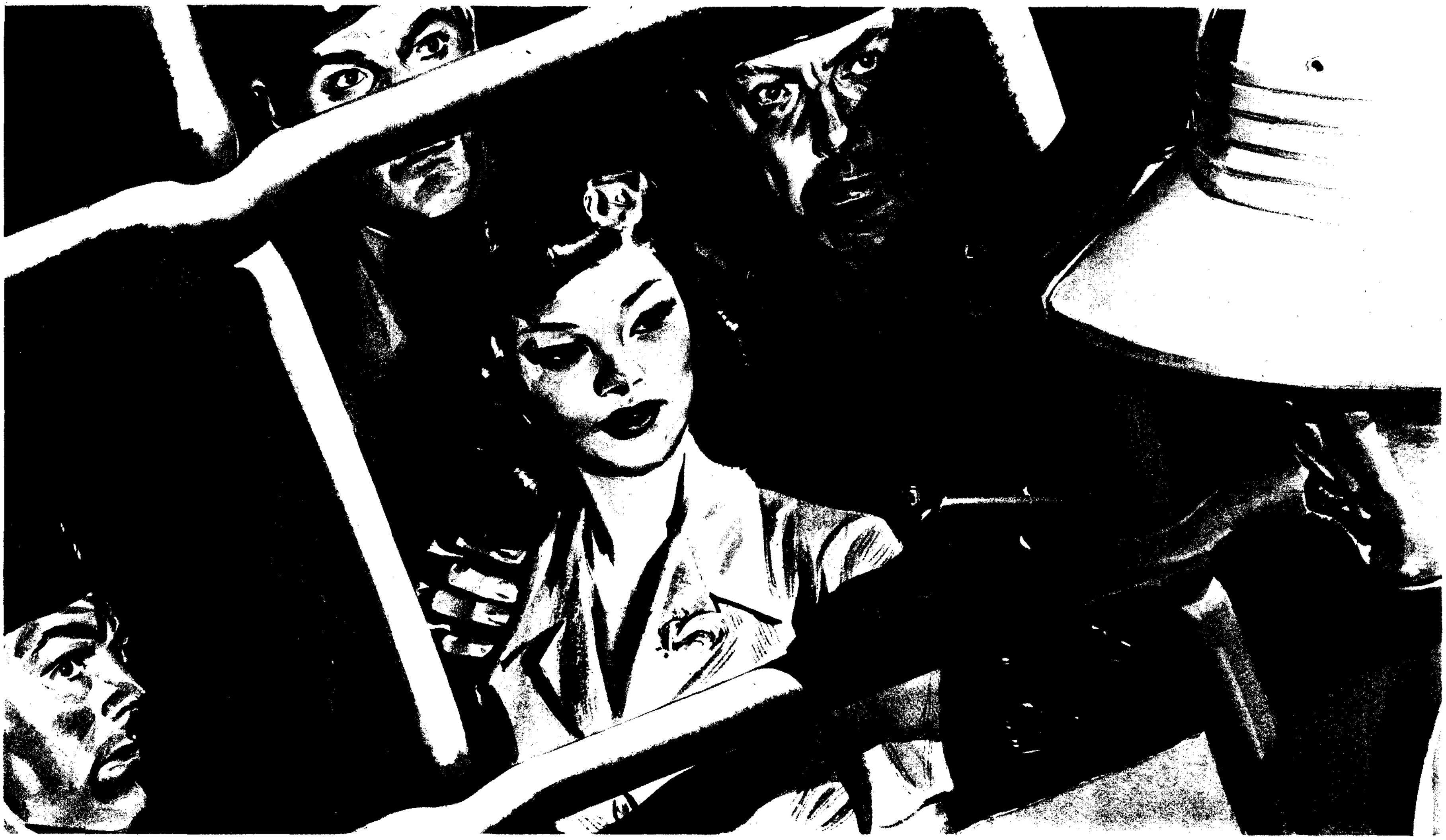
"He is the brain behind Japanese secret service—a really formidable character. And his latest exploit has placed us in an uncommonly hot spot. My reputation in this department is at stake. I—" the colonel broke off.

The blue eyes of Bimbâshi Barûk lighted up as if from within. "Count on me, Colonel, to do my best. What has happened?"

And Colonel Roden-Pyne, no trace of levity remaining, related a story which reduced the bimbâshi to silence.

A TRANSPORT plane, equipped to accommodate six passengers, had set out from Cairo two days before. It was a well-tried machine reserved for a special purpose—the swift conveyance of staff officers from point to point. Piloted by Flight Lieutenant Walburton, with Flying Officer J. J. Camper as navigator, it was destined for Teheran via Habbaniyah, the airport serving Bagh-

In the guidebook, El Hamiz was mentioned. Miss Yuan marked the paragraph and passed the book around. It didn't sound promising



The yellow gentleman was liberal with apologies, but explained that the transport plans were indispensable to his purpose

dad. Sergeant Marks was radio operator and Corporal Dimes acted as stand-by and steward.

There were four passengers. These were: Brigadier General Desmond Cooper, with Colonel P. J. Western, both of the U. S. Army, and Captain Wallace of Headquarters Staff, an officer intimately acquainted with Russian and Persian affairs. The fourth member of the party was Miss Lotus Yuan, a young lady of good family, a brilliant linguist and a graduate of London University, who had represented Free China at a number of international conferences. She was generally admired for her chic and respected for her talents.

The plane made good time to its first stop, in Syria. Walburton reported that the engines were behaving "like black velvet." Recognizing the importance of those composing the party, Colonel Roden-Pyne had arranged for a chain of contacts. When they took off again, it was on a course which would pass over Rutbah on the motor road, where a pipe line crosses it. A code word to establish identity was flashed down to the station there from the plane, which was flying low, and twenty minutes late, together with a brief report, "All's well." Rutbah notified Habbaniyah of the party's approach. But Habbaniyah waited in vain. . . .

In perfect weather, under an azure sky, the plane from that moment passed out of view, and out of the knowledge of men. Nothing whatever had been heard of it, or of those on board, since Rutbah had exchanged signals.

"There are some hundreds of miles of desert," the bimbâshi pointed out, "in any spot of which they might have been forced down by engine trouble."

"This would have been reported, and the exact point of a proposed landing indicated by radio," Roden-Pyne argued.

"Their radio might have packed up."

"Rutbah is roughly two hundred and twenty miles southwest of Habbaniyah. Reconnaissance has been carried out over a wide belt. There is no trace. I tell you, B.B., it's black magic. Incidentally, it's going to break me. I was responsible for the general's safety."

It was then that silence descended upon Bimbâshi Barûk.

Certainly the case presented baffling features, not the least obscure being the behavior of the radio operator. Even allowing for sudden enemy interference, such as attack by a fighter aircraft (which possibly the colonel firmly wrote off), failure on the part of Sergeant Marks to send out an S O S remained inexplicable.

"I am naturally anxious to learn," the bimbâshi said, "what Mr. Ko has to do with the matter."

Colonel Roden-Pyne swung his leg free of the chair arm, opened a drawer and proffered a typewritten slip. The colonel typed execrably, not only running as many as four words into one another, but also using abbreviations; however, coughing dryly in disapproval, Bimbâshi Barûk succeeded in making out the following:

"Agents of Ko, who is in Persia, planning intercept General C. on way to T. Escort should accompany plane. A-14."

Bimbâshi Barûk looked up: his eyes, now, seemed to dance, so bright was that inward fire.

"I received this warning from A-14 too late"—Colonel Roden-Pyne's voice sounded off key—"It arrived at about the same time as the message from Rutbah reporting 'All's well!'"

BIMBÂSHI BARÛK began his inquiry at Rutbah, proceeding there by air without an unnecessary moment of delay. On the way he studied a large-scale map of that desolate region which lies between Syria's border and the Euphrates. Part of it seemed to be practically uncharted, just waterless rock and sand amid which few creatures could sustain life. Assuming General Cooper's party to have been alive at the time that the plane landed (and it must have landed somewhere) their plight in such a wilderness was a thing appalling to contemplate. But the major problem remained that of the means by which Walburton had been cunningly forced down in a trackless inferno as notorious as the Syrian Desert; for the bimbâshi had now to credit the affair to enemy agents.

Investigations at Rutbah yielded a total blank. From the air, Bimbâshi Barûk surveyed toiling guards, moving insectlike about a dancing waste. R.A.F. patrols swept zones north and south of that belt which represented the normal course to Baghdad. But dusk was near again, when, out of the east, came that wandering Arab who brought news at last.

His camel excited the bimbâshi's pity: the poor beast had been driven hard; for this nomad from nowhere bore a message which he knew would earn reward. Fifty miles southeast of Rutbah, on a stretch of level sand near the Wâdi Amej, there was a deserted airplane. Bimbâshi Barûk took the man in hand.

What kind of plane?

It was large—at least, it was large in the eyes of the one who had seen it. There was a ladder leading up from the sand to an open door.

What had he found inside?

He had not dared to enter such a magic chariot, which was the work of *efreets* and other devils.

Was the magic chariot damaged in any way?

Apparently not. It had alighted, to judge from data familiar to a son of the desert, as one would expect such an invention of Sheitan to alight: smoothly.

What signs did it bear?

Here, the informant failed. He began well by recognizing an R.A.F. disk shown to him, but he wavered, as to further indications, between correct identity marks and the slogan "Beer is best" which Bimbâshi Barûk offered, chalked on a board, as possible alternatives.

Would he swear by the Prophet that no one remained on board?

He would swear that no one remained on board, alive. He had ridden his camel around the plane many times, crying out in a loud voice. He was of the opinion that no dead men were inside.

Why?

He had seen no vultures and had heard no jackals. . . .

THE Bedawi's firm refusal to act as a flying dragoman threatening to lead to a free fight. Bimbâshi Barûk set out guideless, in moonlight, by air for the Wâdi Amej, his pilot working by chart. The Bedawi was accommodated (with guard) beneath the roof of the rest house or beneath that part of it which had remained after German bombers and rebel Iraqi troops had done their worst, and their best. The night was crystal clear but bitterly cold.

They experienced little difficulty in finding the deserted plane. It lay on a sort of small plateau which appeared to be flat as a bowling green; but the light of a three-quarter moon is not the best illumination in which to attempt an experimental landing. However, the bimbâshi instructed Flight Lieutenant Carr to land; and Flight Lieutenant Carr landed.

"A perfect natural airfield, sir," he remarked. "Walburton must have been up on his maps."

"H'm," muttered the bimbâshi, "one wonders."

This, indeed, was the missing plane. Bimbâshi Barûk walked all around it, silently, followed by Carr, Captain

(Continued on page 81)

Boat Trip to Dieppe

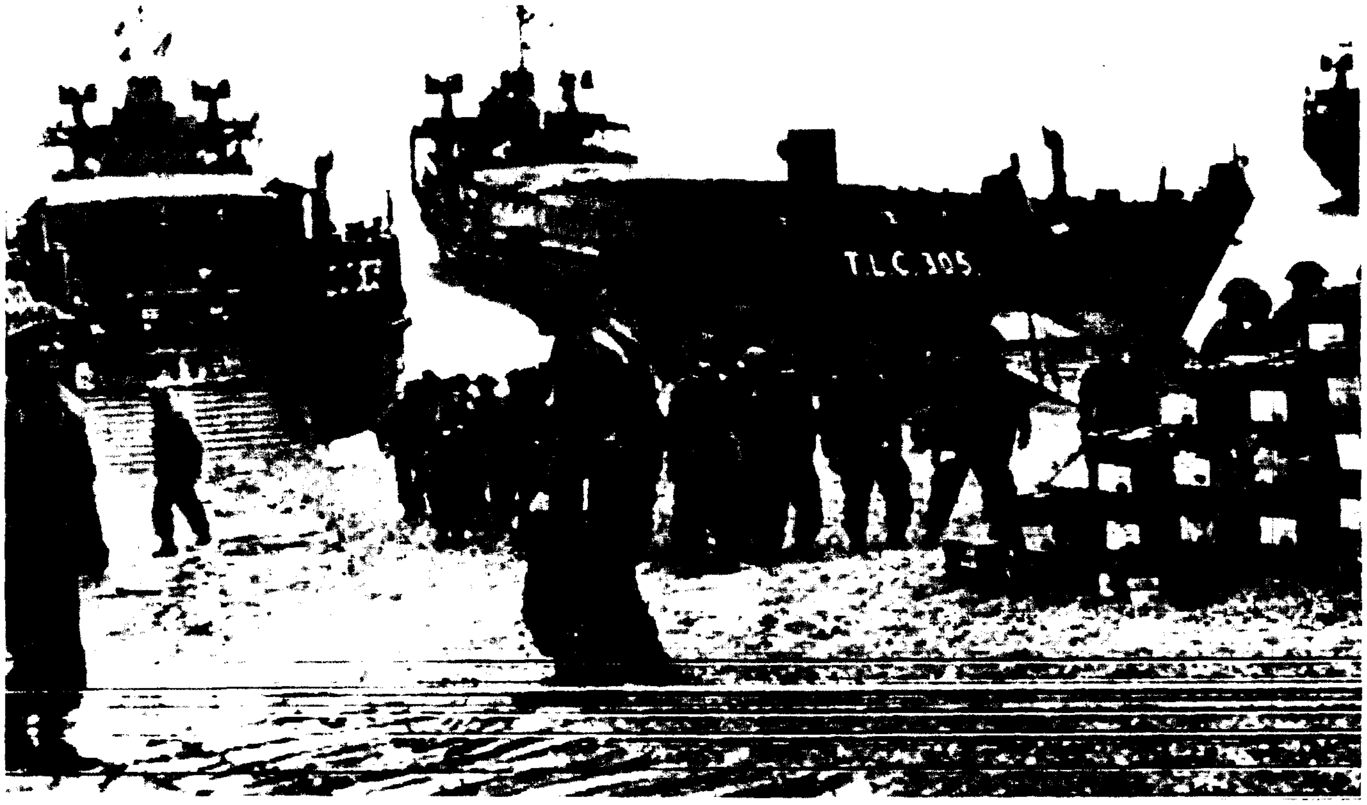
By Quentin Reynolds

RADIOED FROM LONDON

Here, on the destroyer that led the attack on Dieppe, Mr. Reynolds gives you a front seat at the greatest Commando raid by sea in the history of modern warfare

At Brookwood Cemetery, England, Canadian chaplains conduct funeral services for Canadian soldiers who died from wounds received at Dieppe. Guard of honor consists of men who participated in raid

Ammunition is piled high on beach beside assault landing craft as Canadians make last-minute preparations for Dieppe raid. Soldiers spent months toughening up and learning this new type of warfare



THE sun had climbed now nearly overhead and it was blood red through the blanket of smoke which lay over Dieppe and the harbor. The greatest raid by sea in modern warfare was now at its height. Even standing there on the deck of a destroyer half a mile from shore, it was hard to believe that this was really happening, that when the men next to you suddenly swayed and gasped, they had actually been hit. It was warfare in Hollywood dress and with Hollywood sound effects. There was only one difference: The bullets were real, the shells and the bombs were real, and the agony on the faces of the wounded was real.

Major General James Roberts in charge of all military affairs on shore sat in a small room on our destroyer getting reports from his men. He directed the entire show from that one small room. He looked worried because he knew that his Canadians were in the forefront of that deadly fire. Four fifths of the landing force had been Canadian; the rest had been British Commandos in whose ranks were some Americans and Free French. Our destroyer was rapidly filling up with wounded now. They were lying below decks, in gangways, in cabins, on the floor of the wardroom. And still they came. A barge pulled alongside to discharge a dozen Commandos. They looked fierce with their blackened faces and with their thin daggers in their belts. But they were laughing.

It was very funny, a tall Yorkshireman said. "We're the headquarters staff of No. 3 Commandos," he explained. "We're signalers and runners and liaison men. There were twenty of us, and then there were the four hundred who were supposed to do the work. We had orders to put out a gun battery on the west flank. But on the way to shore, an E-boat attacked us and two armed trawlers got after us. In the darkness we all got separated. We twenty found the rendezvous but no one else showed up. They all went, I guess, or landed somewhere else. The young major who was our CO said, 'We have orders to land. What in hell are we waiting for?' So we landed. We only had rifles because we aren't supposed to be the fighting men on the Commandos. We crept near their six-inch gun battery. They were opening up at you chaps out here. We started sniping at them, and the damn' fools turned their six-inch guns on us. We kept moving from tree to tree always under cover. The bloody fools thought they were surrounded. We kept moving and sniping at them and they never did get a chance to give it to you properly. It was a lot of fun."

A lot of fun? Twenty men had done the work that hundreds had been assigned to do. Twenty men had kept a battery of six-inch guns busy, a battery that would otherwise have taken a terrible toll among the vulnerable destroyers and barges and motor launches lying within range. A lot of fun? A brisk breeze came from the east, which was bad because it dispersed the smoke which had to some extent hidden us from the shore batteries. When it cleared we could see the Spitfires overhead darting everywhere, usually in flights of four with each flight being protected by a "Tail-end Charlie" who kept weaving this way and that, acting as the eyes of the flight.

Twice, groups of Dorniers tried to penetrate our umbrella of aircraft; twice, Dorniers went down in flames.

Then an aircraft that was neither a Spitfire nor a Dornier came wobbling toward us. It looked like an Me-109. The ack-ack started to bark angrily, and the approaching plane was framed now by ugly black bursts of smoke. But fortunately not one bullet found its mark. Fortunately, because as it wobbled closer, we saw that it had R.A.F. markings; it was an American Mustang. It seemed out of control and then it glided down to land on the water twenty feet from us. It hit with a great splash and the pilot, as though shot from a cannon, catapulted out of his seat into the water. A motor launch picked him up and brought him to us. He was a tall, good-looking Canadian. His motor had been put out of commission by ack-ack over Dieppe. Instead of bailing out, he had decided to glide into the water as close to our destroyer as he could.

"Only one thing worried me," he said as he stripped off his wet clothes. "Our own ack-ack."

In the control room, General Roberts kept getting reports. The main attacking forces did not penetrate far into the city itself. Suddenly, Roberts, who had gotten older during the past two hours, looked at the plans of the time schedule and said softly, "Bring them home."

His two aides gave orders through the microphones. We knew this would be welcome news to those poor devils on shore. *(Continued on page 76)*

PHOTOGRAPHS CABLED FROM LONDON

Major General J. H. Roberts, who commanded the Canadians in the biggest Commando raid ever made, talks to one of his men before taking off

An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

*COPYRIGHT, 1942, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The Story Thus Far:

HAVING wandered away from his grandfather's home near Indian Hill, California, little Hugh Gurney becomes lost. Searching parties fail to find him: whereupon, his grandfather, a wealthy physician, offers a thousand-dollar reward for the discovery of any evidence throwing light on the child's disappearance.

Months later, Al Harris, an orderly at Doctor Gurney's hospital, finds what *appears* to be the child's body; and he gets the thousand dollars.

Meanwhile, Hugh's mother has borne another child—a girl. When this second child—Loveday—is quite young, Doctor Gurney dies, *and no one can find any trace of the fortune he leaves.* . . . The years pass. When Loveday is twenty, her mother and grandmother (with whom she has always lived) both die; and a short time later, she marries "Larry" Ingersoll, an attractive weakling.

Among the young bride's closest friends are the St. Georges, of San Francisco: Mr. and Mrs. Warren St. George; their two sons, Rodney and "Chris" (who is in love with Loveday from the moment he first meets her); and their daughters, Fanny and Nini. While visiting them (before her marriage) she meets young Dr. Marc Villard, a house guest, who is *supposed* to be a Frenchman. Later—after she has borne several children—she makes an astounding discovery: Villard is, in reality, her "dead" brother Hugh! A wealthy woman (Mrs. Rose Weir), it appears, had had a maid who had kidnaped him, announced that he was her sister's child. Later, in France, Mrs. Weir had taken him under her wing, educated him. Finally, she had brought him to America.

But what about the body Al Harris had found? Only Harris knows the answer. . . .

Following the birth of three children, Larry—unable to find a permanent job, and jealous of Chris St. George (of whom Loveday is, obviously, very fond)—goes away to enlist in the Air Forces, if he can. . . . Hugh and Loveday find Al Harris, interrogate him. They learn very little, other than that an old servant of the Gurneys—Delia Dillon (who has disappeared)—may be able to help solve the mystery. . . .

Chris—with whom Loveday is always at ease, happy—calls on her. They have a long heart-to-heart talk; they become unusually confidential. Finally Loveday says, "I wonder if we ought to be talking this way?" "Why not?" Chris replies. Loveday hesitates. Then—"I don't know why not," she says quietly.

VIII

"MY SIDE of it," Chris said, "is that from the moment I met you at Mother's house six years ago I knew that every woman I had ever dreamed of had come to life. Rounded, like one of the pre-Raphaelites' women, and tall, with thick brown hair with a gold sheen on it—not the eternal dry bunch of curls—and with a big mouth and a smile that took in the whole world, and with clever thin hands with blue veins on them, and with a trick of flushing and laughing and being terribly afraid one was going to be angry with her.

"I was married to Merle then; we had been married for ten years," Chris went on as the girl, watching him fixedly, did not speak. "But I never had been married to Merle in one sense. From the beginning it was a compromise."

"It's funny," Loveday observed thoughtfully, "that after you are married you can't exactly think why you married. I mean, what reasons had weight with you. You may find plenty of other reasons, and plenty of other joys," she went on, "that make it the right thing to have done. But they aren't the original reasons and joys."

"The perfect marriage is one of the miracles of life," he said; "tragically enough, one isn't as a rule ready for it until one has tasted a mistake or two."

"Any marriage would have its blank spaces and its failures," she told him sensibly; "no matter who you married, or how perfect he seemed, you would run into surprises and shocks—I should think," she finished with a little stress on the last word.

"But the perfect union would make life a heaven on earth," the man said, "and even the crumpled rose petals wouldn't touch it."

"But—but it wouldn't do any good for anyone—anyone to think of all that now," she said, an anxious shadow in her gray eyes; "it's for each one of us to make her marriage—his marriage—as perfect as he can, isn't it? And be glad of the things that *are* right, like—like a Betsey and a Martha."

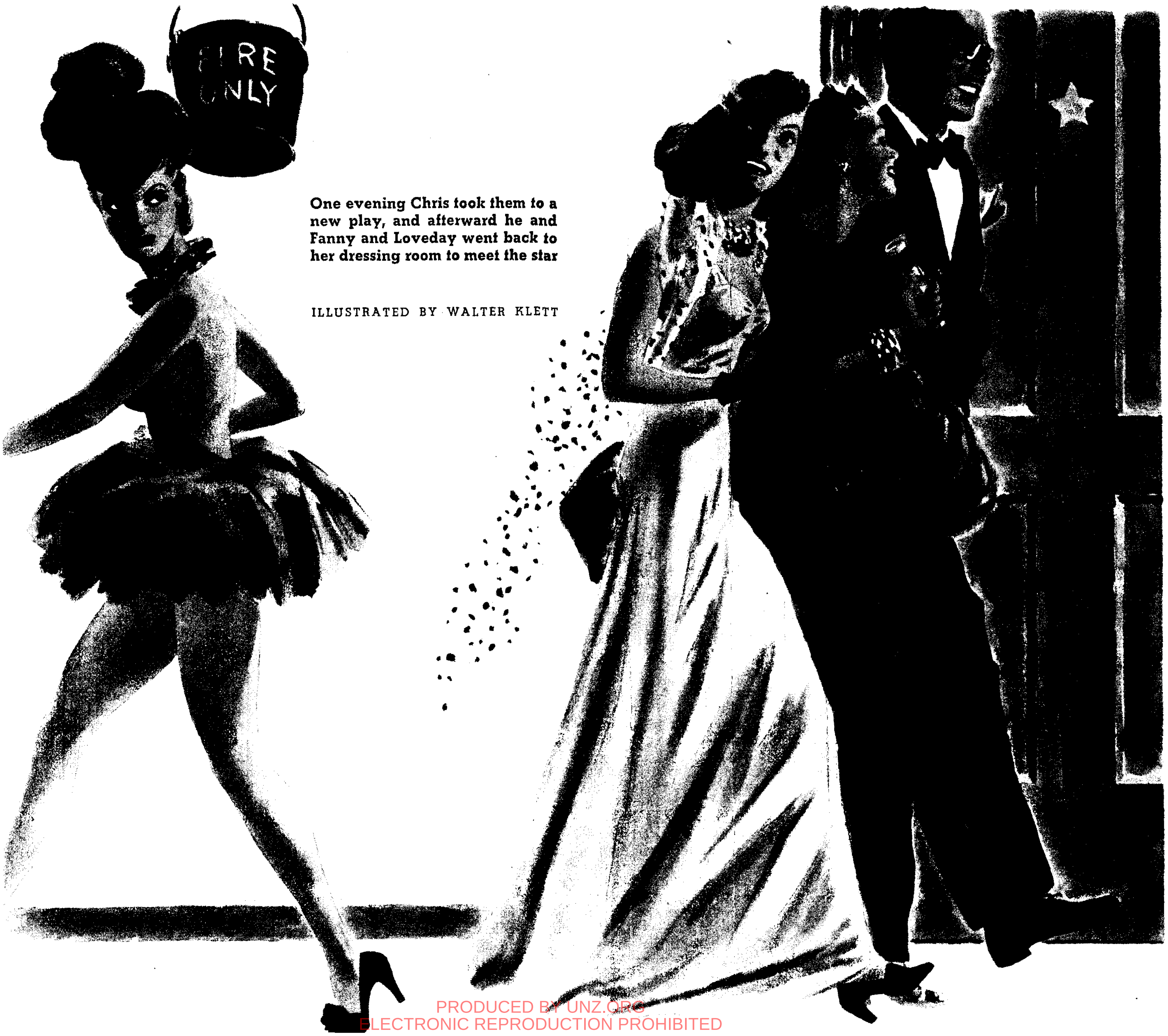
"D'you mind my talking this way?" Chris asked after a thoughtful pause.

"Yes; I think I do," she answered frankly, with a little restless movement of her hand toward her purse as if hinting it was time to go.

"Why?"

"Why, because you are one of the fascinating persons of the world," Loveday told him, trying to speak lightly, "and because there is no woman alive who wouldn't be—be stirred by having you talk to her this way."

(Continued on page 32)



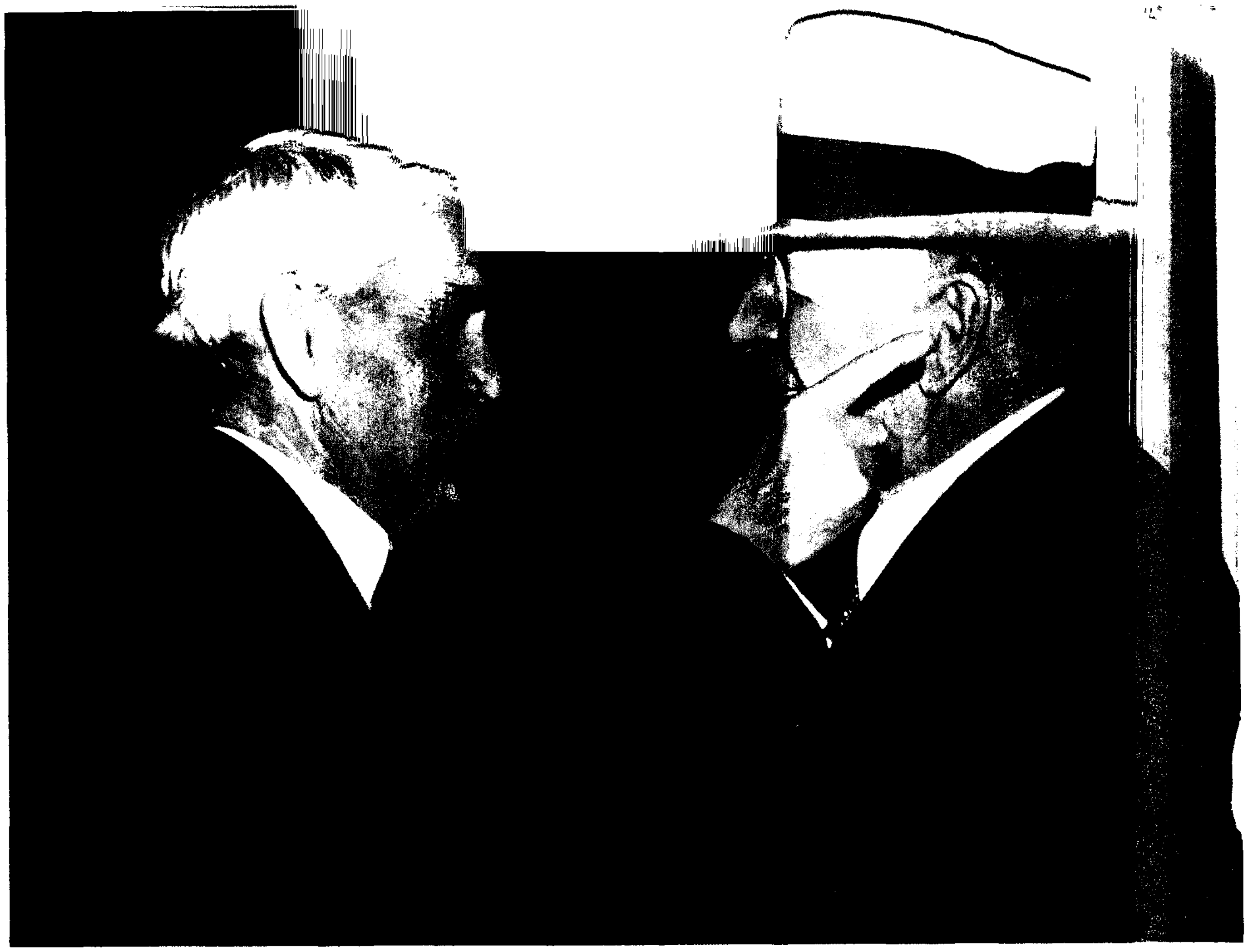
One evening Chris took them to a new play, and afterward he and Fanny and Loveday went back to her dressing room to meet the star

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

HOT SEATS

By Walter Davenport

Reporting on Senator Capper, and Congressmen Englebright and Rankin, Collier's political Mr. Davenport continues to shed light on careers that by no means should continue



Sen. Arthur Capper, Kansas Republican, tries to make it up to Secretary Frank Knox, right, for having voted against naval appropriations and every other bill designed to strengthen the Navy

WE'VE just left the House gallery, and a good thing too. If we'd stayed we'd have been sick to our stomach where we sat, and they don't like you to do that. But we stuck it out to the last internal warning.

And now that we're feeling somewhat more orderly, we're scared to think what's in store for all of us if politicians like the Honorable John Elliott Rankin, representative from the magnolia-scented town of Tupelo, Mississippi, should have a hand in serving the Four Freedoms, restoring justice, equality and the dignity of liberty to captive minorities after this war.

For the Honorable Mr. Rankin had been filibustering against the Ramsey Bill—a bill which would permit soldiers to vote wherever they might be, on November third. Mr. Rankin wants it understood that he doan' yiel' to no man in his love fo' this grea-a-a-at dee-mocracy. Mistuh Rankin loves like his own brother each and ev'y vet'run who ever fought and bled under yondah bee-youtiful bannah of f'eedom. Nawsuh, Mistuh Rankin, Chairman of the House Committee on World War Veterans' Legislation, regards ev'y heroic boy in the uniform of the greaaatest nation in all the history of God's greaaat universe as a no-ooble and shining knight glaaad to laaaye down his life on the battlefield fo' Libbe'ty, F'eedom and the Puhsuit, suh, of Haaappiness.

But at the same time, the Honorable Mr. Rankin who, incidentally, wants no truck with Jews either, has to be thinking of his ten-thousand-dollar job in Congress. It is all very well that Negro soldiers should die to preserve Democracy and the American Way of Life, without which Mr. Rankin would hold no ten-thousand-dollar job but would be back in Tupelo trying to do a little co'thouse law business. Mr. Rankin has no objection to dyeing the sands of Africa and Australia, the mud of Europe and the jungle of Malaya with Negro blood. Nawsuh, Mr. Rankin raises no voice against the right of the Negro to wear the sacred white man's uniform of the Armed Forces of America the Beautiful just so long, that is, as the Negro doesn't get any ideas.

But this Ramsey Bill, if passed by the Congress of the United States, might carry this democracy idea so far afield as to permit uniformed Mississippi Negroes to vote in November even if they haven't paid their poll tax (with accumulated, compounded arrears). And if this were adopted, the next thing you know, this other bill—the Guyer Bill aimed at abolishing the poll tax—might be next.

Long-distance Vote

Anyway, if the bill before the House were passed, Mississippi Negro soldiers and sailors might vote in their far-off stations safe from intimidation by their betters; and they'd doubtless vote against the Honorable John Elliott Rankin and perhaps cause him to lose that ten-thousand-dollar job that he has held since 1920.

But Mr. Rankin's patriotic exhortation came to naught. The House passed the Ramsey Bill. And thirty-four of Mr. Rankin's colleagues, apparently feeling very much as we did when we fled, hastened from the floor to sign their names to the petition to fetch the Guyer Bill out of committee for Congress to vote on. Every now and then Congress makes itself sick.

This series of dispatches from the Washington front, where the shooting is loud but very inaccurate, has been citing and quoting the votes and voices of congressmen whom the Administration would like enormously to purge. Until very recently the Administration's reasons for wanting to defeat these gentlemen have been their pre-Pearl Harbor isolationist utterances and votes.

Hon. John Elliott Rankin, Mississippi Democrat, wants it understood that he doan' yiel' to no man in his love fo' this grea-a-at dee-mocracy, but makes frequent tirades against Negroes, Jews

© PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRIS & EWING

As far as the primaries go, the purge has not been wildly successful. What will happen when the heat is turned on just before the November elections we don't know. We shall take a swipe at that in some future communiqué.

But the Administration has broadened its distaste to include gentlemen like the Honorable Mr. Rankin, although Mr. Rankin has been pretty consistent in his support of Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy.

However, his voting record is not responsible for the hope within the Administration that an unexpected but pleasant political fatality will happen to Mr. Rankin.

The Administration is far from forthright in its antipathy to Mr. Rankin. In the War Department and the offices of the Navy they'll curse him with sulphurous enthusiasm. But that's because all branches of the armed services are deeply bedeviled by race problems and they shudder to their heels when a statesman like the Little White Brother from Tupelo lets go with one of his frequent tirades against the black man even if a good many thousand Negro soldiers will have to die to keep Rankins on democracy's pay roll.

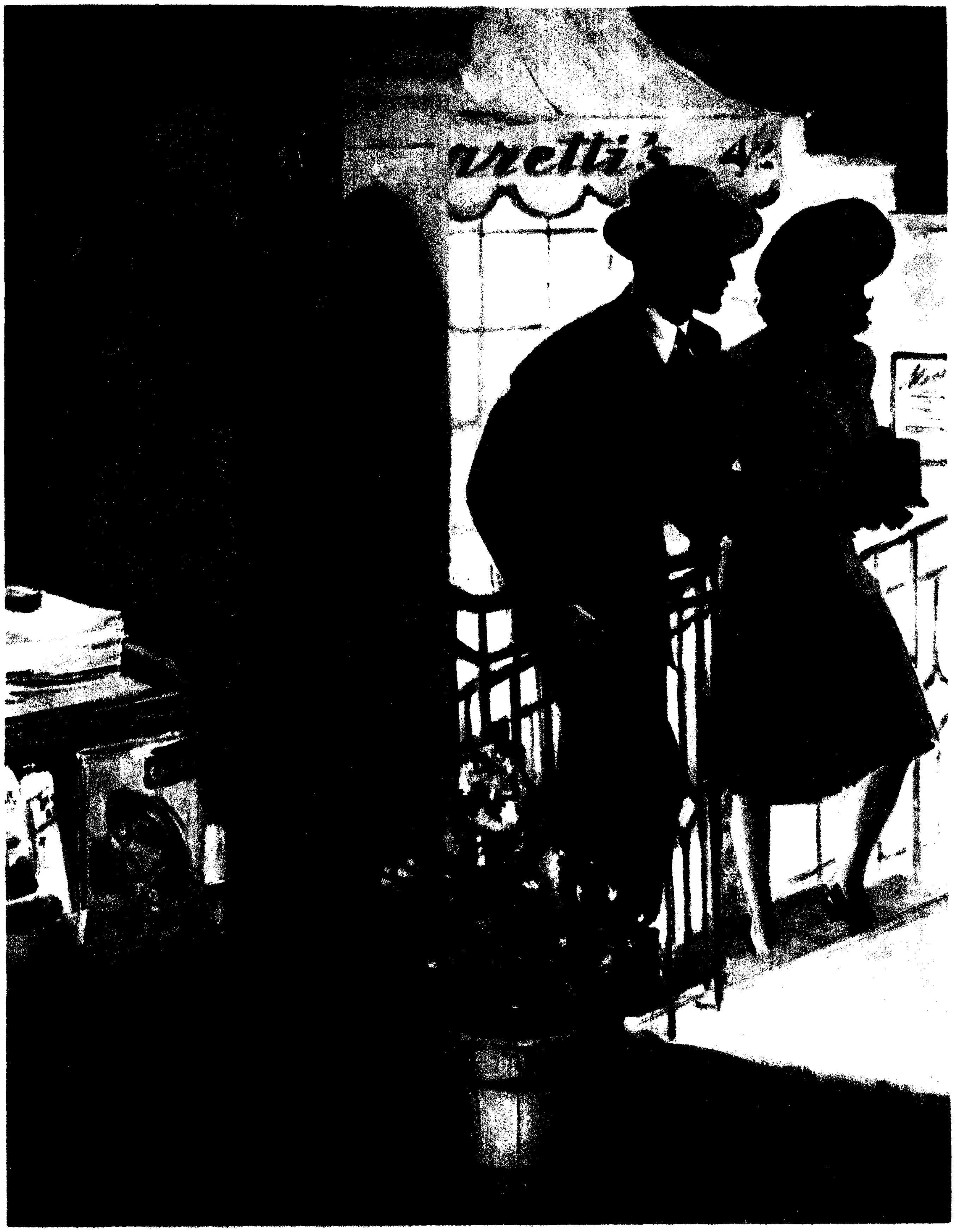
The purge that the Administration prays for (chary of being so outspoken as it was during the Supreme Court fight) is not necessarily punitive. Since Pearl Harbor, the isolationists and obstructionists have been voting and bellowing for total war like good fellows. Seeking to retain their jobs, they are now assuring their constituencies that they yield to no man, et cetera, et cetera.

What the Administration does fear is that when and if the Axis dragon is beheaded, their isolationism will bubble to the surface once more, that they will bawl the old familiar ostrichism, "Back to Normalcy," and that Mr. Roosevelt, or whoever, may be left stranded on the parochial reefs where Mr. Wilson's willful men left him to break his heart after November, 1918.

For example, Mr. Roosevelt's political hatchet men would enjoy very much to kill off (politically, you understand) such an astute member of the House as the Honorable Harry Lane Englebright of California, the House's Republican whip, and trouble shooter for Republican Leader Joe Martin. Mr. Englebright is a capable gentleman, speaks but rarely and then very meagerly.

A noiseless, tireless, shrewd member is Mr. Englebright who, before December 7th, voted isolationist from Lend-Lease to draft extension and on to opposing the arming of merchant ships—just went on voting against the President's

(Continued on page 51)



After Antoinette had been watching for a few days, she seen Tony and Maria go into the restaurant; so she waited till they come out, and she followed and found where they lived

Deceiving Clothes

By William MacHarg

O'Malley is as much at home in a love triangle as in a murder. And when there's a little of both, let the guilty beware

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY L. TIMMINS

WE GOT a tough one," O'Malley said. "A murdered girl was found in a barrel in the East River. My idea, it's an Italian love-killing, but we might never prove it. In this kind of case nobody will tell a cop anything; then the cop gets a black mark. We got a name for this dead kid, but it might not be her right one, and cops pinched a suspect."

"Who's the suspect?" I asked.

"The guy's name is Gallo."

"How did they catch him?"

"Marks on the barrel showed it come from a wholesale produce house. Then a clerk at the produce house remembered a barrel like that had been carried away by an Italian. The guy peddles vegetables. The clerk remembered the name on the wagon said, 'L. Gallo,' and the license bureau give us the peddler's address."

We looked at the dead girl. She was plainly Italian and seemed in her twenties. She had been stabbed—small holes made by a stiletto. A label had been taken out of her coat and she wore a cheap ring with the letters "A" and "P" entwined in a monogram.

"What name have you got for this girl, O'Malley?" I asked.

"Antoinette Romano."

"How did you get it?"

"Cops showed this kid's picture to everybody around where Gallo lives and they all claimed they didn't know her. Then one cop got the idea he would show it to children, and one little girl said she'd seen that lady and pointed out where she lived. The landlady give 'em her name as Romano."

"What does Gallo say about it?"

"I ain't talked with him yet."

We went and saw Gallo. They had him locked up. He was a small man of about fifty, who scowled at us sourly.

"How would you feel," O'Malley demanded of him, "when cops made you look at that lady you murdered?"

"I feel okay, mister, because I never murder no lady. I am sell-a my vegetable. Two cops come in a car and say, 'Come along, you; you keel-a some lady.' I never keel-a no lady."

"Well," O'Malley remarked, "we won't get no information but I guess we got to go look at it."

We went to the East Side. The place was a tenement. Gallo had a small room in the rear of the basement which looked out on a court. In the court was a shed where he kept his horse and wagon. We saw the place in the hall where the police had found blood. They'd found none in his room. We examined the shed. There were boxes and crates there; there weren't any barrels. We talked with the tenants.

A young Italian couple named Carlucci had the basement rooms in front of Gallo's, and another young couple named Lero the room over theirs, and a youth named Vanutti had the room over Gallo's. There were other people above. The Leros and Vanutti came out on the stairs to see what was going on, while we questioned Carlucci. Vito Carlucci was plainly a fop; he was flashily dressed in a loud, striped suit. His wife was named Rosa. It was plain that she worshiped him. The Leros were named Tony and Maria. I never had seen a more beautiful girl than Maria Lero.

"Cops showed you that dead lady," O'Malley said to Carlucci. "You sure you didn't never see her before?"

"Sure I'm sure, officer."

"Well, you seen her too," he said to the Leros.

They shook their heads. "We never saw her before," Tony Lero informed us.

"She didn't ever come to see Gallo?"

"We don't know about that."

WE WENT all through the building and showed the girl's picture, but nobody knew her.

"A cop's got a fine chance!" O'Malley said bitterly. "They all know she got murdered and they'd say they didn't know her if she was their sister. We'll go see where she lived."

It was across the street and only a few doors from the tenement. A fat Italian landlady showed us the room. It looked out on the street. There were no woman's things in it.

"Cops took this kid's things," O'Malley remarked to me. "They didn't find much here—a little traveling bag and some underwear and a couple of dresses. Didn't that lady have any baggage but what the cops found here?" he inquired of the landlady.

"That's all, mister."

"How'd you know her name was Romano?"

"She said so."

"How long'd she lived here?"

"Two days."

"Well, O'Malley?" I asked.

"Well—nothing!" he told me. "She got killed in that building, but I don't know by who and I don't think we'll find out. I don't think it was Gallo."

"Why?"

"Why, you seen that dead kid and you talked with that Gallo. She didn't look to me like a girl that would be mixed up with that kind of guy. I don't think she lived in New York. I think she come here from somewhere else."

"Why?"

"The kind of coat she was wearing, if

(Continued on page 54)

This young lady is devoted to her gay popcorn stitch stockings. They're of mercerized cotton and she wears them for all-round occasions. She has them to match her bright-colored sweaters, too

PHOTOGRAPH BY LAWRENCE MONAHAN

YOU'LL BE WEARING THEM

BY MARIAN STEPHENSON

WHAT'S newest in fashion this year? The look of your legs. It will no longer be that sheer beige monotony, from morning to dawn, of smooth silks and nylons. You're going to step it in a variety of stocking weaves and weights. From the lacy allure of a mesh like that of Gypsy Rose Lee's black tights, to innocent sturdy ribbed cottons like a child's. In between these two extremes, there'll be laces, meshes, plain and fancy knits to go with any costume you want to wear. In cotton, rayon and wool. Sheer silks never did look right with tweeds and cottons; on the golf course and in the kitchen. Now, out of necessity, fashion has produced the answer—a wardrobe of stockings, varied to suit your needs. Another important part of the stockings picture is the familiar stocking knit in rayon and cotton. The rayons can fool you into thinking they're silk. But watch out when you come to wash them. Rayon is weak when wet. So handle your stockings tenderly, and give them time—even up to two days—to dry thoroughly. They'll repay you with a sheer, dull look, high resistance to snagging, and not a trace of the rings silks used to show. Rayons range in weight from fifty deniers to one hundred and fifty, the equivalent of three to ten thread. (The Waacs have been issued 100-denier rayons and service weight lisles.)

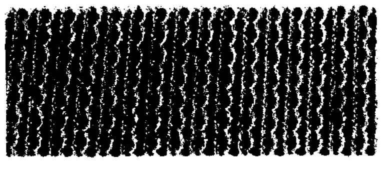
You'll need wider shoes with your new stockings. Even sheer rayons have feet reinforced with cotton or heavier rayon. Cottons and wools, many of them, are frankly bulky and proud of it.

You're going to have an easier time with colors. Instead of a bewildering range of beiges to choose from, there'll be about four. Save your mismates in your drawer. To salvage the mismates already there, you can do this: Take their assorted beiges from them with a color remover that is available practically anywhere. Redye them all to match with a stocking beige to be had at the same place.

But if it's color you want, you can do yourself gay with plain and fancy ribbed stockings in cotton or wool. Pick them in regulation stocking length, in the superlong wool ski stocking, the ankle sock, the Army-height sock that comes up to mid-thigh and gets the college vote for practical warmth, or the knee-high sock that may win your special thanks with slacks this winter. They're knitted now with a rib that keeps them up without lastex.

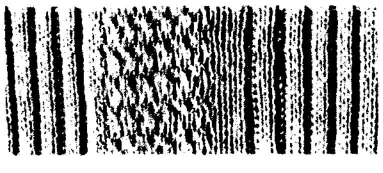
Buy these socks or stockings in brilliant colors or dye them so yourself. Heavy colored cotton stockings are already the pet of the young girl. She likes the little-girl look they give. She likes the way they accent a color in her plaids, echo her sweater. You could match yours to your gloves, your sweater or your turban; bought new, or dyed to match. Try colored meshes, too. That lacy and alluring mesh is more so in navy or black, matching your dress.

Conservative, giddy, exotic, practical, you can fit all your moods and needs with your new stocking wardrobe at prices about your usual. The only rule is variety. ★★★

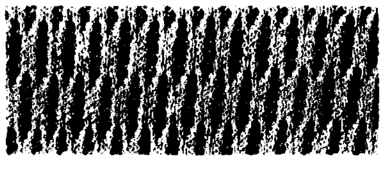


One of the few rayon meshes, 100-denier, full-fashioned. Good with everything

Lace for allure in natural color. It looks sturdy with tweeds, sheer with velvet



Combination of ribbing and fancy knitting, for a mercerized cotton stocking in beige



The kind of stocking you'll be wearing every day. Lace mesh, fine mercerized cotton

Fancy ribbed cotton stockings in bright colors, sized for mother and daughter

The Madagascar Muddle

By Frank Gervasi

RADIOED FROM LOURENÇO MARQUES

Collier's correspondent in Madagascar finds that Britain's occupation of the island is not secure. Pussyfooting politics have nullified a military coup and Madagascar remains a menace to our supply routes

The victorious British, headed by Admiral Syfret, discuss peace terms with the French for the surrender of Madagascar, under the watchful eye of Marshal Pétain

An ominous supply of torpedoes which the British found cached in Antsirabe brings to mind the depressing picture of sunken Allied vessels in Mozambique Channel

BRITISH PRESS SERVICE

British soldiers salute a detachment of captive naval and military troops after the fall of Diégo-Suarez. The prisoners included many Senegalese mercenaries

BETWEEN Cape St. Andrew on the west coast of Madagascar and the city of Mozambique at the easternmost bulge of Portuguese East Africa, the sea lane known as Mozambique Channel narrows to 200 miles. Two hundred and fifty miles north the Comoro Islands dominate the channel where it widens into the Indian Ocean. The waters bounded on the west by Portuguese East Africa, on the north by the islands which divide Mozambique Channel into hundred-mile lanes, and on the east by Madagascar, have become the war's new danger zone for Allied shipping. The enemy has carried on unrestricted assault on the Allied supply lines to the battlefields of the Mideast and Russia precisely where round-the-Cape life lines from England and the United States merge, thicken and pass through Mozambique Channel.

The first Axis attack on this main artery confirmed the pattern of enemy strategy, which is to batter down resistance in the Mideast and southern Russia before undertaking the conquest of India, where Germany and Japan hope to join forces. The success of the Axis, however, depends to an important degree on its ability to puncture that Allied supply artery through Mozambique Channel.

After the debacles in Malaya and Burma, Britain foresaw the dangers to northbound round-the-Cape traffic. Huge Madagascar, with its deeply indented and remote coasts, obviously could provide a strategic base for Japan's submarines, raiders and supply ships. Britain moved in on Vichy-controlled Madagascar without benefit of De Gaulle.

Seizure of the naval base of Diégo-Suarez was well-planned and well-executed. French officials crept under their mosquito nets on the night of May 4th and awoke on the morning of May 5th to find themselves the prisoners of daring Commando troops and marines. But the British failed to carry through their initial success. So, while Rommel pounded Ritchie's Eighth Army to pieces in Egypt and the Germans reduced Sevastopol, desperately needed reinforcements and equipment destined for the Allied battlefields were sunk by enemy submarines lurking in Mozambique Channel. They were able to do so because Madagascar is neither occupied nor controlled by the British who hold territory on the island only in the vicinity of Diégo-Suarez. The Allied foothold on Madagascar is relatively as large as a postage stamp on a large envelope.

What hope exists that the Allied position in Madagascar will be strengthened rests on the able shoulders of South Africa's forthright premier, Jan Smuts. He knows that Madagascar isn't merely an Axis base for harassing Allied shipping in Mozambique Channel; that it constitutes a potential enemy base for direct attack on the Union of South Africa, which is the African continent's own arsenal of democracy. It was pious nonswearing Smuts who said, "I don't give a damn about the politics involved or whether De Gaulle should or shouldn't have led the attack on the island, or whether the residents thereon are with us or against us or anything else. What we've got to have is the whole of Madagascar."

The Enemy's Advantage

No amount of bragging about how the United Nations took the initiative in the matter of Madagascar can overcome the advantage which the enemy continues to enjoy. Not until Smuts' "Springboks" totally occupy the island and establish air bases from which they can patrol the Mozambique Channel and hunt down and destroy Axis and, if necessary, Vichy-French craft operating in those all-important waters, will the Allied position be secure in that area. But the task Smuts faces isn't easy. His troops might find more armed resistance than he anticipates. In Cairo I had learned that the Japanese were arming natives on the island, where there are 40,000 of military age who have done routine service. Moreover, an internal political situation had developed on the island, following Britain's unexploited military coup, that further complicates Smuts' job.

The gist of this political tangle is this: Following the capture and occupation of Diégo-Suarez, the British sought to win over some 4,000 French civil servants and businessmen with offers of trade favors. After a brilliant military maneuver London reverted to a policy of appeasement and peaceful penetration which failed and which gave the Axis two valuable months to stiffen up Vichy-French resistance to democracy's blandishments. Here's how it happened:

First, Madagascar is almost big enough to be called an island continent. One of the world's biggest islands, it is nearly a thousand miles long, almost 400 miles at its widest point, with mountain peaks as high as 9,450 feet. It is rich in graphite, mica, corundum and phosphates, stocked with cattle and lush with rice, coffee, sisal and fruit. Its mineral and agricultural wealth insured that Vichy wouldn't yield Madagascar without offering the Axis every possible opportunity to help prevent its occupation by the United Nations, as well as seeking to stir up local opposition among

(Continued on page 56)

Certain jealous persons of the female sex made remarks about Maybelle. That was because Maybelle was very patriotic, especially when cadets from a flying school were involved

Pure Patriotism of Maybelle Brown

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST

VERY often in wartime it so happens that a girl must do a seemingly wicked thing for her country's sake. Take like, for example, a girl such as Miss Maybelle Brown and how she accidentally became involved with some flying school airplane cadets. It was no part of Maybelle's responsibility that fellas like "Savvy" Norton and "Stuporman" Mumphy should cross her path, but is merely and simply life in wartime. You cannot even blame the U. S. Government, since no one with high ideals of patriotism would thrust their own trouble upon the poor government that is busy fighting the war.

Certain snippety, jealous persons of the female sex made remarks that Maybelle should not have taken a business position with Mr. Al Rodaway's clothing store in Oxnard. These persons insinuated that Maybelle knew Mr. Rodaway's was a hangout for fellas from the Mira Loma Flight Academy. They said in their small-minded, envious way that no respectable girl would want to be practically thrown right amongst flying cadets in her daily business contacts. It struck Maybelle funny to hear them talk.

Not that, when your conscience is clear, you wish to stoop to their level and indulge in mutual incriminations, but Maybelle often said, "Mr. Rodaway sells clothes to the fellas at the flying school and his clerks alla time get drafted away, so it was my plain patriotic duty to accept a temporary position and help with the war effort." Furthermore, Mr. Rodaway would not have hired some of the certain critical persons who applied for the job. Flying cadet fellas are only human and react to good looks or freakish looks in a girl, as the case may be.

Take like, for instance, the case of this Savvy Norton. He reacted to Maybelle the very first time he walked into the store with half a dozen other cadet fellas. To be perfectly candid, he reacted like crazy.

"It's Lana Turner!" Savvy said. "Okay, men—line up behind me and dig deep. If you can't buy one war stamp, buy half a one. We must put Miss Turner's quota over the top!"

"G'wan, Savvy," another cadet fella said. "It isn't Lana—it's Ann Sheridan."

"Rita Hayworth, you mean," another cadet fella said, "with just a touch of Dorothy Lamour—where the sarong ought to be!"

Savvy Norton pushed them back.

"Gimme ten stamps, Baby," he said. "I don't wanta walk without you—and don't sit under the apple tree with anybody else but me!"

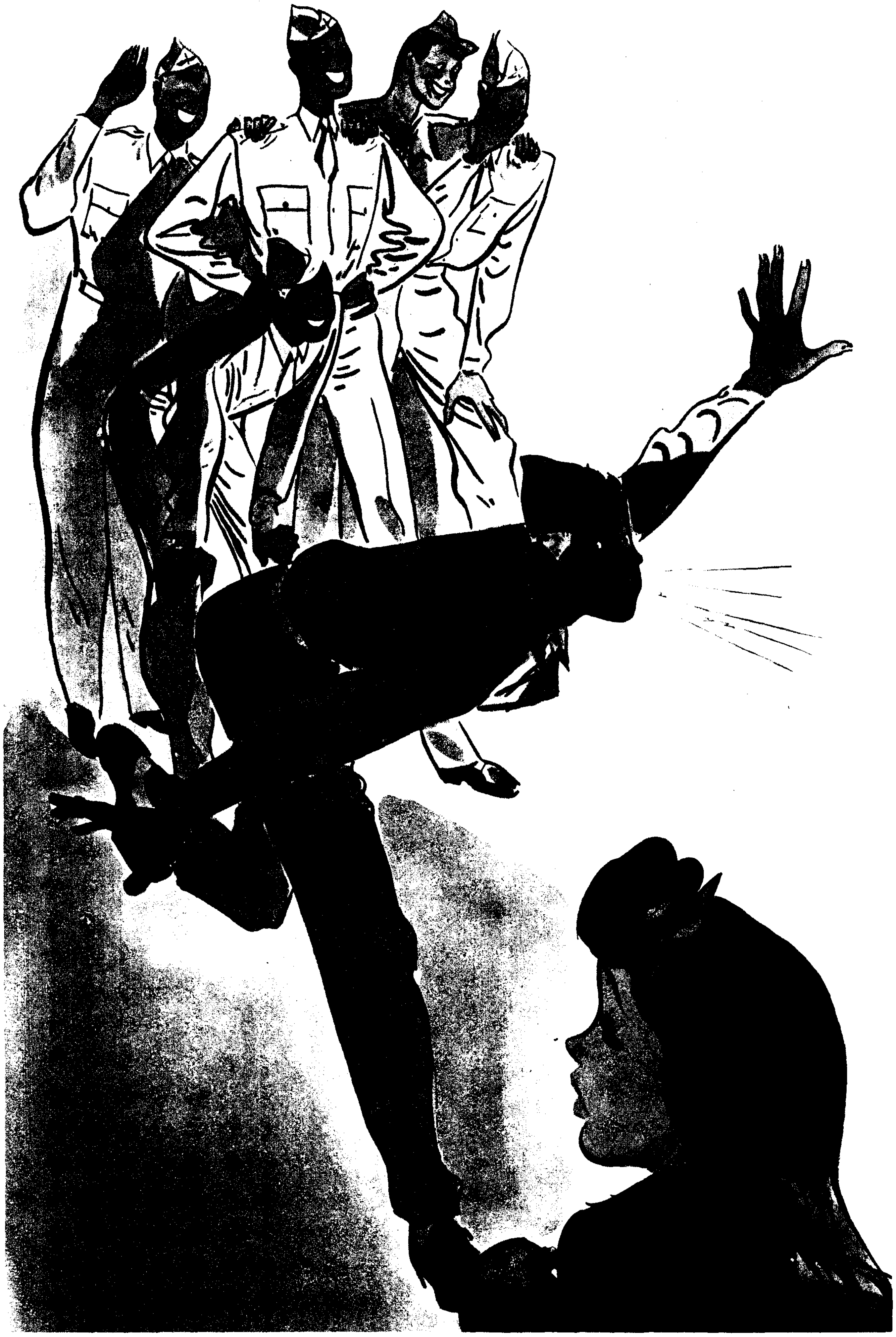
Well, Maybelle got no bang out of it whatsoever. The first time a fella pulls such a line, why, you are flattered, but after fifty such experiences it is simply ho-hum.

"You're a little off on your type-casting, Mister," Maybelle said. "Pardon my frigidity, but I play businesslike parts best. Didja wanta buy somepin?"

"Take that, Savvy!"

"She topped him!"

(Continued on page 26)



Maybelle's heart went out to poor Arthur. He had to spread his arms and make sounds like an airplane motor

SEABEES

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. ERISS

Seabees never waste anything, even straighten bent nails. They scraped up the $90,000 worth of material left over by the private contractor who built their Norfolk base and started a salvage collection which they call "the junk pile"

There's nothing like dynamite for getting rid of jungles in a hurry. Seabees use it with great skill and in large quantity when making room for airfields, fuel tanks, repair shops and other important units of a new base

Even Seabees can't escape the horrors of a dentist's drill. This one is worked

The Seabees are useful fellows to have around. They enlist sixty kinds of skilled laborers. Most of them learn welding so important in construction

THE Seabees are modern Robinson Crusoes, complete with glamor. The new naval units, which are supposed to land at the same time—or just after—the Marines take over, are composed of seagoing landlubbers presumably capable of doing everything.

“Seabees” is a whimsical expansion of CBs, the initials of Construction Battalions. The basic idea behind Construction Battalions is this: They move into the most gosh-awful wildernesses in the world and build secret naval bases. They chisel out space for barracks, a water supply, a landing field, a hospital, underground tanks for fuel oil and high-octane gasoline, radio equipment, sanitation facilities and fortifications. Along the shore they put up docks and all the accounterments thereof.

Meanwhile, they have to protect themselves against all enemy oncomers, be they cannibals or Germans. Then they come back and start all over again. Sixty diferent kinds of skilled laborers are enlisted by the Seabees, including blacksmiths, carpenters, concrete workers, dock hands, electricians, steel workers, welders, sailmakers, draftsmen, plus crack engineers aken in as officers.

The first Seabees to leave this country had quite a time, but it was only typical. On the way over, their ship met a couple of ubmarines, and the Seabees proved they weren't dry cargo by helping man the guns which drove the enemy off.

The training school at Norfolk, Virginia, wasn't in operation then, so the rest of the ime the boys practiced erecting on deck heir “Quonsett huts,” queer little igloos, he roofs of which are designed to catch ain water to be saved for a sunny day. When not doing that, they held target practice with their rifles, “just in case.”

They found their destination infested with land crabs so vicious that they had to make primitive tree houses, in which they lept for the twenty-one nights before their Quonsett huts were ready. Also, the adgets they use to evaporate sea water to make it drinkable wouldn't function at first, so for several days they drank coconut milk. Meanwhile, they built their own roads by laying metal mesh over the sand nd bog, and they made their own wagons o haul stuff around on the roads.

During the rest of the construction, crews were organized to see that nothing—and they meant *nothing*—was wasted. One man was in charge of collecting nails from the packing boxes in which were brought the few worldly goods the Seabees had with hem. The nails were straightened and sed again.

After big guns were mounted all around the base, the Seabees carefully camouaged the whole little empire so that it disppeared completely. Then they sailed off or another assignment.

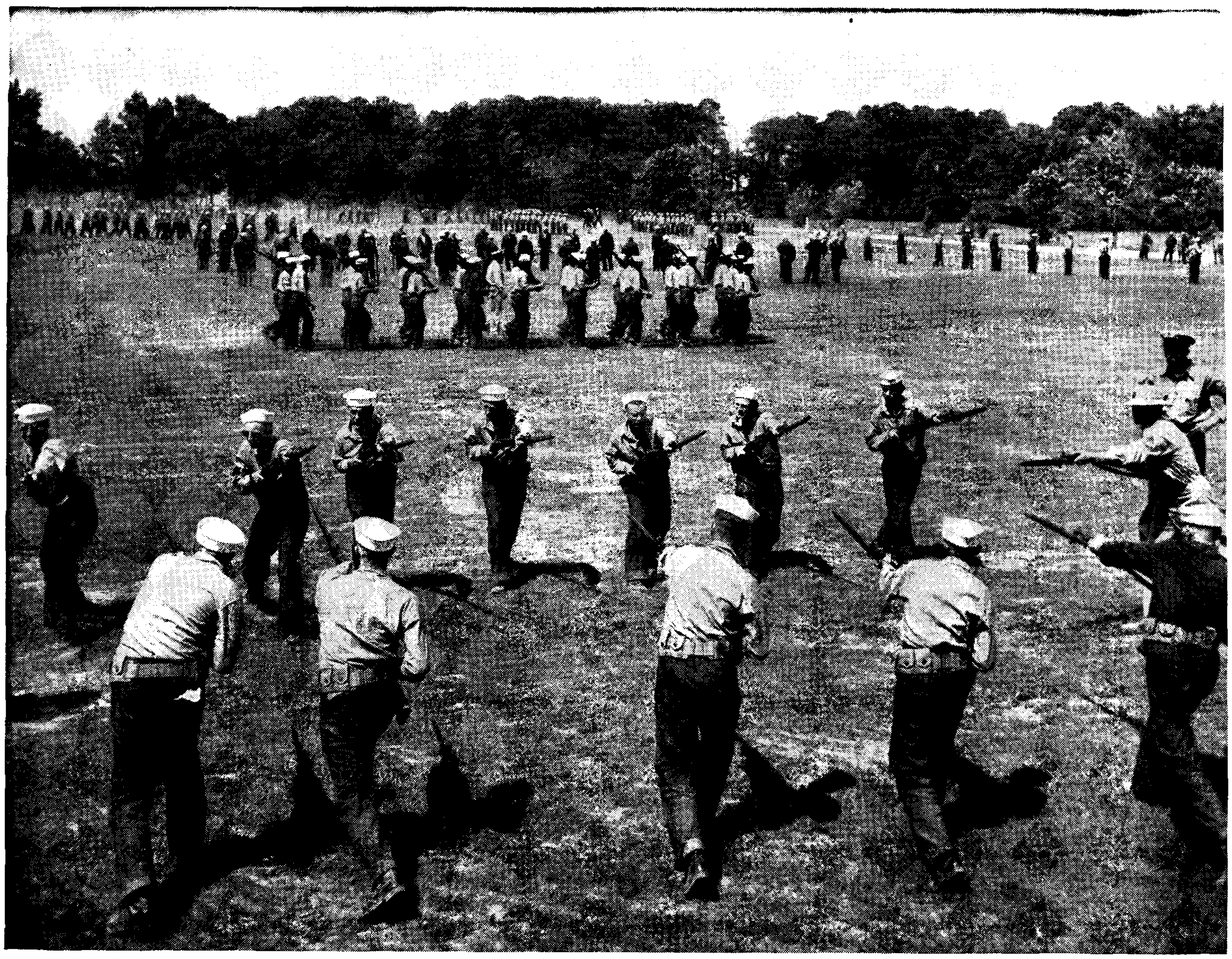
The Seabees are useful fellows to have round. They brag that they can fix anything, even watches. But they also can ght. They have to, since they are tossed into the middle of nowhere all by themselves, and, if they don't *furnish their own* rotection, they don't get any.

The work of the Seabees formerly was one by civilians. The Navy says that exerience at Guam, Wake and Cavite led to the decision to put their construction men n uniform.

Each battalion of Seabees consists of our construction companies of 224 men ach, and one headquarters company of 75 men. Three battalions make a regiment of some 3,300 men and officers. Ensted men are experienced construction workers, except for sixty unskilled laborers with each company who go in as first- and econd-class seamen. Otherwise regular Navy ratings are given.

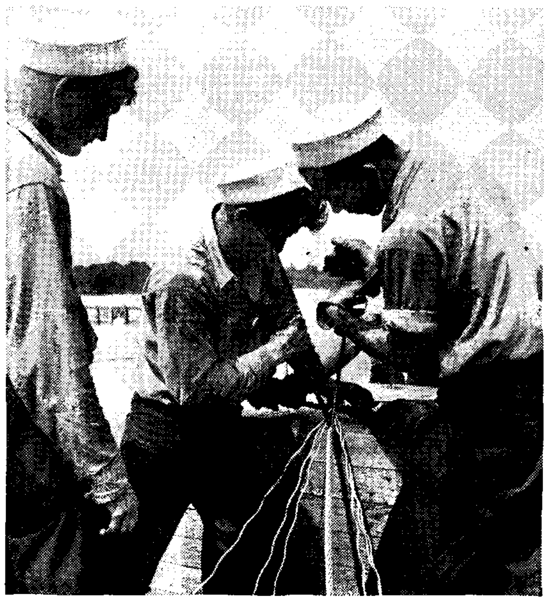
Salaries run from $54 to $126 a month in ddition to housing, food, medical and ental care, and transportation, the last item in a big way. The battalions operate nder the Civil Engineer Corps of the Navy and get eight weeks' training before etting out on their own.

There are 100,000 Seabees coming up, nd they will become, along with Marines nd aviators, the personality boys of the war. ★★★



Regular bayonet practice is part of the training that enables Seabees to move into the wilderness, build secret naval bases and, at the same time, protect themselves against all enemies, whether cannibals or Nazis

Seabees learn to strip and assemble guns, make minor repairs. They brag they can fix anything—even watches



Seabees know every wire in the generators they carry into the wilds

Oil and water tanks are constructed with remarkable speed by the Seabees. With the help of camouflage, entire Seabee empires di

NORTH WIND

CABLED FROM STOCKHOLM

BY HERBERT UXKULL

UNITED PRESS CORRESPONDENT

Out of the deep, silent forests of Sweden comes Gunder Haegg, the most promising runner since Paavo Nurmi

THE most popular fireman in the pleasant little Swedish town of Gaevle perched himself comfortably on one of three iron beds in the fire station sleeping cabin and considered my question with a quiet smile.

"You want to know what it's like to run faster than anyone ever ran before?" he repeated. "Well, for me it's fun!"

And, sitting there watching tall, blond Gunder Haegg, holder of four middle-distance world championships, you decided that he was telling you exactly how he felt about running a mile in the record-breaking time of four minutes, six and two-tenths seconds.

I had traveled three hours northward from Stockholm by train to find the secret of Gunder's ability to establish new world records. A dozen years ago I had been a middle-distance runner myself, and I proceeded on the theory that competition in the German national championships in 1931 qualified me at least as an amateur investigator. I was curious to learn what new scientific methods of training lay behind the success of this long-legged Swede sitting opposite me in his smart, dark blue fireman's uniform.

Once we were seated in the little whitewashed cabin, I began my scientific prying, while one of Gunder's proud, grinning comrades sat near by and listened eagerly. I knew that the great Nurmi had an unusually low pulse beat of 46 to the minute and that there was a theory that all good distance runners must have a slow pulse.

"Do you have a slow pulse?" I asked.

A puzzled look flickered across Gunder's calm blue eyes. He didn't know. Neither he nor his doctor had ever taken his pulse. He had never heard of the theory.

I took a firm hold on his sinewy wrist and counted. There were twelve beats to fifteen seconds; forty-eight beats to the minute. Well, the theory seemed to be holding up, even if Gunder didn't know it. I tried another tack.

"How much air can you hold in your lungs?" I asked.

He smiled happily. "You know, when I was fourteen years old my parents took me to Tivoli (the Stockholm Fairground), and there was a machine there that showed how hard you could blow," he said. "I blew into it . . . but I have no idea what it showed and I've never tried since."

I abandoned my scientific research after determining that Haegg is 23 years old, six feet in height and weighs 150 pounds. But as we talked I began to find the answer I was seeking. It lies back across the years and across the wooded hills of Sweden; back to Gunder's childhood in the sprawling northern forest province of Jaemtland.

His home was a simple wooden house with a veranda and a small garden, embedded in the forest land near a small lake. It is a country like Finland, that land of great runners. Nobody ever "discovered" Gunder Haegg. When he was six years old his father gave him a pair of skis. It was a long way from home to school and Gunder didn't like to get up early in the morning. By faster skiing he discovered that he could cut five minutes off the time it took him to get to school and thereby he could sleep five minutes longer.

Little Time for Training

He discovered, too, that he could ski faster than any boy in his neighborhood and that pleased him. When there was no snow he tried again without skis and found that he could outrun the other boys of his age. It was about that time, he explained, that he began to realize that running was fun. He was sixteen years old when he won his first important race by covering the 1,500 meters in four minutes and 21 seconds.

He was improving steadily and his prospects were good but he also had to make a living. As soon as he was out of school he went to work as a lumberjack.

"I liked work in the forests," he explained. "You learn to use every muscle in your body and you get plenty of fresh air out there."

There was not much time for training in the next few years but Gunder felled trees, lifted logs and laid the foundation for his perfect physical condition. He slept and ate and worked and found little that would tempt him away from an austere life.

Later he became a fireman and ambulance driver, and in Gaevle, too, his training has been squeezed in between working hours. His present work is not hard but it includes the usual duties of a fireman in addition to many trips at the wheel of the ambulance. His superiors are pleased to give him a day or two off when he is to run at Gothenburg or some other city far from Gaevle but apart from that he is treated like any other member of the fire brigade.

As I dug deeper into the Haegg background it struck me that he had had one stroke of remarkable luck. There is a

(*Continued on page 74*)

AMERICAN-SWEDISH NEWS EXCHANGE

Following his victory in the 1,500 meters at Stockholm, Sweden's sensational runner Gunder Haegg gives an interview before the mike to Sports Announcer Sven Jerring. Haegg plans to visit U. S. for the indoor season

NEW CHAPTER

By Henry Meade Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

There were two endings to the story, and one was a lie. Tom Burdock, without asking questions, chose the one that was true

THIS was the hill from which he could see the town and the river and the early fall haze over the distant sea. This was the hill on which he had made the promise to Judith Baines that he would return to the town, to her, to the marriage they had planned. They had stood at this crossroads eight months ago in the deep white of winter, and he had made the promise, feeling its full momentum, its rich weight and its responsibility.

Below him the road dropped from Blueberry Hill and lost itself in the flat spruce woods two miles from town. Behind him lay the big country north of the Air Line Road—the country from which he had come by river and on foot, traveling hard to beat the time of the logging train by a whole day. He carried little with him—a woods-pack, his Tee Pee ax and a light .32 special rifle. "Is that for the bride?" someone had asked in the bunkhouse back at the lumber camps. When the kidding had quieted, he had told them dryly he thought the bride wouldn't need it. "I'm already tamed, some," he had said.

To Tom Burdock, standing here alone on this hill, facing this town he would soon call home, marriage was grave, important, appalling. To him who had not known the warmth and the security of a home, this next step seemed vast, a wide vista into another world—a world he had glimpsed and had wanted, and now had won the right to enter.

He hitched the canvas pack higher on his shoulders and started walking again down the dust-gray road to town. He found himself increasing the length of his stride as he thought of Judy Baines, her lively dark eyes regarding him with admiration. "Great kid," he said aloud to himself. Then he stopped in the middle of the road. The thought which had been uppermost in his mind suddenly became real, so real he felt the blood race through his face. This girl was marrying *him,* Tom Burdock, lumberjack, tramp, a good-for-nothing backwoodsman. She was marrying him because she loved him and believed in him and wanted to make a home for him. And during that moment, as he stared at the dark density of the woods, he touched his chest with his hand and said aloud, "Me! She's marrying me!"

WHEN he had gone away eight months ago, she had said she would wait for him, wait forever for him. And he, for the first time in his life, believed that a woman could mean what she said.

He came into town on Clay Street, passed Maple where she lived at the road's end. He went on to the east side of the town, down Water Street to Mrs. Tuggle's where he hired a room for that night. He left his pack there and hid his gun and the ax under the mattress. Then he started up Walnut to find a barbershop, a men's furnishing store and a jeweler's. It was about noon. She had told him in her last letter to be at the house at four. She lived with her married sister and her brother-in-law. He didn't consider going to her before that hour.

At Parlow's barbershop a man in the chair raised his soap-puffed face and regarded him with interest. He held off Parlow's razor and said, "You Tom Burdock?"

"That's right," Burdock said, hanging his hat on the wall hook.

The man leaned back unwillingly and gave his face up to Jim Parlow's long, skillful strokes. The oak-framed clock ticked on the wall and steam from the kettle on the stove reached up toward it. Shadows passed and fanned on the window curtains. The man in the chair said, from under a hot towel, "You seen Earl Stone yet?"

Burdock put down the two-day-old Bangor paper and said, "Earl Stone here? In this town?" Although there was less surprise in his voice than he felt, there was more than he wanted to show.

"Been here for two months," the man said. He didn't speak again until Parlow had flipped off the apron and fussed with his collar. Then he looked Burdock over with curiosity. "Yes," he said slowly, "he's working at Bailey's. Funny that a lumberjack would be working in a hardware store." He glanced at Burdock's high leather boots, his blue work shirt and asked, "Where you boys working this time of year?"

"North of Mopang."

He nodded as if the information meant something to him. But Burdock knew it was just an idle town question. The man turned to the door and closed it behind him.

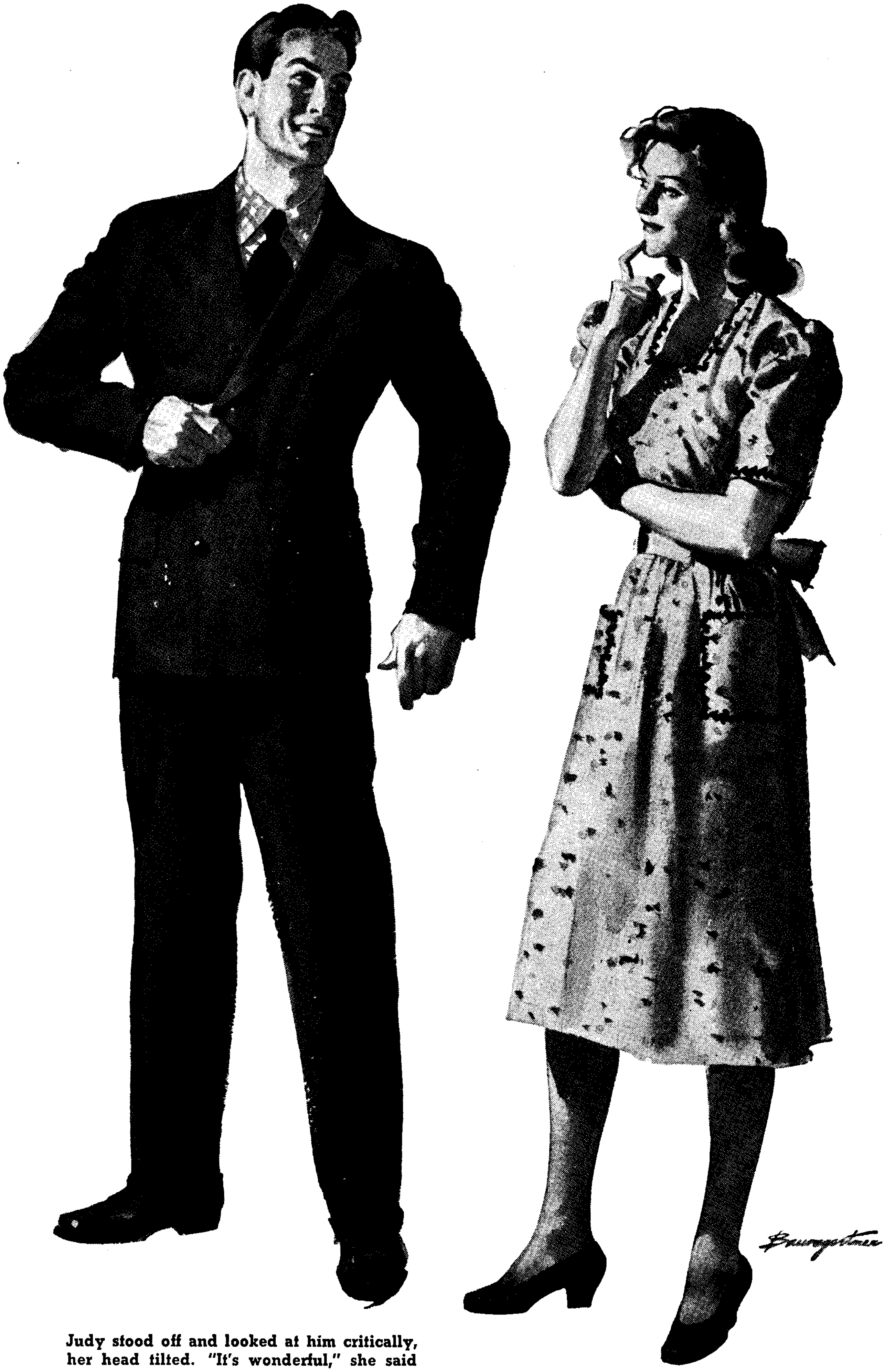
Jim Parlow shook Burdock's hand. "Staying long in town?"

It had not occurred to Burdock that the town might know of this coming marriage; things that concerned him had not been of interest to people who lived in towns. He answered the question with, "Yeah, for a spell."

He saw Parlow regard him cautiously and then say, "Getting married, I hear."

"That's right," Burdock said.

He rubbed his hand over his smooth, smarting face as he walked slowly up Walnut looking for Gates' jewelry shop. He wondered what had brought



Judy stood off and looked at him critically, her head tilted. "It's wonderful," she said

Earl Stone in town for two months. He felt the same old half-pleasure, half-dislike, in thinking of Stone. He had known him for three years, off and on, had logged with him as far north as the Allagash country and had pulled him out of the Machias River during the big spring drive. He had fought with him once. He was aware of an irritation between them—a rivalry which had occasionally reached the violent. He knew that both of them recognized it, but that neither of them knew why it was there.

He turned into Gates' jewelry shop and stood long before the counter. The little pale man waited patiently, neither smiling, nor scowling. At last Burdock said, "I want a wedding ring. A good one."

He picked one out and the man said, "What size?"

Burdock took from his shirt pocket a crumpled letter. He opened the letter and spread it flat on the glass counter. On the margin there was a circle, with an arrow pointing to it and large flowing script saying, "Since you ask, here is my finger size. A plain gold one, Tom. That's the realest."

The pale Mr. Gates looked over his spectacles and said, "Why, now, you must be Tom Burdock. I recognized Judy Baines' handwriting." He looked at Burdock's broad, scarred fingers, then up into his face. Something had been brought to his mind, something he did not wish to speak of and yet which fascinated the little man. He stared at Burdock as he went out the door.

BURDOCK saw Earl Stone five minutes later. Burdock had stopped before a window which displayed neckties, shirts, and a wax-faced dummy wearing a checked suit of clothes. Stone came up from behind and Burdock saw his reflection in the pane.

"You'd look swell in the outfit," Stone said.

Burdock turned. The greeting came hard, for Stone had consciously maneuvered for this edge and held it by that superior smile of his.

"Heard you was in town," Earl said.

"News travels fast."

Stone's tall, broad figure looked well in store clothes. He looked well in all clothes. But the hand he removed from Burdock's was damp and soft and now it moved without direction, from his pocket to his belt to his pocket. His face showed the punishment of high living and long drinking.

"Getting yourself all decked out for the wedding, Burdock?" He examined Burdock's new shave and looked him over. "Better let me show you around town. I can pick out the stuff that will make you look like a million."

Burdock said, "Thanks. I sure wouldn't want to go out to her house in these things."

Stone was lighting a cigarette at that moment. He flung the match aside and put out the hand which held the cigarette as if he were trying to stop Burdock. "You haven't been out there yet?"

"No."

Stone looked across the street at Bailey's hardware store. Then he said, quickly, "How about a drink? We'll get you outfitted later. There's been a lot of water over the old dam since we talked last."

Burdock said, "That's right."

THERE were a few minutes when Stone left Lunk's bar to go over to the hardware store to see about something. Dan Cole came in and stood at the half-window watching the people on the street outside. Then he turned to Burdock and nodded a reluctant recognition. He had hard black eyes and wore a gray suit with white trimmings on the waistcoat. Cole said, "I heard something about you marrying that pretty Baines girl. Is that a fact?"

"That's right," Burdock said.

Burdock nodded. A man like this turned him away from the idea of wanting to live in town, of respectability, of soberness and he felt his loyalty toward the men he worked with grow warm. He said, "Earl and I are celebrating," and looked away.

EARL came back a few minutes later and told Burdock that he had the afternoon off and bought a bottle at the bar for a table. He walked in a hurry to the table. He poured out a couple of drinks and slid the glass to Burdock.

Stone leaned forward twice, as if to speak. Finally he pressed the cigarette against the ash tray and said, "What are you planning to do after you're married, Tom?"

"Going back to work."

"In the woods?"

"For a while. I'm coming back in a month, when that mill-boss job is open up at Thompson's lumberyard."

"Taking the little woman with you?"

"Mr. Mann . . . could I have an hour and a half for lunch today?"

COLLIER'S DOROTHY McKAY

"Lord, no! I'd never take a woman back there."

Earl Stone worked his fingers in the moisture on the table. He shook his head and said, with a knowing smile, "This is no place to leave a bride in."

Burdock said, "You don't know Judy the way I do."

Stone's mouth slid sideways and he drank before he spoke. "Oh, yeah? You're pretty sure of yourself?"

"What you getting at, Earl?"

"Nothing much. I was just telling you. Women are all the same. You can't trust any of them."

Burdock looked at Stone, his interest briefly aroused. He saw in his friend's face the cynicism they had both shared in the past. "Wait until you find a girl like Judy," he said. "You don't know anything about good girls, Earl."

"I don't, huh?" Stone laughed nervously. "They're all the same. I was just talking to a guy the other day. A friend of mine. He ran smack into a good girl. Boy! And how!"

Burdock, his mind sliding away, said, "That right?"

"He was telling me about it in here," Earl said. "He comes from Lubec. This girl he knew was going to marry a fellow." Earl added, "He was away, to sea mostly, I guess."

Burdock's mind moved out to Maple Street and he let it trace the moments of meeting—the way Judy would look when she opened the door for him, the quick touch of her hand on his arm, her smallness, so fiery and determined and yet soft for him. And then, through this picture, he heard Stone saying:

"She was the kind that was sure she was going to be good. Well, this guy I know went around to say hello to her, to be friendly to his friend's girl. You know, just visiting. And then he went nuts about her."

Stone stopped talking. His hand was shaking as he poured another drink.

Burdock said, "Well, how did he make out?"

Stone laughed confidently. He looked up at Burdock and there was in his eyes that thing so near contempt, the superiority of a clever, quick-witted man looking down at a slower one.

Stone said, shrugging his shoulders, "I don't know why I'm telling you this. It's just one of those things.

"She lived in a little house with her father and he didn't like the way things looked with this guy coming around that way. So the old man told this guy to keep himself away from there, and the girl agreed with her father. She would pretend she wasn't to home, letting her father say she had gone out somewheres. This guy would make like he had gone, but he'd come right back and he could see her there, through the kitchen window, sitting at the corner table writing on a pad. He'd watch her for a long time, then he'd see her get up and turn on the radio beside the table and hum to herself, going through dance steps.

"THINK this is funny?" Earl asked, suddenly. He seemed annoyed at Burdock's casual reception. He said, almost angrily, "Well, that's just the half of it. That's the first part of it. This guy from Lubec knew what he was doing. He wasn't scared off by this girl, nor her—her father. No, sir. He knew women."

He hit the table rapidly, not hard, but with quick taps of the edge of his hand.

"He went back one night," Earl said, his eyes slanting away from Burdock's. "The doors were locked to him. But he could see her there. He made sure her father wasn't in. Then he went around to the cellar door on the side of the house and got in that way. The nerve of the man—the nerve"—Earl took a quick drink on the word—"got her. She let him come in then—whenever he wanted."

He sat back now, turning and turning the glass before him. Burdock pushed his hands into his pockets and said, stretching out his legs, "Some story, Earl." He knew he should be more concerned about Earl's friend, but somehow, nothing seemed important that day except getting to Judy.

Earl said, defiantly now, "Well, that's that!"

Burdock nodded. He started to get up, and then for the first time he wondered why Earl had told him that story. He regarded him for a moment, the thought coming to him that it might have been a way Earl had of telling something that had happened to himself. But it wasn't like Earl to hide any of his adventures with women. He was pretty cocky about them usually. Burdock dismissed the thought.

"You coming along, Earl?"

Stone looked up from the table. He said, "You go ahead and buy your weddin' outfit yourself." A little whisky spilled over the glass as he poured out another drink.

As Burdock walked out of Lunk's he saw Earl sitting there, staring at him. He felt the man's hate and wondered what he had done to stir it.

JUDY BAINES made him turn around twice, her hand pushing first his right arm, then his left. She stood off and looked at him critically, her head tilted to one side, her black hair falling in a curve over her face.

"It's wonderful," she said finally. Then, coming closer to him, "Tom, do you hate wearing it?"

"It's all right," he said, looking down at the new suit. He wanted to say that he would wear anything she wanted him to. There were other things he wanted to say, highfalutin things which came to his mind from somewhere. But it was hard for him to speak that way and he felt if he said them they would sound funny in his voice.

She was so near him he could feel her dress touch him. He thought of the moments after they were married, when she would be his completely. He was glad now she had had her way. He wanted to make everything right—to make it big, important, all the way on the right side of the fence.

He took her in his arms now and heard her take in her breath and felt her hands press against his back.

"We'll be married tomorrow at this time," she said softly. "Are you afraid?"

"No, I guess not."

She laughed. Then she said, "Look, Tom, I want to show you what Alice and Ed are giving us." She brought out a catalogue and flipped through the pages and came to a double spread with kitchen cabinets. "This one," she said. "And they are giving us every pot and pan we need to go with it."

She turned and picked up a pad from the corner table and held it up, showing him a list of things she had written out. "They are installing it in our house tomorrow morning."

Burdock heard her voice, saw the little rented house near the mill where he would be mill boss, but her words became only sounds. There was something about that table and the writing pad, which gave him that double feeling of having had all this happen before somewhere, sometime. There was something forcing itself upon him to make this significant.

"Isn't that swell of them?" Judy said.

"Yeah," Tom said, "that's right."

He saw Judy looking at him, her dark, lively eyes smiling at him. She said, "If I didn't know you so well, Tom, I'd have the right to think you hadn't heard me."

(Continued on page 48)

Milky Way
Milky Way

HE LOVED IT THEN AND HE LOVES IT NOW

Just think what
a whole box of delicious
Milky Way candy bars would mean to
your boy now! With each delightful
bite through the pure milk chocolate coating, the layer
of smooth creamy caramel and the luscious center of chocolate nougat,
flavored with real malted milk, he will beam his appreciation.
For you see it's the little things that do so
much toward keeping our boys happy . . little luxuries
you can provide . . .

Milky Way

Pure Patriotism of Maybelle Brown

Continued from page 19

"Nice going, Beautiful!"

This Savvy fella still thought he could score. He grinned at Maybelle and said, "Buy something? Oh, yes—I want a high-altitude flying suit lined with the pelts of black sheep."

It was a natural setup for Maybelle.

"That'd be a waste of money, Mister," she said. "You do all your work at extremely low altitudes, don't you?"

The laugh was on Mr. Savvy Norton, all righty, and Maybelle might have said more, but all of a sudden she saw this poor, bashful fella that turned out to be Cadet Arthur Mumphy walk in.

"Hi-yah, Stuporman!" one of the cadets said.

"Howdy, sir."

Mr. Smart Aleck Savvy Snooty Norton winked at the other cadets. "Got your flaps set, Stuporman?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wheels down?"

"Yes, sir."

"Okay, *make a landing, Mister!*"

Well, Maybelle's heart went right out to poor Arthur. He had to spread his arms and make sounds like an airplane motor and pretend like he was landing.

"Aw-aw, you nosed over, Stuporman! Unbutton your safety belt!"

Stuporman leaned over, unhooked an imaginary safety belt and then fell forward, bumping his head on the floor.

"Very good, Stuporman. Carry on!"

"Yes, *sir, thank you, sir.*"

THEY had fussed him so awful that he turned and was going to duck out the door. But a girl of spirit cannot stand idly by and see such a nice big hunk of a fella being called Stuporman and hazed in a nasty, mean way.

Maybelle went right over to Cadet Mumphy and said, "I'll wait on you first. What'll it be?"

The poor fella blushed somepin fierce.

"No, thanks . . . uh . . . wait on them . . . they're upperclassmen . . . I'll be back later!"

Cadet Mumphy fled. Savvy Norton grinned.

"Waste no time on Stuporman, Baby. He won't be with us long!"

"Why not?"

"Too dumb."

"Is that so!"

"You mean to tell me you haven't heard about Stuporman Mumphy? Why, this creates an opening! I can talk for hours about Stuporman—and funny stuff, too. When shall we start?"

Luckily, two officers from the flying school came in with Mr. Rodaway, and Maybelle did not have to listen to Snickelfritz Smarty Pants Savvy Norton and his pals make fun of Stuporman Mumphy. The big-mouths piped down in a hurry, all righty, and just did a quick shuffle out the door.

Well, by this time Maybelle had formed a very definite opinion of Mr. Cadet Norton. He was a shifty, snake-in-the-grass type of fella who thought all he had to do was give a girl a load of his personality and he would be unresistible to her.

It is a funny thing in life that a girl can tell when a man is apt to be really, truly serious in his intentions. Mr. Cadet Norton was not apt to be—and would bear close watching. But Mr. Cadet Mumphy was apt to be. He had looked at Maybelle in an awful sweet, gentle manner. He was such a big, awkward hunk of a fella and so helpless kinda that your feelings were of a motherly nature.

Thus, twenty minutes later, when Arthur Mumphy returned to Mr. Rodaway's store, Maybelle took especial pains not to crack wise and scare him.

"Didja wish to buy somepin?"

"Yeah. A tie."

"Service or civilian?"

"Service."

"All righty, here you are."

"I . . . uh . . . better take two."

"Okay, Mr. Mumphy."

"Hunh? Oh . . . maybe some socks—"

"What size?"

"Twelve."

"How many pairs, might I inquire?"

"Oh . . . uh . . . two."

"Okay. You're all fixed. How *are* you finding things at school?"

Mr. Cadet Mumphy gulped and reddened. "Tough," he said. "I won't be here long."

Maybelle lifted an eyebrow. "What a funny attitude—I mean, that's kinda defeatist, is it not?"

CEMENT
BoBrown

"Frank's so handy with tools that he's practically ruined everything in the house!"

Collier's BO BROWN

"Yeah. They got me licked. The flying part is easy—but that ground school—whew!"

"Oh, I presume you refer to your studies?"

"Yeah . . . you heard 'em call me Stuporman. That's why. The book stuff."

"If I was a powerful physique like you," she said, "anybody called me such a thing, they would get a punch on the jaw."

Stuporman Mumphy nodded. "A few of 'em will," he said, "soon as I get washed out."

WELL, all the so-called wickedness that certain critical persons now refer to started right then and there. Like as if Maybelle could have had any ulterior motive or otherwise in merely questioning Arthur about his troubles at the flying school. It was purely and simply that you are a good, patriotic citizen and do not stand idly by while the U. S. Army is on the verge of losing an airplane pilot.

"Jest specifically, what seems to be the main misunderstanding?" Maybelle asked.

All of a sudden it seemed like, why, Arthur just opened up his heart to Maybelle. The sum and substance of his remarks simply appalled Maybelle as to true conditions. They were trying to make Arthur study such subjects as the higher mathematics; navigation (like finding your way by the stars); meteorology (that was a big word for guessing the weather and what kinda clouds you fly into); and somepin called the theory of flight.

"For Pete's sake!" Maybelle exclaimed. "What's all that got to do with shooting down Japs?"

"Extremely little."

"Why, I'd jest simply tell the jerks to go hire theirself some college profs!" Maybelle said.

But poor Arthur simply had all his high morale knocked out of him.

Furthermore, it turned out that Arthur was absolutely not to blame for not liking highbrow subjects. He went to college and played football, basketball, baseball, track meets and boxing. They did not allow him any spare time to study. He was simply the victim of his environment around him like an underprivileged child or an Okie. So what? So he heard his country's call like a normal, patriotic American boy and was willing to yield up his life in the supreme sacrifice—but, oh, no. He had to work in ground school that college profs should be doing and letting real he-men shoot Japs.

Maybelle was simply shocked beyond words at conditions in our Armed Forces. "Won't anybody help you with your studies, Mr. Mumphy?"

"They got no time to nurse a numskull along, Sis. We're supposed to learn it all in ten weeks. It's hard but fair, I guess."

"If—if they dispense with your services, when will that happen?"

"We get ground-school tests at the end of this month."

"Gee—only eleven days?"

"Yeah."

"Are you really *studying?*"

"Naw, they got me licked."

Maybelle started to work on the poor fella's morale, but some civilian customers came in and Cadet Mumphy took a hasty departure, saying: "Well . . . uh . . . thanks for the listen, Miss Brown." Maybelle looked after him, her heart simply aching to think that such a marvelous hunk of a man should be getting such a dirty deal. Arthur did not shoot a line; he had calm gray eyes and thick blond eyebrows and a good he-man jaw and—

The phone rang.

"Baby!"

"Oh—it's you—"

"I can't get you out of my mind—"

"Look, I'm awful busy—"

"Don't you want to hear about Stuporman? There's a dance at the school tomorrow night—"

"You're off the beam, flier. Goodby."

No matter what certain persons might say in judging her actions by their own low ideals, Maybelle did not encourage Savvy Norton's attentions for any sordid or unworthy objective. It was merely her own spirit of true patriotism in a desperate effort to save poor Arthur Mumphy. Because, look, shortly after Savvy telephoned, Arthur came back to the store. He said he wanted to buy another pair of socks. Then he kinda hung his head in an awful appealing way and said: "I . . . uh . . . I been thinking."

"Yes, Mr. Mumphy?"

"What . . . uh . . . you said about being defeatist. So I'm gonna give those books one last whirl!"

"That's the spirit. A person should do their best—and die trying!"

"You—you sure inspire a guy, Miss Brown!"

So saying, Stuporman Mumphy lunged out of the door, forgetting to pay for or to take the socks.

FOR this reason and only because she had the best interests of our Armed Forces in view Maybelle finally consented to attend the dance with Cadet Savvy Norton. But even then only *after* Mr. I-Won't-Take-No-For-An-Answer Norton had telephoned twice more and sent her a telegram.

The dance did not rate any tears of joy, if you asked for Maybelle's candid opinion. A lot of stuffed shirts and rank were on hand; the floor was too crowded; and Cadet Arthur Mumphy, poor fella, was not there—he had to study.

But Maybelle got right to work in his behalf.

"Tell me all about your little self, Baby!" Savvy urged.

"I thought we were gonna talk about Stuporman?"

"Okay—but *why?*"

"You said it was funny. I could use a laugh."

"Who's your next dance with?" Savvy wanted to know.

"The fella from Tennessee."

"Don't like him. We'll sit it out, where it's dark and dangerous."

"Yeah . . . that bench . . . under the light."

That settled Mr. Ants Pants Norton for the time being, and he started to tell some so-called funny stories about Stuporman Mumphy. It seemed like why, to hear Mr. Norton tell it, Arthur made some perfectly natural mistakes before he got the hang of running an airplane.

Maybelle gave Mr. Norton the old frosty-wosty.

"I am vurry sorry but I see nothing to laugh about in another person's misfortunes, Mr. Norton," she said. "Instead of alla time poking fun at Ar—Mr. Mumphy, it would seem that his own

"On Active [illegible]

The B-17, the "Flying Fortress," illustrated here, is the [illegible] for which this famous Stetson hat is named [illegible]

STETSON STRATOLINER $7.50

Most sensational success ever originated... [illegible] and modern contours... narrow band... narrow binding [illegible] high in quality for sky-minded men... wear it [illegible]

Made by the exclusive Stetson Vita-Felt Process. Other Stetsons $5 to $25. Stetson Hats for Men and Women. Also made in Canada.

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INGRAM'S SHAVING
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Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers

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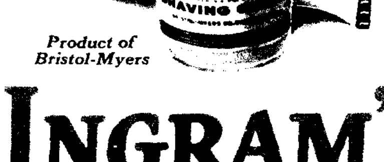
Ingram's wilts your beard without red tape or delay—makes your whiskers easy targets for your sharpshooting blade. Ingram's is COOL—soothes and refreshes and helps condition your skin for shaving.

An Ingram shave leaves your face smoother, younger-looking and refreshingly cool. And that Ingram coolness is a lingering COOLNESS! Long after your razor is tucked away that cool and comforting feeling continues. Get Ingram's today, in jar or tube.



Product of Bristol-Myers

INGRAM'S shaving cream

brother cadet would try to help him."

Cadet Norton did a corny double-take.

"Help Stuporman? How?"

"Well, you could give him a little extra coaching on his studies, couldn't you?"

"Ha! Am I an ivory carver?"

"Vurry humorous, Mr. Norton. I think I see the Tennessee fella looking for me."

"This is *killing* me, Baby—"

"I hope!"

Well, Maybelle certainly had her hands full with Mr. No-Gal-Can-Resist-Me Norton before that evening was over. It is a funny thing in life that the meaner you treat a certain type fella the harder he tries to overcome your repulses. As soon as Mr. Norton discovered that a girl of strong moral nature cannot be swept off her feet by good looks and a smooth line, he changed his line of attack to the so-called deep sincereness angle. All kidding aside, Baby, you have really done somepin to me. I see I misjudged you, you are not just a babe and I honor and respect you for it. This is war and soon I will be leaving the school to go to basic training, and two persons should be kind to each other in wartime because, look, who knows how long anybody will have to live?

But Mr. Departing-Hero Norton did not say anything about true love or marriage, not that Maybelle would even consider him in such a capacity. It struck her extremely funny how dumb some fellas think girls are. It only takes three days to get a marriage license in California and you can elope to Nevada and have it done without delay. So how do they figure that heroes can leave so fast that they do not have time to get married? The answer is, purely and simply, that such a fella thinks you are a moron who will feel sorry for a fella that is going to war.

"Well, Baby," said Mr. Cadet Norton, when the dance broke up, "I suppose you think that even one little kiss between you and me would start a whole colony of lepers?"

It was a setup.

"Oh, I'm afraid to kiss you," Maybelle said.

"Why?"

"I might get carried away."

The conceit of certain fellas simply knows no bounds. Mr. Sucker-for-Setups Norton actually believed Maybelle's sarcasm to be on the level.

"Ah, don't be afraid of that, Baby," he said, huskily, "don't be afraid of anything."

BUT Maybelle climbed into her big brother Ted's jaloppy and shut the door. She honked at Joanie Scruggs, who was saying good night to another cadet, started the motor and firmly pushed Cadet Norton off the running board.

When Joanie hurried over to ride with her, Maybelle said, "Look, Joanie, kiss Mr. Norton good night for me, will you?"

Joanie giggled and Mr. Hot-and-Bothered Norton said, "Just you wait, my proud beauty!"

"I'm jest holding my breath, Dark and Handsome," said Maybelle. "Thanks for the party and stuff!"

Always leave 'em hopeful when you say goodby, even although such will never be your real intention.

Certain nibby-noses might say in their shallow manner of thought that Maybelle was deliberately leading Savvy Norton on and was playing fast-and-loose with him. Nothing could be further from the facts in the case. Nor was Maybelle's action, the next afternoon, anything but a big sister taking pity on poor Arthur Mumphy.

She drove out to the flying school and asked the sentry to summon Cadet Mumphy. It was Sunday and such a nice day Cadet Mumphy should not hole himself up with books the entire afternoon.

Cadet Mumphy came out on the double.

"I was thinking you might like to take a brief recreation down to the beach, Mr. Mumphy," said Maybelle.

"I sure would!" said Mr. Mumphy.

Well, it was just marvelous the difference between Arthur and Savvy Norton in their attitude of mind toward a girl. With Arthur you could discuss the true, wholesome things of life. He had his mind on his work like a fella should ought to have that is preparing to fight Japs.

"You know, Sis," Arthur said, "I'm not as wooden as I thought. I believe I can get that math and navigation dope. So I'll only flunk the rest of it."

"You won't flunk that either!"

Arthur sighed in an awfully appealing way.

Maybelle got to work on Arthur's morale and cheered him up a little, but Arthur had a very realistic manner of thought. The time was just too short for him to pass the ground-school tests. Arthur believed in miracles as a general rule if applied to actual combat in battle against the enemy, only not when applied to ground school at Mira Loma Flight Academy.

"But you sure been a big inspiration to me, Miss Brown," he said. "It is too bad—uh—too bad."

"Too bad what, Arthur?"

"Why . . . uh . . . just too bad, that's all. A guy gets to figuring that if he's an officer—well, too bad."

"You mean as to the matrimonial problem?"

"Yeah. I'll wind up as a private greasing engines. It's uh . . . too bad in many ways."

It just about broke Maybelle's heart and she was in a highly emotional state, as any girl would have been who is at all interested in our Armed Forces and keeping up their morale.

"Oh, I wouldn't be so defeatist, Arthur," said Maybelle. "Should a fella do his best and find untoleratable conditions on account a lot of jerks put so much importance on guessing weather, why, I don't see why that should ruin his life or make him unattractive to the right type girl."

But Arthur just shook his head in a utterly hopeless manner. "I couldn't ask any girl to marry a washout, Sis," he said.

Right there was where the second part of the so-called wickedness certain Mrs. and Miss Grumpys accused Maybelle of deliberately plotting got started. Any girl that is worth a salt will fight for a fella that is being ganged on by the whole U. S. Air Force in common decency and humanity.

"They aren't going to wash you out, Arthur!" Maybelle heard herself blurting. "For I know a way—I mean I have the strongest tuition, I feel in my bones that if you continue to do your utmost you will come through with the color flying!"

"You sure can inspire a guy, Sis!" he said. "I'm going right back and hit those books until taps!"

"And—and what if it should so happen that you did pass? I mean, finally pass and get to be a second looie with wings and everything?"

"That's . . . uh . . . a beautiful dream—uh—yeah, quite a dream."

"Is anybody else in it, Arthur?"

"Hunh? Why . . . yeah—"

"Who?"

"Well . . . uh . . . a girl, maybe."

"Is it me?"

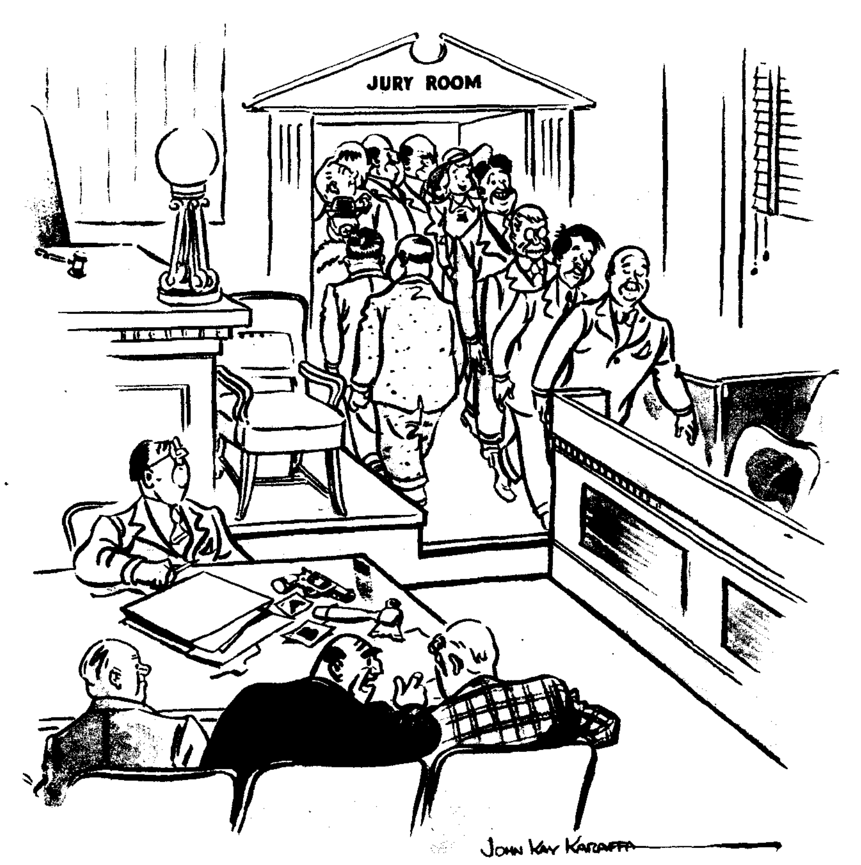
"Yeah."

"Oh, Arthur—that's so vurry sweet of you—"

"Well . . . uh . . . I better be hitting those books!"

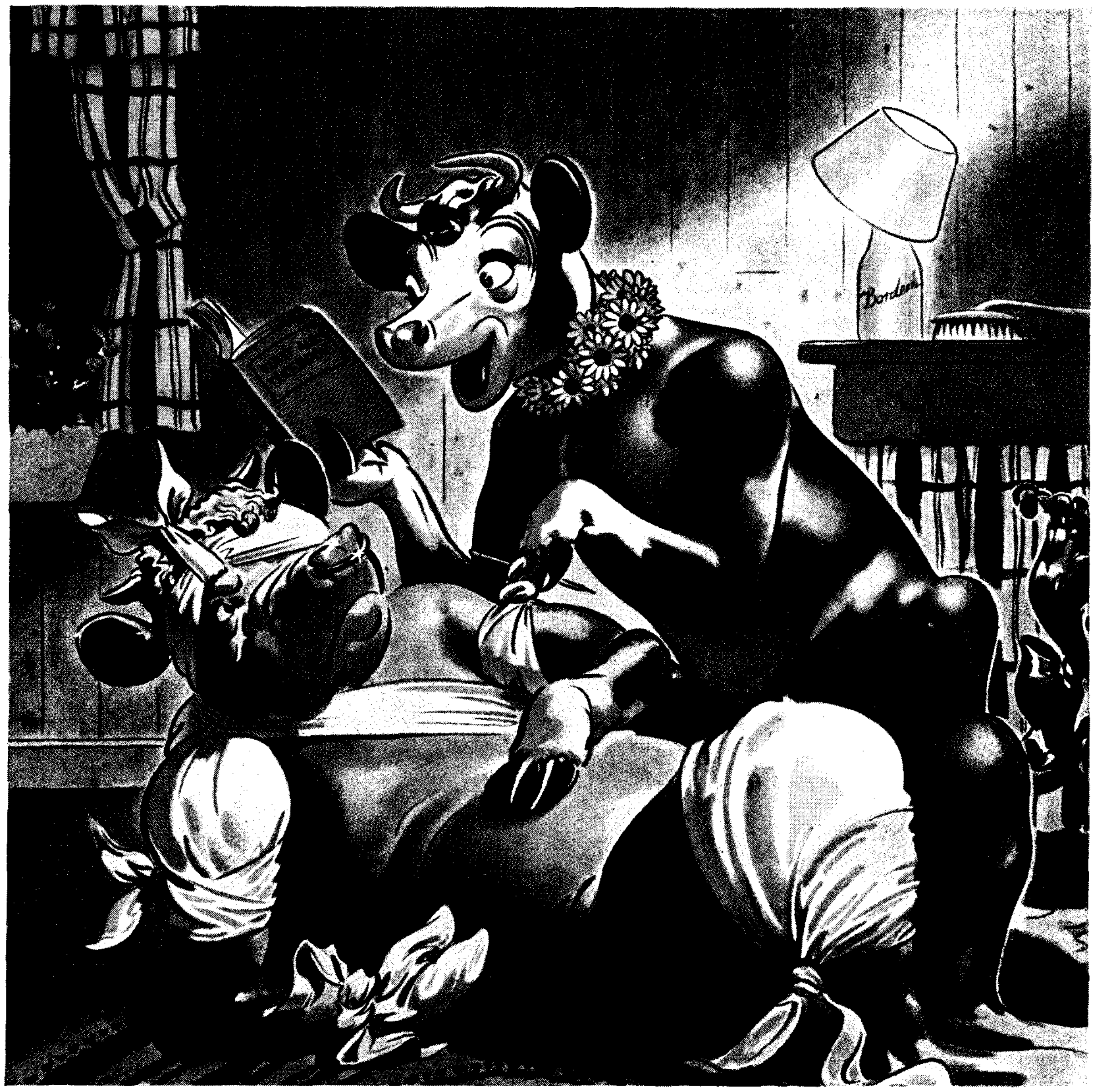
SOME girls with a low order of mentality would have felt disappointed and wanted to be kissed and acted mushy towards, but Maybelle could flatter herself that she was not that kind of girl. It was strictly okay for Arthur to get scared and climb back in the car and squeeze her hand, and duck his head and say, "Start praying for me, Sis!"

Well, Maybelle was certainly no fit person to question the power of prayer and strongly disapproved of persons who so do, but you cannot depend entirely on heavenly providence to get a



"Didn't take them long to reach a verdict, did it?"

Collier's JOHN KAY KARAFFA



"I'm going to learn First Aid, if it kills you!" beamed Elsie

"Do I have to lie here trussed up like an infernal mummy for the rest of my life?" bellowed Elmer, the bull.

"Be patient, Elmer," said Elsie, the Borden Cow. "Everything has to be exactly right, you know."

"Couldn't you be wrong . . . just once?" sighed Elmer.

"Of course not, the Borden inspectors wouldn't let me," laughed Elsie. "Their whole job is to see that my pure, wholesome *Borden's Milk* and all the grand things made from it are as nearly perfect as possible."

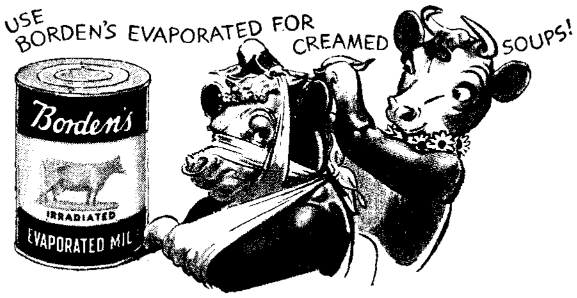
"Perfection, bah!" snorted Elmer. "In about five minutes . . ."

"In five minutes, any woman can make perfectly marvelous chocolate frosting with *Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk*," interrupted Elsie. "Eagle Brand is the short-cut way to make loads of delicious desserts because it's milk *plus* sugar. Don't wiggle, Elmer, I'm tying a square knot."

MAGIC RECIPES ON EVERY CAN OF EAGLE BRAND!
Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
SWEETENED CONDENSED MILK
MAGIC RECIPES

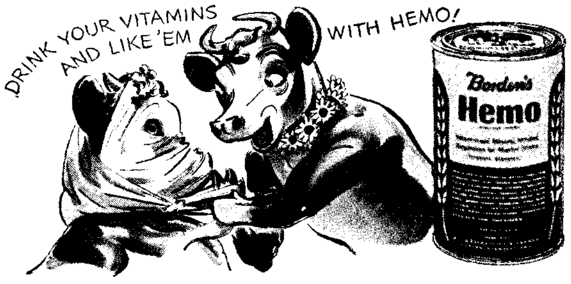
"I was trying to say," yelled Elmer, "that in about five minutes, I'll need an ambulance! Ouch, that's too tight! Dear, have you ever thought of taking up some *other* branch of war work?"

"I've not only thought of it, I've done it," answered Elsie. "Our army uses carloads of my *Borden's Irradiated Evaporated Milk* and so do our allies. It's so very digestible and rich in Vitamin D. And it gives both soldiers and ordinary citizens the smoothest cream soups and the fluffiest mashed potatoes you ever saw."


USE BORDEN'S EVAPORATED FOR CREAMED SOUPS!
Borden's
IRRADIATED
EVAPORATED MIL

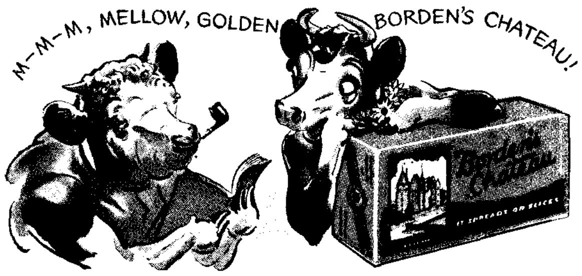
"To get back to First Aid," said Elmer hastily, "how about letting me try a few bandages on *you* . . . just for a change?"

"One of the very nicest changes I know," enthused Elsie, "comes over youngsters and oldsters when they start drinking HEMO — Borden's new way to drink your vitamins and like 'em. HEMO tastes like a super-elegant malted milk, and it does wonders for folks who need more vitamins and minerals."


DRINK YOUR VITAMINS AND LIKE 'EM WITH HEMO!
Borden's
Hemo

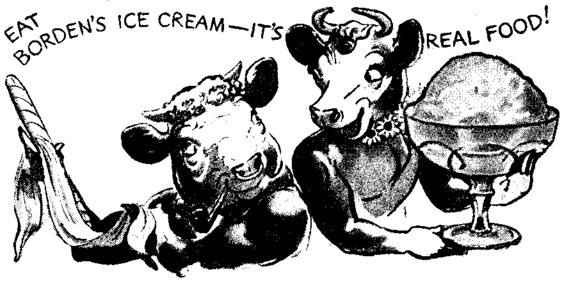
"For the last time," rumbled Elmer, "will you let *me* do some bandaging? I've got rights. You can't treat me like this! I . . ."

"I know a wonderful way for a wife to treat her husband," chuckled Elsie, as she started to untie Elmer's bandages. "Treat him to golden *Borden's Chateau*. M-m-m, what a ripe, mellow cheese flavor! And *Chateau* is only one of the distinguished family of *Borden's Fine Cheeses* . . . there, I've untied the last knot. Now, *you* can try bandaging."


M-M-M, MELLOW, GOLDEN BORDEN'S CHATEAU!
Borden's Chateau

Elmer started thumbing through the First Aid Book. "I wonder how you start," he mumbled. "A-a-h, here it is. Let's see . . . *'First, keep perfectly cool'* . . ."

"It's fun to keep cool," smiled Elsie, "when you keep cool with a plate of smooth, mouth-watering *Borden's Ice Cream*. This luscious treat is more than fun — it's a valuable food! . . . Why, Elmer, that's quite a neat bandage. What's it for?"


EAT BORDEN'S ICE CREAM — IT'S REAL FOOD!

"It's a fractured tail bandage," boomed Elmer triumphantly. "See, it's just like diagram 41 in the book."

"So it is," gasped Elsie. "Elmer, this is really wonderful!"

"Aw, it's just a bandage," protested Elmer, puffing up with pride.

"But, don't you see?" said Elsie. "When *you* can make a bandage like this, it proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that *'If it's Borden's, it's* got *to be good!'*"

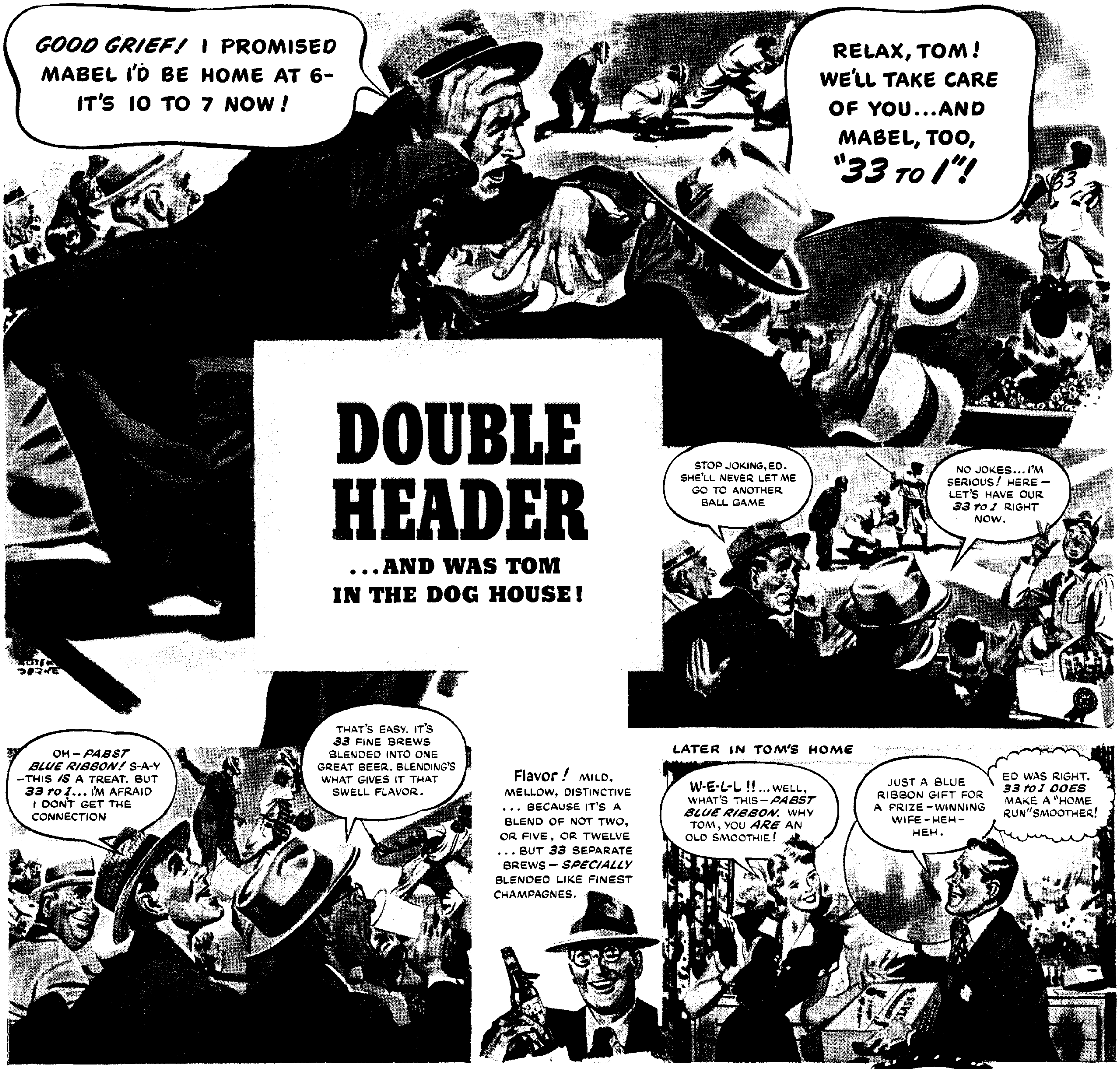
...if it's Borden's it's got to be good

Elsie says: *"Let's all take the bandage off our pocketbooks and buy* **U. S. WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS REGULARLY.**

© Borden Company

DOUBLE HEADER

...AND WAS TOM IN THE DOG HOUSE!


GOOD GRIEF! I PROMISED MABEL I'D BE HOME AT 6- IT'S 10 TO 7 NOW!
RELAX, TOM! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU...AND MABEL, TOO, "33 TO 1"!
STOP JOKING, ED. SHE'LL NEVER LET ME GO TO ANOTHER BALL GAME
NO JOKES...I'M SERIOUS! HERE—LET'S HAVE OUR 33 TO 1 RIGHT NOW.
OH—PABST BLUE RIBBON! S-A-Y —THIS IS A TREAT. BUT 33 TO 1... I'M AFRAID I DON'T GET THE CONNECTION
THAT'S EASY. IT'S 33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER. BLENDING'S WHAT GIVES IT THAT SWELL FLAVOR.
Flavor! MILD, MELLOW, DISTINCTIVE ... BECAUSE IT'S A BLEND OF NOT TWO, OR FIVE, OR TWELVE ... BUT 33 SEPARATE BREWS—SPECIALLY BLENDED LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES.
LATER IN TOM'S HOME
W-E-L-L!!...WELL, WHAT'S THIS—PABST BLUE RIBBON. WHY TOM, YOU ARE AN OLD SMOOTHIE!
JUST A BLUE RIBBON GIFT FOR A PRIZE-WINNING WIFE-HEH-HEH.
ED WAS RIGHT. 33 TO 1 DOES MAKE A "HOME RUN" SMOOTHER!

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PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
Pabst Blue Ribbon

Why is Pabst Blue Ribbon the most popular beer in the homes of America? Your first delicious sip provides the answer. For here is a beer that's blended like finest champagnes...each sparkling drop a winning blend of 33 fine brews. Enjoy it in the handsome regular and new quart size bottles—or on draft at better places everywhere.

33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer fella through ground school at Mira Loma.

Besides, if ever a man asked for it, Mr. Stubborn Stick-to-It Savvy Norton was that creature.

He was sitting on Maybelle's front porch in Oxnard when she got home.

"Might I ask where you've been, Miss Brown?"

"What's it to you?"

"We're almost late for dinner, darling."

"I was not aware—"

"Joanie and Hot Pilot are waiting for us at the Oyster Loaf. Let's go!"

It was certainly no part of Maybelle's strict home raising to drink cocktails at the Oyster Loaf on a Sunday, or even to be seen with a wild cadet like Savvy Norton at a family restaurant. But she went with the best intentions and did not have any deliberate or otherwise scheme in her head. Furthermore, she refused a cocktail and only had two beers, so certain mean and hateful gossips had better be careful about their libelous slander. The whole thing burst upon Maybelle like out of a clear sky.

She and Savvy and Joanie and a cadet nicknamed Hot Pilot were sitting in a booth, when Savvy said, "What would a guy have to do to get a smile out of you, my little Eskimo wench?"

Maybelle simply spread her mouth with two forefingers, just ribbing. So then Savvy turned to Joanie and asked, "What does she charge for a kiss?"

It turned out quite unbeknownst to Maybelle that Joanie had been teasing Hot Pilot for a ride in his airplane. So Joanie said, "I bet she'd kiss you for a ride in a Stearman, Savvy."

"Not Miss Brown," said Savvy.

Then Maybelle really did say a wicked thing.

"Oh, yes, I would. That'd be worth a kiss!"

Hot Pilot tried to shut them all up. He said, "Don't even talk about such a thing. A guy tries that and it's immediate dismissal."

Maybelle simply shrugged her shoulders. "Savvy doesn't want a kiss," she said. "I'm sorry the matter came up."

"So am I . . . Judas!" said Hot Pilot.

Savvy looked at him. "You think I'm afraid?" he asked.

"I know you're afraid," Hot Pilot said. "Who wouldn't be? Quit talking like a darn' fool."

So then Joanie, who was never right bright, piped up and said, "You claim you love me, but you won't take me for a ride. But I bet Savvy will take Maybelle."

A WHOLESALE confession is good for the soul, and Maybelle never did try to brazen it out that she was absolutely and utterly innocent. Although Joanie had planted the idea of it in her mind, a person should call a spade a spade and admit her wickedness, only in this case it was not for herself but for her country that she stooped to such a coarse action. Maybelle knew very well that Savvy was just the type of wild, reckless conceited fella who would not back down before a dare.

Mr. Cadet Norton was a setup.

"You mean it, Baby?" he said.

"Yeah—but you don't," Maybelle said.

Savvy gulped his cocktail.

"I'm flying tomorrow morning—early," he said. "You be at Number One Auxiliary—that's the bean field on the road between Oxnard and Camarillo — be there at seven o'clock. Still game?"

Maybelle nodded. "I'll be there—but you won't, Mister," she said.

"Pin a red rose on your dress, Baby, so I can find you in the crowd!"

Hot Pilot started to argue with Savvy, but Maybelle could soon tell there was method in Mr. Won't-Take-A-Dare Norton's seeming madness. No one else would be using that field until eleven o'clock. It was a good ten miles from the school. Mr. Slickum Savvy Norton had the idea that he would make a quick landing, take Maybelle for a hop, land again and skin off without getting caught.

Just to be on the safe side, Maybelle persuaded Joanie to drive to the field with her. Even at that, she did not expect Mr. Cadet Norton to go through with it.

But he did, all righty. The crazy fella took her for a very nice ride all the way to Lake Sherwood in Hidden Valley and back to the field. And, at the last crucial moment, Maybelle wavered in her wickedness. Maybe he did truly love her, after all. Why else would a fella run such a risk? And if he truly loved her, even if she could never reciprocate his affection, she would not be able to go through with the final sacrifice she must make for her country. You cannot do a dirty trick to a fella who truly loves you. . . .

"There you are, Baby! How's my flying?"

"Wonderful. I—I suppose you—"

"How's your kissing? C'mere!"

Well, when Maybelle went through her part of the bargain, Mr. Slimy Snaky Savvy Norton would not stop kissing her, and he took for granted that all her repulses had been just a game to lead him on.

"You put up a great fight, Baby," said the awful, loathsome creature, "but you can't fight against nature—I mean —love—"

When the scales fall off of your eyes and you see that they are the carnal type and are paying you the supreme insult of thinking things, why, you do not have to stand any longer on the highest moral ground but can lower the boom on them, because they have set themselves up for it. Besides, even if it is wickedness, our country is at war and needs every good pilot in there fighting the Japs and Jerries.

"You—you go along now, Savvy—before you get caught!" Maybelle said.

"Right, darling baby girl," said Mr. Cupid Stupid Savvy Norton, "we'll start all over again tonight!"

What a setup!

"Oh, not tonight, Dark and Handsome."

"Hunh?"

"Tonight you'll be awful busy, Precious."

"Busy?"

"Yeah—coaching Stuporman Mumphy. He's got to pass his ground-school tests. I guess you'll be busy every afternoon and night from now on."

"Why, you—you little—"

"Agh, agh—no nasty names—or I might hafta go right over and tell Captain Coulter about this ride!"

The only good thing about a certain type of evil fella is that when you do to him what he is trying to do to you, only do it first, why he will often bow to the irrevocable and realize you have done it to him and make the best of it.

"Okay, Miss Brown. I guess I've been had," Savvy Norton said. "It's a deal."

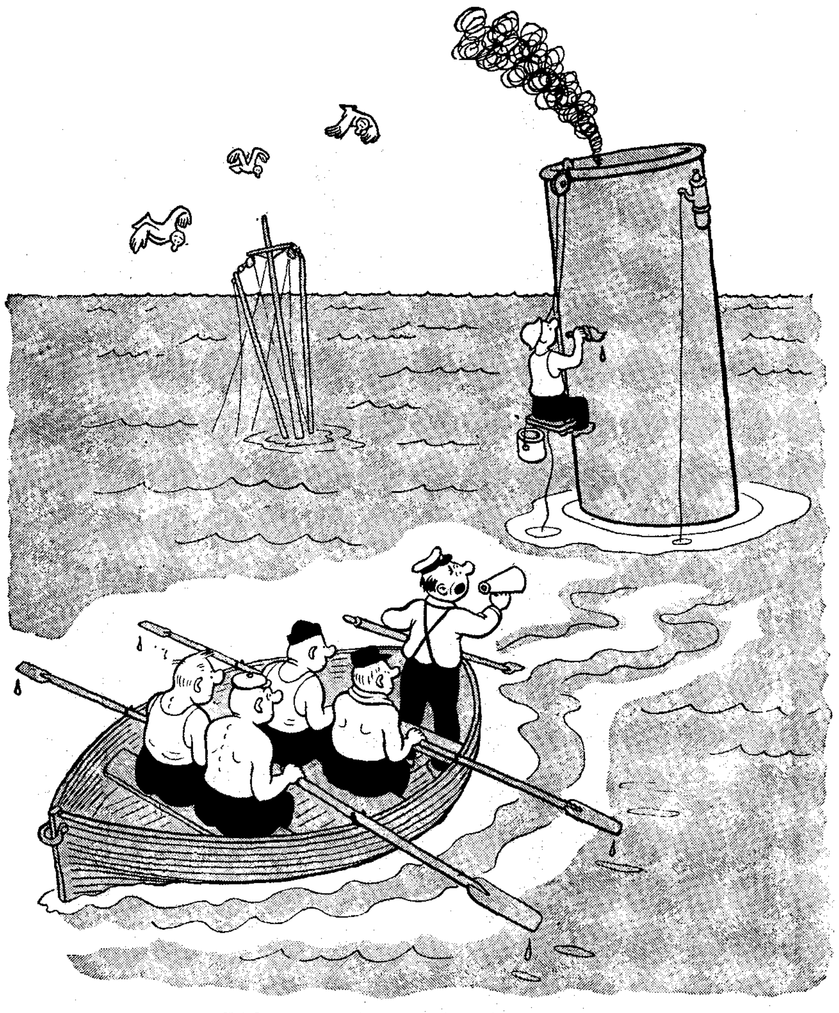
Mr. Sick Tomcat Norton turned and hurried back to his plane and flew away. Maybelle walked with a calm manner to the car where Joanie was waiting for her.

ONLY the other day Arthur Mumphy came running into Mr. Rodaway's store and said:

"It happened . . . the miracle. I passed 'em! I got Savvy and Hot Pilot and a lot of other grand guys to thank—but I passed 'em!"

Well, no matter what certain critical pro-German fifth-columnist persons may or may not whisper behind their backs, Maybelle felt a supreme thrill of purest patriotism when Mr. Savvy Sweet Hunka Man Arthur Mumphy grabbed her in his arms and said, "I'll make a pilot now . . . and then we'll get married!"

THE END



COLLIER'S "Abandon ship, Ferbus, abandon ship!" COLIN ALLEN

IF YOUR GUMS EVER BLEED

take care—it may be

GINGIVITIS!

TENDER GUMS
BLEEDING GUMS
IRRITATED GUMS
INFLAMED GUMS

4 OUT OF 5 may get it

Often Leads to Pyorrhea

Never neglect even the *slightest* sign of tender, bleeding gums. This may be the start of Gingivitis, one of the enemies of healthy, good looking teeth and firm gums. Although a mild gum inflammation—if not combated, Gingivitis often leads to dreaded Pyorrhea with its loosening teeth and shrinking gums, which only your dentist can help. See him every 3 months—then at home massage your gums and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's Toothpaste.

No Better Toothpaste For Massaging Gums!

Forhan's—formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan—is unexcelled for both massaging gums to be firmer, more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their natural bright sparkling beauty. Forhan's even helps remove that acid film that so often starts tooth decay. Used and recommended by many dentists for over 20 years. Start using Forhan's *today.* Note the difference! At all drug, dept. and 10¢ stores.

use Forhan's with massage

FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

Problem of the Under-water Lovers

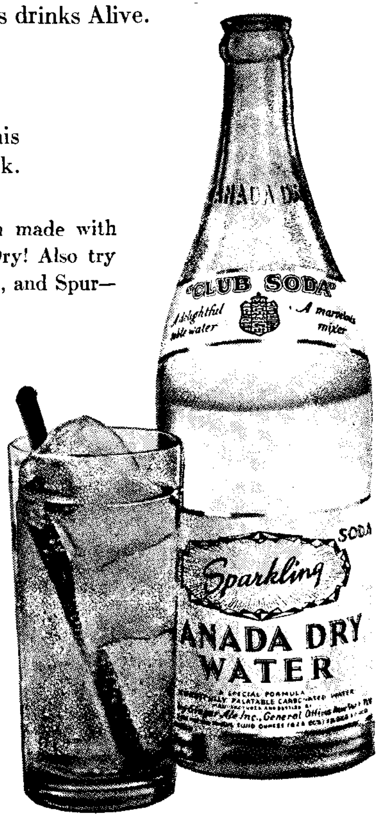
Strange things go on in your drink when the average ice cube melts. Escaping air bubbles woo your drink's bubbles and lure them right out of your drink. Then ice water drowns what's left and WHOOOSH!—your drink goes flat!

Banish this troublesome evil. Use Sparkling Canada Dry Water, as thousands of thoughtful hosts do, sip finer-flavored drinks, and gladly . . .

. . . Gloat! Its pin-point carbonation—millions of tinier bubbles—stays put . . . keeps drinks Alive.

P. S. When you're "out," speak up for this finer club soda and *get* a better drink.

Ginger Ale Highballs taste best when made with "the Champagne of Ginger Ales"—Canada Dry! Also try Canada Dry Tom Collins Mixer, Lime Rickey, and Spur—the cola drink with Canada Dry quality.



A partly used, recapped bottle put in your refrigerator keeps its sparkle 24 hrs.

Sparkling
CANADA DRY
WATER

THE ANSWER TO YOUR TALL DRINKS'
S-O-S
(SAVE) (OUR) (SPARKLE!)

Buy War Bonds and Stamps Regularly

An Apple for Eve

Continued from page 14

"Suppose I made it completely impersonal," Chris said, looking away across the cigarette he held in his fine brown fingers, "suppose I told you that there are women who are destined to careers. They aren't always geniuses themselves, perhaps usually they're not. But their biographies get written, and they leave their mark upon their own generation.

"Now, let's suppose I meet such a woman. It isn't that she is more beautiful than other women. When I meet her first she is only a young girl, awkward—divinely awkward—with too much hair slipping about, and scared color that comes rushing up if anyone looks cross-eyed at her. But I know then that she is such a woman. In her bigness and her ignorance and her inexperience, yet it's all written there—Magnificence."

"I like to hear you say those things, Chris. But they aren't true."

"I'm telling you what's true to me, not necessarily what you think of yourself. Well, I get to know this girl a little better and it—it doesn't leave my own pulses unstirred. She dreams a dream perhaps in a few days in Hollywood, but I do too. Everything seems to be swimming about in a sort of—opalescent glory," he finished, smiling as he quite obviously hesitated to find the right words, "and I sense the beauty of life as I never sensed it before."

"Yes, I know," she agreed quickly in a whisper, as she gathered her possessions together and got to her feet. She was trembling inwardly as she went to the car.

Before they started he had one more word to say:

"So that's that. While you're with Mother this week, don't be afraid I'm going to urge anything more. There'll be nothing they will see. But you know now how I feel."

IT WAS once more a place of refuge and delight to her, the St. George house. Loveday forgot the woman who had gone through years of exile, years of housework, childbearing, poverty, burning heat of summers, frozen pipes and odors of grease and coal dust in the long bitter winters; she was a happy girl at Aunt Laura's again.

Fanny was at home with two small girls; Nini was ecstatic over wedding plans. Martin Lancaster, Nini's young man, was always in evidence, and Rodney came home for one evening, very handsome in his uniform, and affectionate, and anxious to talk to Loveday about his girl. The old laughter and the old games went on.

One evening Chris took them to a new play, and afterward he and Fanny and Loveday went back to her dressing room to meet the star.

"Chris, I hear you've bought Sam Barnard's beautiful place down at Oyster Bay," said the beautiful Jayne Pomeroy.

"All mine now, Jenny," Chris said.

"How many rooms set aside for me?" the actress asked, her magnificent eyes sparkling in a frame of black fringes and heavy make-up.

"Only the marster bedroom, dear," he said.

"Oh, perfect! And when do you go back to Hollywood, darling? I'm in Los Angeles next week, you know."

"I go tonight," Chris said.

"Tonight!" Fanny protested when they three were out in the dark street again. "You do not! Was that what Mother was talking to you about in her room before dinner? I heard her say that she thought you ought to go back and I almost died."

"Your little habit of eavesdropping, Fanny, would make you invaluable to the F.B.I.," Chris said amiably.

Loveday had been stricken to the heart; she could not speak. Her hands were icy and her throat dry. Oh, she had known it had to end, but not so soon!

"Mother suggested that I get to work," Chris said, talking over his shoulder as he drove home. Something in the grimness of his tone gave Loveday fresh fear. Why had Aunt Laura felt this, how had she put it to him?

"Was Mother mad?" Fanny asked, amazed.

"Not at all. She simply turned me out in the snow, that was all. So I'm off—well, not tonight," Chris said, "but so early that you ladies will be still dreaming about me."

"Chris," Loveday said, delaying him just a second with her hand on his arm when they were in the hallway at home. "do I—am I—are you taking me back to Indian Hill with you tomorrow? I have to go home."

"No; too early for you," he answered lightly, not looking at her as he freed his arm and slipped out of his coat. "Mother reminded me that Hugh comes in tomorrow to see Doctor Barnes, and he'll take you home. And now," he went on, walking toward the library where Nini and her Martin and Fanny, with much yawning, were ridding themselves of their wraps, "let's see if these girls want anything to eat?"

Loveday had no choice but to walk along beside him. Nobody was hungry, it appeared; there were sleepy good nights, Christopher's as casual as the rest.

"Goodby, Nini, I'll be back for the wedding. Good luck, Loveday; all of you be good and don't do anything I wouldn't do! See you all soon!"

He went upstairs. Loveday and his sisters shortly followed, but Loveday could not speak. Her heart was hammering. She lay awake through all the dark hours, wondering why he hadn't told her he was going. It would have been so simple to say, "Don't forget we're getting an early start tomorrow." It seemed to her that life would never make up to her this lost joy, as if Chris' departure had ended everything, once and for all. She felt no lazy delight at the prospect of getting up this morning, no interest in the breakfast-tray gossip in Nini's room, no sparkle or glory in the day at all. Her heart, her thoughts were with Chris.

HUGH duly came into town to report to a superior officer that day, and subdued and tired and homesick, Loveday packed her bags and said her good-

---

UNK

THIS friend of mine, Lt. Col. J. W. Greer, of Westhampton Beach, Long Island, has a dog. It's a nice dog—a mongrel—and when the colonel went down to get a license for the mutt the girl clerk asked him what breed it was.

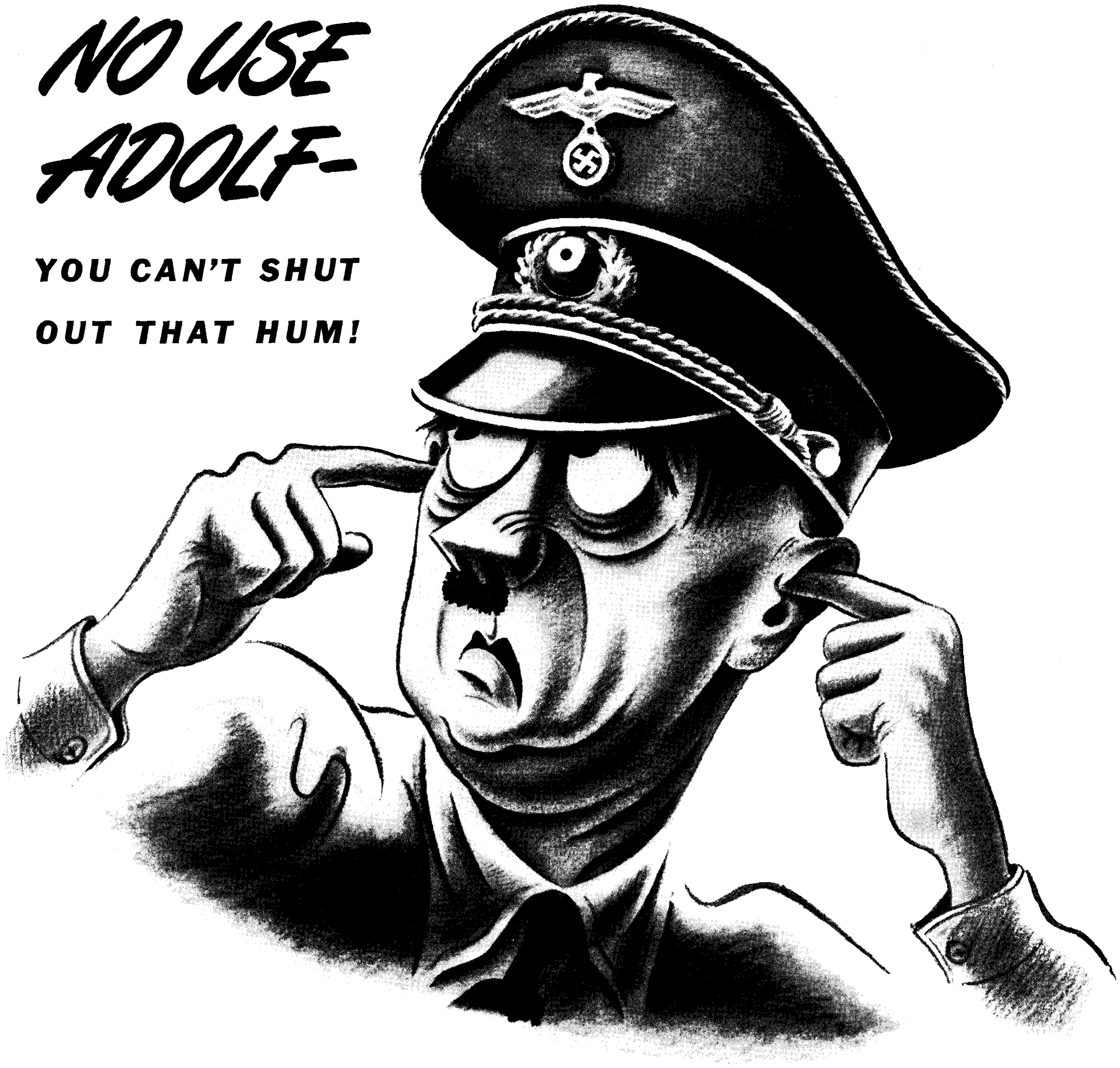
"It's an Unk," said the colonel, sounding like a bullfrog.

The girl raised her eyebrows. "A what?" she asked.

"An Unk," the colonel repeated, dead pan. "Just write down Unk. U-n-k-period. That's short for Unknown." G. W.

NO USE ADOLF-

YOU CAN'T SHUT OUT THAT HUM!



It's the hum of American men and women and machines at work, 24 hours a day.

Free men and women — the world's finest workers — working hard and fast because they want to *stay* free.

Superb machines — *turned by the world's greatest supply of electric power* — pouring out weapons of war in thundering quantities.

Your people toil with bayonets at their backs - your machines are worn with long years of war — your electric power production, even including all the tragic countries you've conquered, is far less than ours.

Sure, you got the jump on us, Adolf. But you can't win a mechanized war against the most highly mechanized nation on earth. Your system of political management and state slavery can't compete with a way of life that respects the rights of individuals.

What have your folks got to fight for? Goebbels, Goering & Gang get all the gravy. Over here, people know they'll be rewarded for initiative and enterprise.

That's a powerful incentive to invent, invest, produce. It has helped our great industries to grow. It has helped the electric industry, for example, to give folks about *twice as much electricity for their money* as they got 10 to 15 years ago. That's *our* system of practical business management under public regulation.

American business management is responsible for most of that electric hum, Adolf — that ceaseless, insistent hum that will rise and roll and beat upon your brain — until you can hardly hear our bombers roaring overhead!

It's the hum of fate, Adolf!

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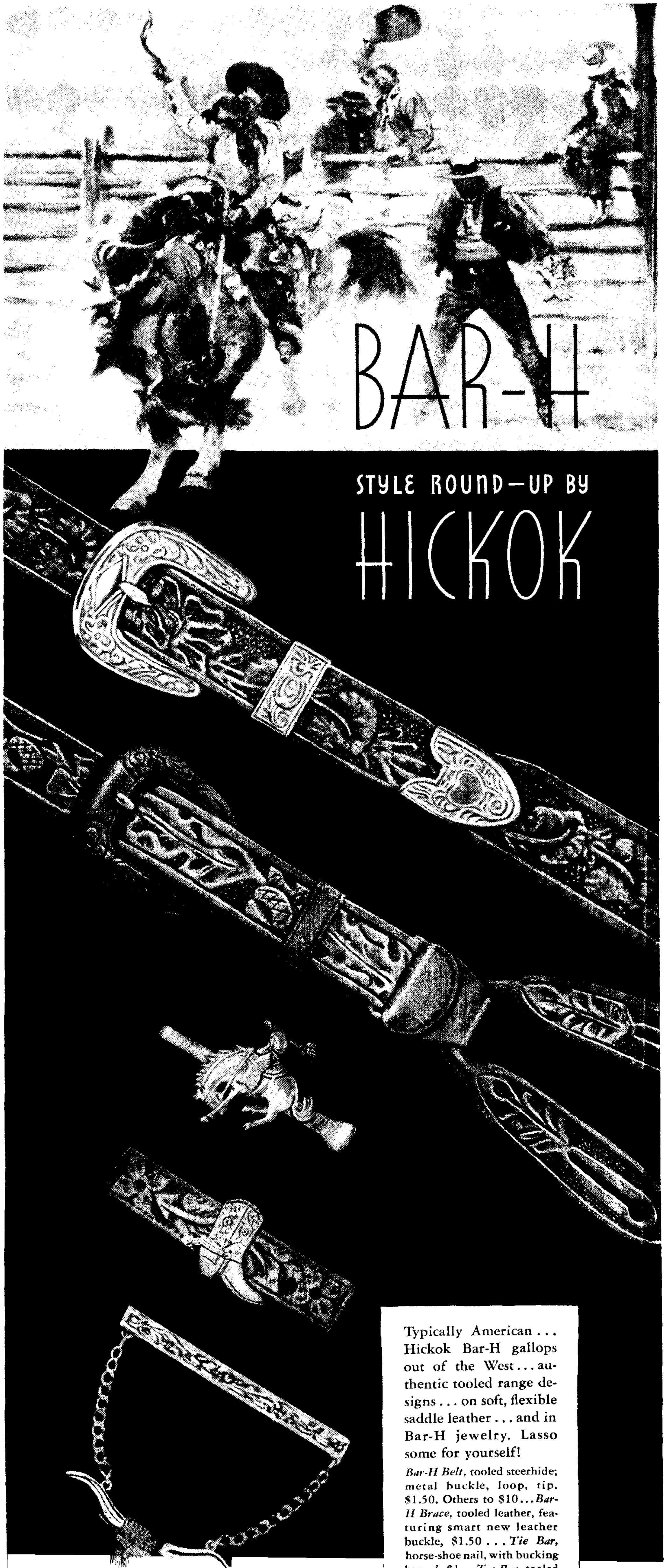
ELECTRIC COMPANIES* UNDER AMERICAN BUSINESS MANAGEMENT

**Names on request from this magazine. Not listed for lack of space.*

Invest in America! Buy War Savings Bonds and Stamps


BAR-H

STYLE ROUND-UP BY

HICKOK

Typically American . . . Hickok Bar-H gallops out of the West . . . authentic tooled range designs . . . on soft, flexible saddle leather . . . and in Bar-H jewelry. Lasso some for yourself!

Bar-H Belt, tooled steerhide; metal buckle, loop, tip. $1.50. Others to $10 . . . *Bar-H Brace*, tooled leather, featuring smart new leather buckle, $1.50 . . . *Tie Bar*, horse-shoe nail, with bucking bronc' $1 *Tie Bar*, tooled leather, with metal boot-and-spur $1 50 . . *Tie Chain*, with longhorn steerhead $1 . . . (Other Bar-H items, in- [illegible]

bys and accompanied him back to Indian Hill. She was quiet on the trip; she told Hugh that she thought she had had too good a time.

"Loveday," said Hugh, as he drove steadily along through the warm, hazy autumn afternoon, "have you the slightest idea about getting hold of Delia Dillon? Come to life, my dear! I'm asking you if you have any idea about getting hold of Delia Dillon? The maid who was in Grandfather's house for years."

"I beg your pardon, darling! I was half asleep. Delia Dillon? No; because, you see, she married and went away, and simply disappeared into space. I was away at school anyway, when she went. Why, do you think she knows anything?"

"Now I'll tell you the sequence of events, and why I think she does. She was a fine girl, wasn't she?"

"As far as I know she was. Yes; she certainly was. Nobody could seem as simple and honest and conscientious as Delia and be anything else."

"Then she didn't steal the money, did she?"

"Oh, heavens, no!"

"Exactly. Well, here's what happens: I'm lost, a small child not quite five years old, evidently not smart enough to identify myself when I'm picked up by a man and woman in a car a few days later."

"Feverish, frightened, starving, what would you expect of a poor scrap that age!"

"WELL, anyway, I'm smuggled off overseas, and my grandfather offers a thousand dollars for information that will lead to my recovery. This man Al Harris conceives the brilliant scheme of nabbing one of the little suits my mother sends to the hospital and faking a body—either by odds and ends of bones he picks up in the laboratory or by actually getting hold of some child's corpse."

"You think that's what he did?"

"Sure of it."

"What could they do to him?"

"Well, I don't know. It's rather an unusual crime. It's obtaining money under false pretenses, to say the least, but it would be awfully hard to prove that twenty-five years ago he lifted a body from the hospital if he chose to deny it. I don't know who'd want to do it; I wouldn't."

"He wouldn't have murdered some child?"

"No," Hugh said; "in America the poorest little scrap of babyhood can't disappear without causing considerable fuss. He'd have been caught at that. He didn't have to murder anyone. But he did see the doctor's money when he was paid the reward, and all through the years he had his eye on it, especially when years later the old man became a little weak-minded, and perhaps told Harris at the hospital that he didn't trust any investments or any banks and that the only thing to do with money was hide it somewhere."

"At the end, Grandfather told everyone that. There was no secret in that."

"But he never told anyone where he put the money?"

"Not that I know of. No; for Mother and Grandmother talked of it—happened to, just a few days before they died."

"That money would be a swell thing to find, Loveday."

"You'd be surprised," she thought wearily, "how little I care about it!" Aloud she said, "To build the hospital?"

"Not only that. You'd have enough, perhaps, to live nicely at the old place for life."

"Until you sued me for half of it, Hugh," she said affectionately.

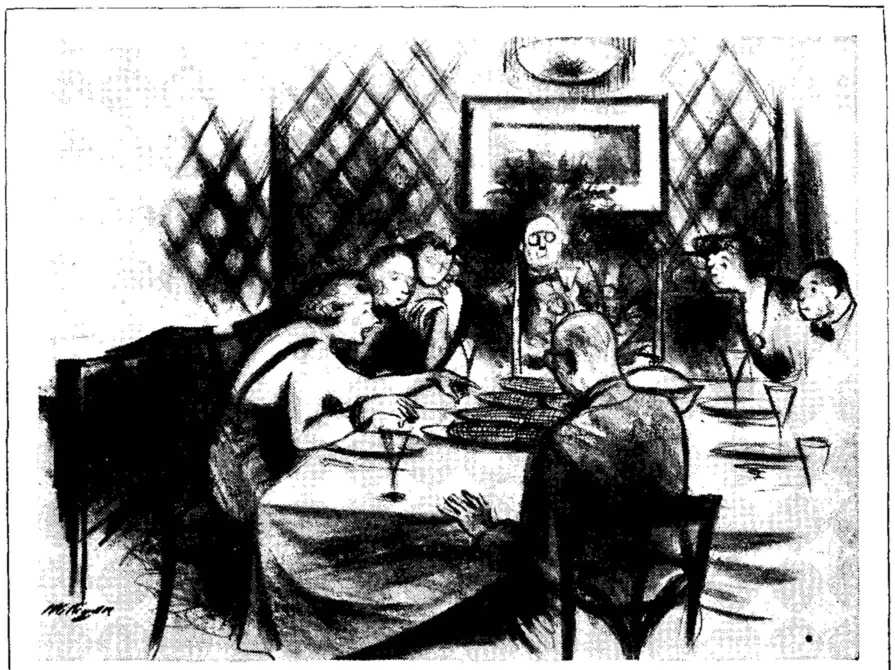
"Until I brought suit, of course. I probably would. The mere thought of money apparently changes people completely. No; but seriously," he said, "it would be a wonderful thing to build the old fellow's hospital just as he planned it. And it would be wonderful for me to be one of the staff there. Now, the point is," he went on, "that Harris thinks Delia Dillon knows something about that money."

"Did he say so?"

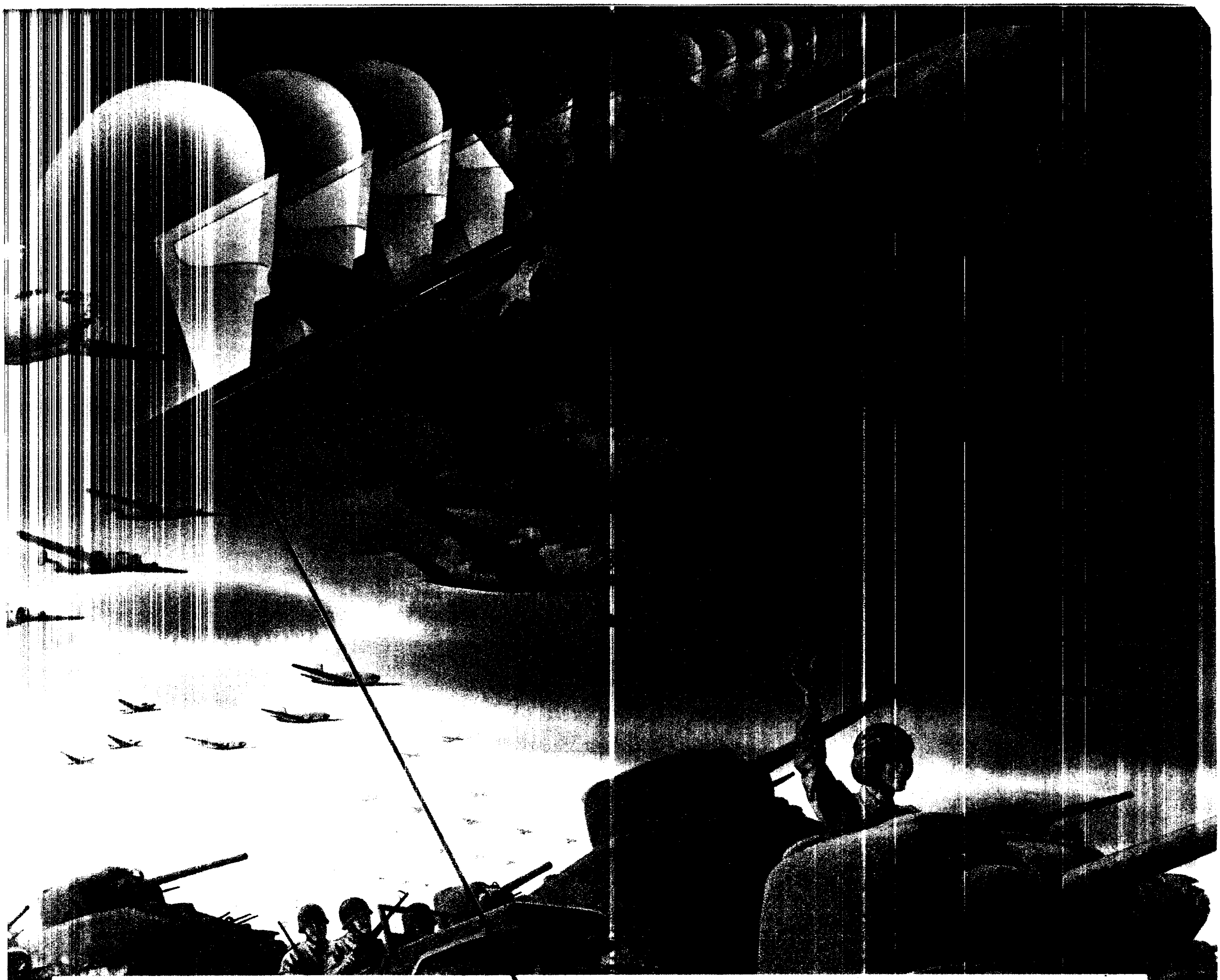
"No; but he gave me a clue."

"You and your clues!"

"He keeps hinting that it would be to Delia Dillon's advantage to get in touch with him. But the truth is he wants to get in touch with her. I suspect that he frightened, perhaps bullied her, and that she literally ran away from him, leaving no trace anywhere. I asked old Mrs. O'Connor who manages the laundry at the hospital, and she said she remembered Delia well, but she hadn't heard of her for years—didn't remember who she was going to marry, if, indeed, she'd ever heard the name, and couldn't help out at all. She gave me the idea that Harris has some paper that he wants to deliver to Delia—an order, she called it, and here's the way I work *that* out. Harris evidently has some line that Grandfather Gurney penciled about some unimportant thing, like 'Please give the article of which I spoke to you to Al Harris,' and he means to use it to



COLLIER'S "This one is from our garden" JOHN MILLIGAN



"The Invisible Crew"

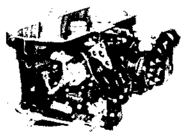
THAT FIGHTS WITH THEM

DAY BY DAY, the sky throbs louder with the thunder of American fighting planes, carrying our battle for the Four Freedoms to the four corners of the earth. In every plane are two crews: an ***invincible crew*** of courageous American boys . . . and ***The Invisible Crew*** of Bendix-built instruments, controls and accessories. Many members of ***The Invisible Crew*** are aboard every American plane, helping its men to fly and fight.

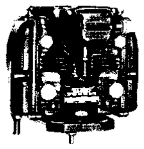
Dependable and accurate, scientifically engineered to perform like magic, ***The Invisible Crew*** is constantly entrusted with the lives of the heroes who man our fighting planes. The many thousands of trained workers of Bendix back that trust with their pledge to maintain the highest standards of engineering and craftsmanship. They know that their combined skills and labor help give the wearers of American wings the finest planes in the world . . . that ***The Invisible Crew*** fights alongside our armed forces wherever American fighting machines fly, sail or roll.

BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION

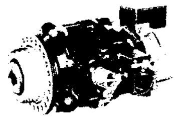
Make the sky your limit in backing America's invincible crew—the fighters who man our planes, ships, tanks and guns. Buy War Bonds and Stamps.



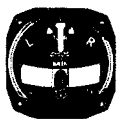
STROMBERG Injection Carburetors, vital members of "The Invisible Crew," help our pilots fly faster, farther, higher. Precision-built, they are standard equipment on U. S. Military and Naval Aircraft engines.



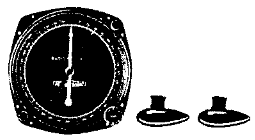
SCINTILLA Aircraft Magnetos deliver high-voltage sparks at any altitude. These "Invisible Crew" members provide double ignition with a single unit, and fly with American Army, Navy and Marine Corps fighters.



ECLIPSE Direct-Cranking Hand and Electric Inertia Starters are "The Invisible Crewmen" that "crank them up." They store energy in a rotating wheel, then release it to start aircraft engines quickly and surely.



PIONEER Turn-and-Bank Indicators, the level-headed "Invisible Crew" specialists, give instant indication of changes in direction and lateral position so that pilots may catch the message in one quick glance.



BENDIX RADIO Direct-Reading Compasses are the "homing pigeons" of "The Invisible Crew." The pointers show the direction of any radio station, thereby letting the pilot "ride the beam" to his destination.

These are only a few of the hundreds of members of the Bendix "INVISIBLE CREW."

THE INVISIBLE CREW
PRECISION EQUIPMENT BY
Bendix
AVIATION CORPORATION

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SURE YOU INHALE
_SO PLAY SAFE
with your throat!

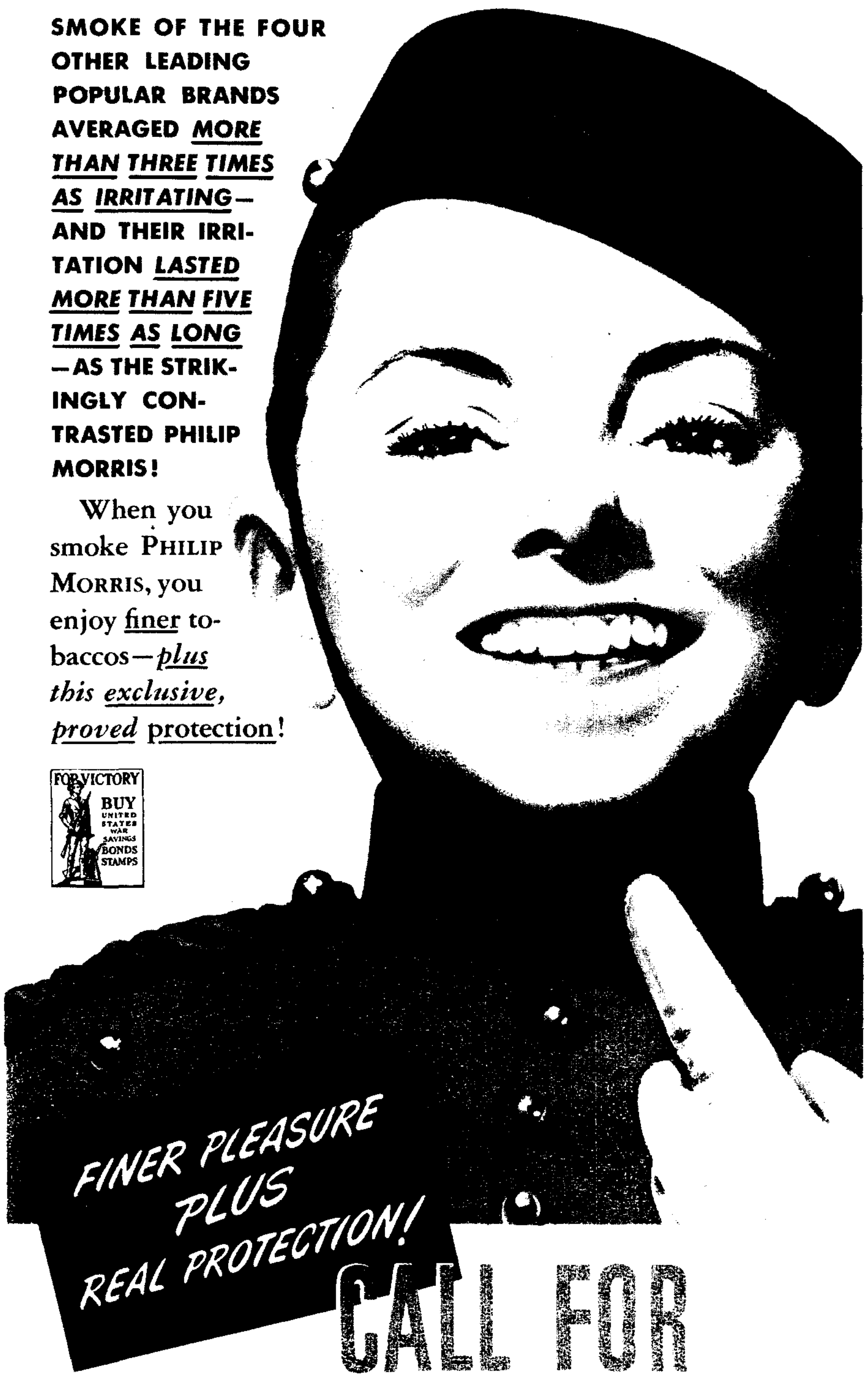
You can't avoid some inhaling—but you *can avoid worry about throat irritation,* even when you *do* inhale.

Doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes report that:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING—AND THEIR IRRITATION LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

When you smoke PHILIP MORRIS, you enjoy finer tobaccos—*plus this exclusive, proved* protection!

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS



CALL FOR
PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

get something entirely different from her."

"I'd be glad to know how on earth you deduced that, Poirot!"

"Mrs. O'Connor told me he had some authority from the 'Old Doc' that Delia had questioned. She dislikes Harris and says he was a sneak and a spy all the time he was in the hospital."

"I suppose a detective bureau could ferret Delia out."

"I suppose so. But it doesn't seem fair to her to go about it that way. She's evidently taken great pains to lose herself. Harris—I've seen him several times—keeps harping on the little trunk she took away with her, one of Grandfather's trunks. She had a small leather bag and a big broken old bag fastened with new straps, and this chest or trunk."

"Well, my grandfather's body was positively not in that trunk," Loveday said decidedly, "for I myself was at his funeral, and saw with my own eyes—"

"You idiot, why are you always trying to turn it into murder?" her brother interrupted.

"I suppose," she said meekly, "that it's the detective magazines I read for years. Red Zack, that was Marge's husband, used to bring them out to the house. Well, what *was* in the trunk then? Oh, the money? Of course. But Delia couldn't have quietly packed a trunk with hundreds of thousands of dollars and walked away with them right under Grandfather's nose, could she?"

"Unless he told her to take them somewhere and leave them for him. You see how inconspicuously an extra trunk of hers could have been gotten out of the house."

"Suppose it was three hundred thousand dollars; could he get it into one trunk?"

"In hundred dollar bills? He could get it into a suitcase."

"If it were three hundred thousand dollars, and you and I got a third of it, I'd have enough to live on at Friends Haven forever, wouldn't I? Pay Annie Lum what she used to get and maybe have Wing Foo back?"

"Certainly," Hugh agreed.

"I could have all the fences and barns painted white, and prune the fruit trees, and get fruit boxes with 'Friends Haven Orchards' stenciled on them, and fix up grandfather's old rooms for you, with a laboratory."

"I'd be doing my share too," he reminded her. But at the thought of the repairs and changes on the California ranch Loveday's thoughts had gone to a beautifully modern estate on Long Island: tennis court, terraces, gardens, pool, and she was lost in dreams.

SCREAMING and jumping like little puppies, the children met her at the kitchen door.

"Boss telephone," Annie Lum greeted her.

"*Boss* telephoned?" Loveday echoed incredulously, shocked into sudden interest.

"Las' night. Wing Foo here," Annie further contributed.

"What say?"

Larry had telephoned, finding her away with the St. Georges and the children in complete charge of Annie Lum. Loveday's heart beat nervously. Where had he been, what was the cause of the telephone call?

"Him yellow paper," Annie elucidated.

"Oh, telegram? They telephoned a telegram? What say?"

"Come lunch today, two fiends," Annie said.

"He was coming to lunch today with two friends? Then he must be near! He didn't come, Annie!"

"No come." Annie was sousing baby linen up and down in a small wooden tub placed on the sink. She seemed as pleased as if the disconcerting and mysterious news had been the best imaginable. Loveday studied her fine, wise old ivory face for a few minutes in perplexity, then went to the telephone. The telegram was readily repeated to her: "Expect me and two friends lunch Thursday. Love to all. Larry."

It had been sent from Chicago. They must have been flying. They had probably reached Mills Field some time in the morning and taken the bus to Indian Hill.

But Larry had had no answer to his telegram and he had not come. Loveday was aghast at the mischance. Not that Larry had any right either to dictate or criticize her actions, but it was certainly bad luck—it was certainly weakening to any case she might try to make some day as to her devotion to her children—to have him plan to return at the moment when she was away with the persons he most disliked.

Would he try to get in touch with her at all? She telephoned the Medical Station at the camp, talked to Hugh. Had he had any word from Larry? None.

Her serene mood completely destroyed, she was beginning in her mind a series of apologies and excuses to Larry when the telephone rang. There was another telegram for her. Loveday's spirit eased itself into complete relief and thankfulness as she grasped its meaning.

"Grounded in Cheyenne," it said. "Expect three of us for lunch Saturday. Sorry about delay. Love. Larry."

Saturday, day after tomorrow! Everything was all right again. Loveday sat thinking of Chris; moment after moment of their hours together came back to her, phrase after phrase. "I could think of him forever," she said half aloud.

ON SATURDAY morning she awakened with a sense of uncomfortable crisis approaching. She had not seen Larry, nor had any word from him, since his departure eight weeks earlier. Her mood toward him had varied from indignation and anger to pity and forgiveness.

In the beginning these violent extremes of feeling had tired and confused her, and she had composed in her mind scornful letters that never had been written or little messages of love and welcome that had never been sent. But gradually these emotions had lessened and now that she was faced with the actual likelihood of seeing him again, she hardly knew what attitude to take.

Luckily there was much to do and little time for introspection. Hugh had promised to come to lunch. Loveday reaching out in a panic for the support of her brother's presence. That would mean five for the noonday meal. The table was set on the terrace, and Loveday, when Larry and his guests arrived, was flushed with running in and out of the kitchen and up and down stairs, and looked her prettiest in dark blue linen, with her soft brown gold-tipped hair braided about her head.

The meeting was as casual as if they had been parted for eight hours rather than as many weeks. Larry looked surprisingly well in an aviation cadet's uniform; the other two men were lieutenants from Canada; Larry had joined the Canadian flying forces, he told her, and was in training near Toronto. The strangers were fair-haired, fair-skinned, lean, tall men who appeared delighted with the old house and the prospect of an *al fresco* meal. Hugh joined them almost immediately and the talk became all of war, and especially of aviation in war. England was undergoing a bitter ordeal from the air, and both Lieutenant Anders and Lieutenant

Waite were eager to get away to service in the mother country.

Larry kissed his wife almost absently; she saw that he was anxious that she and the house should make a good impression on his friends; he ran upstairs at once to see the children, promising not to awaken little Owen if the baby had fallen asleep. She heard him talking with Annie Lum in the kitchen when he came down. He seemed entirely unembarrassed, indeed entirely unselfconscious as he came out again and said that he had been looking for his old penknife and a certain sweater. Loveday promised to get them as soon as lunch was over.

"This is a grand old place you have here, Mrs. Ingersoll."

"This was our grandfather's place; his father built it in—when was it, Hugh?"

"Sixties some time. Eighteen seventy, maybe. The cupola and the millwork ought to date it," Hugh said.

"And are we going to see the children? My sister has children," Esmé Waite contributed. "Larry here is always talking about those twins of his."

"The twins are apt to swarm down on us at any minute but little Owen usually sleeps until later." Loveday went back to the kitchen, returned carrying steaming dishes, followed by Annie Lum with more. "I expect you to be American enough to eat some of my own home-grown corn," she said.

"Pretty nearly everything is raised on the place, isn't it?" Larry said, with the satisfied air of the householder.

"Well, let's see. The chickens and the corn, the lettuce and tomatoes, yes. But the flour in the bread, no," Loveday smiled. "Larry seems so changed, or is it just that I haven't seen him?" she thought. The uniform and the trim haircut were extremely becoming.

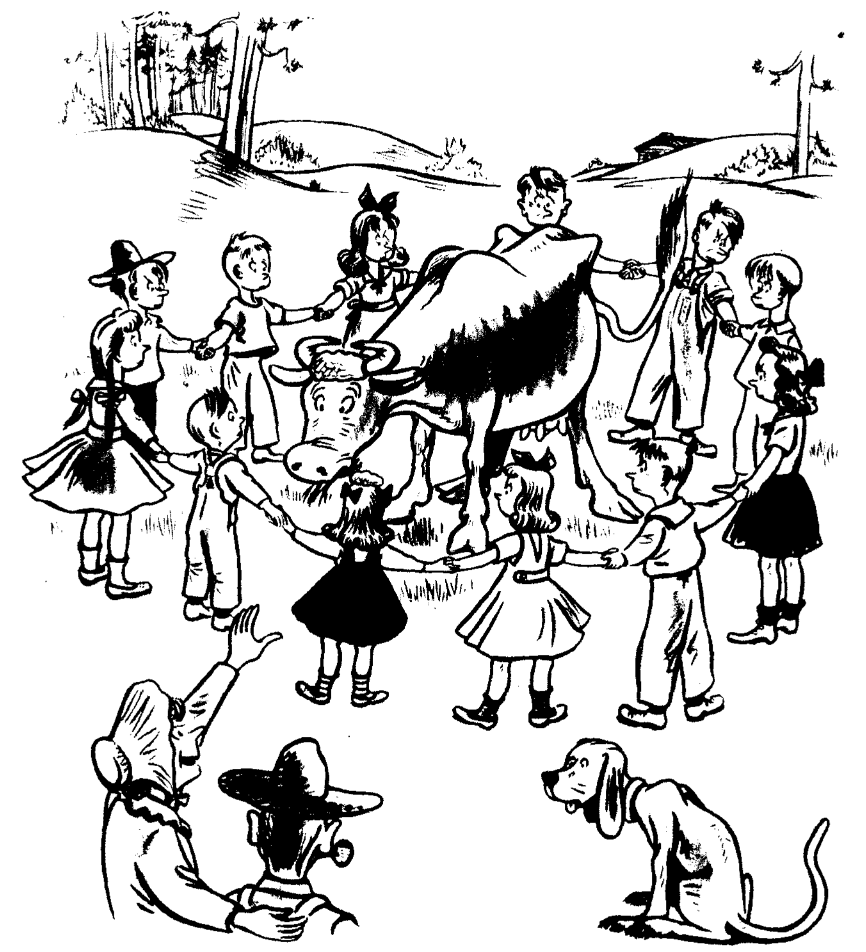
But the change went deeper than appearance. He was more definite in manner than she had ever known him to be; interested enough in every detail of the old life he had shared with her, but not concerned. What did concern him deeply, and to the exclusion of everything else, was his new job. She knew him well enough to know that he was exulting in having been accepted for foreign air service, that he was doing now exactly what he wanted to do, and that she and the home and the children had receded into second place.

The four men discussed airplanes—bombers, pursuit planes and fighters, inexhaustibly. Now and then they included Loveday with a courteous phrase; they could not say enough for the upside-down cake. But their earnest frowns, their most eager words, their sudden spurts of laughter were for the talk that went on between them with no thought of her. After a while she slipped away to dress the little girls. At three she came down to the terrace to find that Annie Lum had completed the clearing of the table, the men were relaxed and smoking in comfortable wicker chairs. The afternoon shadows and the thinning autumn sunlight lay in long bars across the mellowed bricks.

BETSEY and Martha were not long shy with their father. They crowded themselves into his lap and demanded that he repeat the old trick of putting burning matches into his mouth and closing his lips firmly on them. But little Owen, one cheek scarlet from his pillow and his eyes still sleepy, burst into roars of fear at this sight and had to be carried off and comforted.

"Beat it now, kids," Larry said after a few minutes, getting to his feet, "we're going out to see the camp with Hugh, and Waite and Anders will stay there," he said. "But I'll be back for dinner. We can all get in your car, can't we, Hugh? Ought I telephone Captain Williams if I want to catch him? The thing is, he's anxious to get hold of all this—"

His voice dwindled as he went away toward the car. Loveday, left alone with the children, felt a little dazed. She had not wanted to make a scene before newcomers, but after all, Larry had not

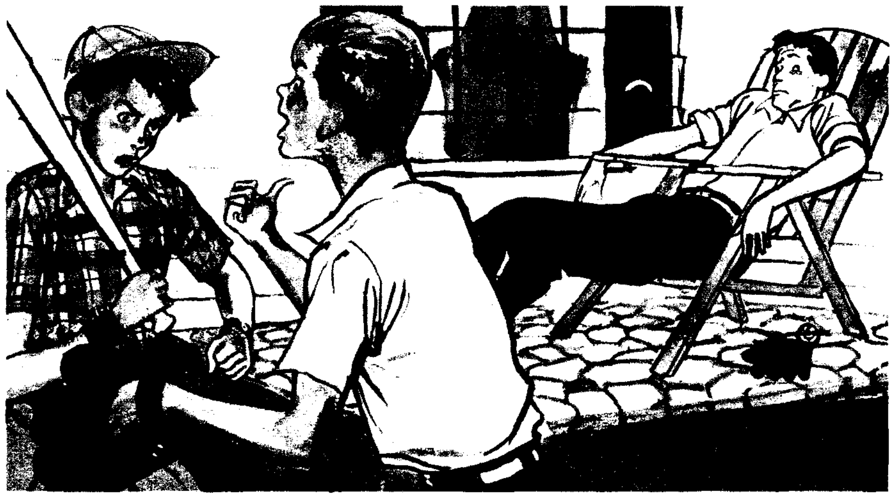


"Good news, children! Your father just got a job in town, so now we can buy a fence!"

FRANK OWEN

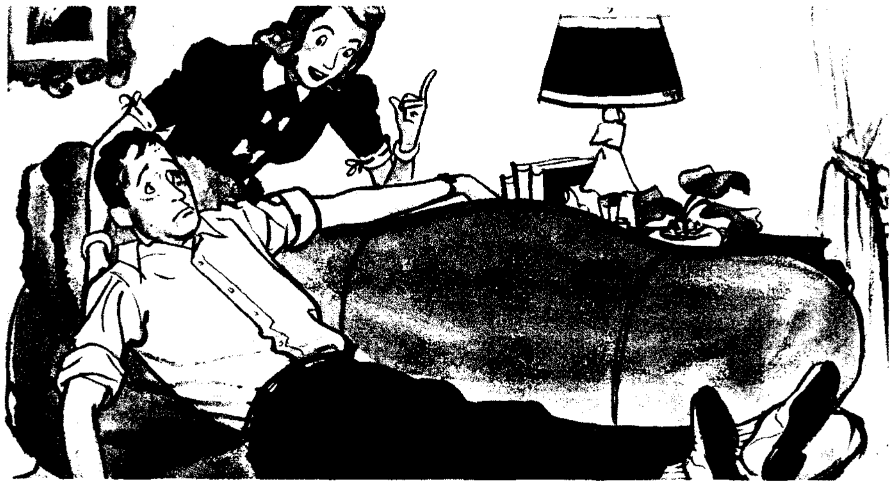
Collier's

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegel



Butch: Yaah! And you said your old man was a hot pitcher. That fast one of his couldn't even bust a window.

Red: It could too! Guess Pop just didn't feel like throwing hard—that's all.



Pop: We-e-ll! Looks like I'm just getting too old for that sort of thing.

Wife: You and your long grey beard! All you need, Glenn Wiggins, is a little more—er—more *pep appeal*—that's all! You're not eating right. Probably the only thing wrong with you is that you aren't getting all your vitamins! And you're going to start in getting them—right this minute.

Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN-ENRICHED

Wife: Can't have pep without vitamins, you know! And right in this crisp, crunchy cereal are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in ordinary meals—B1 and D! Yep—right in KELLOGG'S PEP, made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat!

Pop: Say—all your talk, and you never once said how *good* PEP tastes! Golly, if getting the *rest* of my vitamins is as much fun as eating KELLOGG'S PEP, that young fellow, Butch, isn't even gonna *see* my fast one!

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

U.S. NEEDS US STRONG
THIS TYPE OF FOOD IS AMONG THOSE RECOMMENDED IN THE NUTRITION FOOD RULES
EAT NUTRITIONAL FOOD

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per ounce the minimum daily requirement of vitamin D and 1/4 the daily requirement of vitamin B1 (1/2 for children up to 5).

BETSY DOES IT FOR FUN

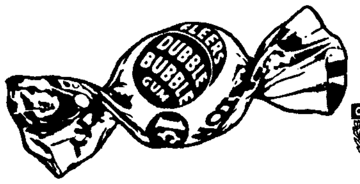
BUT SH! IT'S GOOD FOR HER!

IT'S LUCKY for kids that so many things that are good for them are such *fun.* Outdoor games. Ice cream. Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum.

Yes, Fleers Dubble Bubble is more than pure joy for kids. Don't tell Betsy, but her adored Dubble Bubble is a close ally of her toothbrush. Each piece—so big and chewy—is bulky enough to fold over and massage the gums. It helps remove small food particles, that Betsy's sketchy brushing is apt to skip. It stimulates the flow of saliva.

Remember—it's a wise parent who makes a game of what's good for youngsters. Chewing gum *is* good for them. Many dentists write us that they have recommended Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum specifically. Betsy herself takes to Fleers Dubble Bubble like a seal takes to water. Rejoice that she does—and give her the go-ahead!

"Some Fun!" No other gum made especially for children compares with Fleers Dubble Bubble in popularity.



FLEERS
DUBBLE BUBBLE
CHEWING GUM

Note to Dentists: A more complete statement of the dental advantages of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum for both adults and children appears in the September *Journal of the American Dental Association* and *Oral Hygiene;* also October *Dental Survey.*

A Pledge: Especially desirable features of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum are its bulk and "chewiness." Should wartime restrictions interfere, we pledge to suspend the manufacture of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum rather than offer this product without its characteristic bulk, chewiness and quality. Frank H. Fleer Corp., 1000 Diamond St., Philadelphia, Pa.

even taken the trouble to tell her that he had entered the Canadian Air Force. Not even a postcard had come to his wife when the ambition of his life had been gratified. Had his family known? He surely would have notified his mother!

Idiots! So happy in their uniforms and their jobs! What were men made of anyway, Loveday mused as the quiet usual afternoon went on, while her three children and three small visitors, whose mother had brought them over from the camp, chattered in the sand box, carried pails of water from the dripping faucet, played house up and down the shallow brick steps.

Agnes Fayre had been one of the older girls at St. Dominic's Academy when Loveday had gone there as quite a small girl. She was married now, and had accompanied a soldier husband to the camp outside of Indian Hill. She was a thin-faced, dark, sweet woman whose strength was hardly up to the demands made upon it by Johnnie, Jeanie and Geraldine, aged seven, six and four respectively; it was delightful for her to escape from the cramped hot quarters in camp to the coolness and spaciousness of Friends Haven. Here, with the sandbox and garden, the windmill and chickens and paddocks, and all the mysteries of the old pens and fences, sheds and barns for a playground, the children took care of themselves. "Aunt Lovey" always managed a light collation as a glorious end to the afternoons.

"Your husband was here for lunch!" Agnes had exclaimed in amazement, upon hearing of the day's event.

"Unexpectedly. With two young Canadian fliers. He'll be back; you'll meet him."

"How perfectly wonderful for you! How long will he be here? And he's in the Canadian Air Force?"

"He will be. Of course he's perfectly enraptured with the idea that he may go across and get himself bombed into bits!" Loveday said half serious and half scornful.

"But you didn't tell me what he was doing?"

"Because I honestly didn't know. I knew he was mad about flying, but he went to a school of aviation mechanics years ago, before we were married, and—"

AGNES was not listening. She rose with a cry and caught at the rear garments of her youngest daughter.

"Children, keep away from those banisters. Baby nearly fell through then," she said. "Stop roaring, Jerry, you didn't hurt yourself at all! Is your husband staying here long?"

"He has to be in San Diego tomorrow night, but I don't know when or how he's going. Here he is!— And very handsome too," Loveday said, the last phrase being formed only in her thoughts, as Larry and Hugh returned. She would have given a good deal to know the answer to Agnes' question herself. Was Larry expecting quietly to resume his place in the bed next her own tonight? The thought fluttered her uncomfortably. For she had been making up her mind to talk to him of Chris, and of the unsatisfactory character of a woman's life when her husband is completely out of touch and sympathy with her. It would be decidedly embarrassing if Larry calmly took it for granted that their relationship was on the old status. One could hardly reproach a husband for desertion if that husband were sharing one's room.

"Dearest," Larry himself said almost at once, "we've got to go south tonight; I'll tell you why. Waite and Anders and I are supposed to get started back with a bomber Monday morning, and on account of our being delayed Thursday we're late now. We're catching the Lark in San José, so if you can give me some supper about seven I'll pick up the others and be on my way."

"Oh, Larry!" she said, automatically using a wife's air of protest and disappointment. Should she say anything to him of a possible separation? How had the change in him changed the situation, or had it? She went through the rest of the afternoon trying desperately, in the midst of much talk and laughter on the terrace, to think out some course of procedure in calmness and reason.

At about six o'clock when she was upstairs with the children, he came up from the library where he had been talking with Hugh, and while taking a shower in the most comfortable fashion imaginable, wandering in and out of her room and the nursery, asked her if she had perfected her plans for the apartment she was going to partition off from the second floor of the house.

THIS was Loveday's chance. The night was dark outside the windows now; the children, wrappered and slippered, by the nursery fire, were languid with supper and playing lazily on the hearth rug with blocks.

"I'm wondering if it seems as reasonable to you as to me, Larry," she began. She developed her case steadily. He had left her; for eight weeks she hadn't had even the slightest idea of where he had gone or what he was doing. Chris St. George was widowed now; he had always liked her. He adored her children; his mother and sisters loved her. People did get divorces. If a change like this was going to take place, wasn't it smarter to face it, and not drag on, as so many men and women did, living half-lives, never quite happy?

While she talked Larry was dressing. To her surprise he did not become excited. A swift suspicion smote her. Had he met some woman he liked? Was all this exactly what he wanted to hear?

"What would you propose to do with the children?" he asked finally.

"Well, take them of course. He has this wonderful place on Long Island. But if you, or your mother—" she stopped short. She didn't mean this. "I just wanted you to think of it," she said uncomfortably; "it's not a plan—it's not definite, of course."

Why didn't he argue? Why didn't he say that he had had a hard time getting his chance, getting the work he wanted to do. She had heard him telling Hugh all about it while she had been serving lunch.

"Think you'd be happier?" he asked now, briefly. Her cheeks reddened.

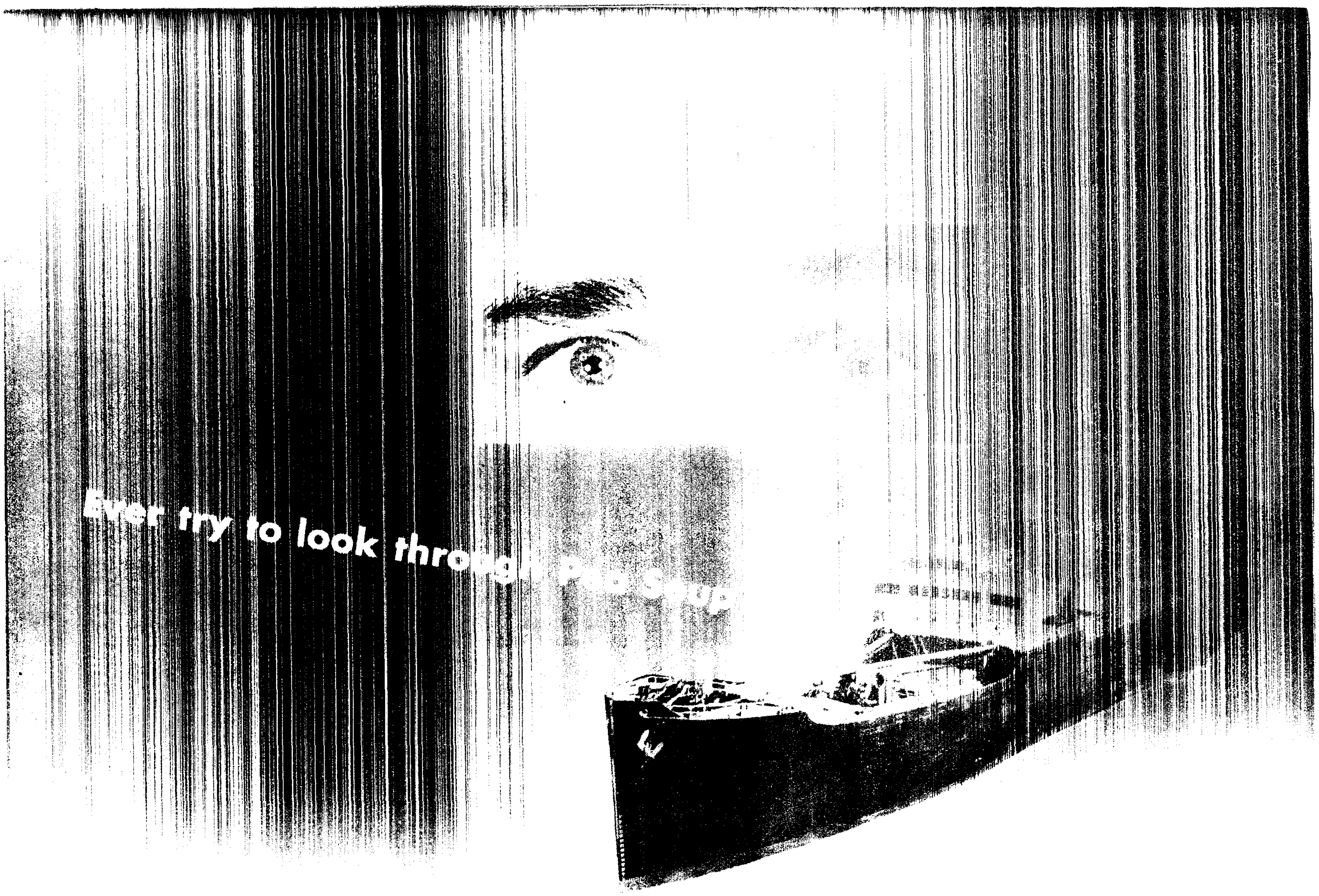
"Well, I don't know. But Chris is an important person. And it doesn't seem fair to you or to him either, not to let you know what's—what I feel—what's—"

"What's going on between him and my wife," Larry finished grimly. "Now, I'll tell you," he said, his dressing completed, "there's something kind of disgusting about a married woman with small kids who tears the whole thing up and goes off with another man. Maybe you'd get away with it but lots don't. You'd get the kids, I guess, because they're so little and they need you. I can't give them a home until

SCRAPS FOR THE SCRAP

Save all your metal caps and cans,
Your venerable pots and pans,
Old razor blades and paper clips,
For metal helps build planes and ships.
Save stockings full of holes and runs,
It's true they won't make bombs or guns,
But braided rugs are needed too.
Indeed, I think before we're through,
Wastebaskets will be just about
The only thing we *can* throw out.

MARGARET FISHBACK


Ever try to look through Pea Soup

General Electric Electronic tubes will lift the fog from sky, sea, and land!

Fog coming in!

Ships crawl. Planes are grounded. Cars hug the side of the road. You can't see for the "pea soup."

But General Electric is "lifting" the fog!

Tomorrow, amazing electronic devices will tell the ship captain the position of reefs . . . permit the pilot to land blind . . . warn the locomotive engineer of danger on fog-drenched tracks, no matter how thick the whiteness.

Ship and plane and train will ride as safely in fog as in sunlight!

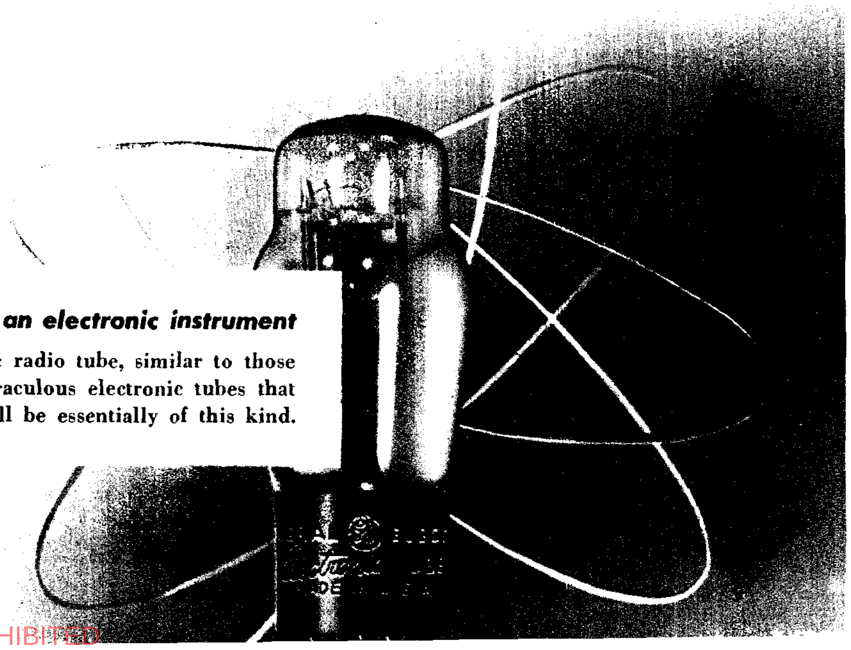
The exact nature of these miraculous inventions must remain a war secret. But General Electric research has already developed a thousand other electronic devices that add to your health, comfort and general well-being.

Electronic tubes, basically the same as the ones in your General Electric radio, can distinguish 2,000,000 shades of color — match lipstick, fabrics, stockings, paints. An electronically controlled welder stitches together metal parts of war planes as easily as your sewing-machine stitches cloth. By electronics, you can study the stresses in an airplane wing during a power dive, or make photographs with the correct exposure automatically determined. Your General Electric radio is an electronic instrument.

General Electric electronic equipment will some day be available to every home. Today, it is limited to businesses engaged in war activity. If you believe that electronics can be applied in your factory, write to General Electric — Radio, Television, and Electronics Department, Schenectady, New York.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Leader in radio, television, and electronic research



Every General Electric radio is an electronic instrument

This is a General Electric electronic radio tube, similar to those used in all G-E radio sets. The miraculous electronic tubes that will "see" through fog tomorrow will be essentially of this kind.

LUCKY GUY

...all set for the duration!

Any man who already owns a Schick Electric Shaver is in luck. And the chap who gets a new Schick, *these days*, is extra lucky—for our factory has gone all-out on war production.

So the only Schicks now in dealers' hands are the ones we built before we got our war assignment—and even then, we took thought of our old customers, and built up a backlog of 2-M Hollow-Ground Heads for *them*.

This means that whether you bought a Schick Shaver ten years ago or get a new one today—your shaving problem is over for a long, long time to come.

Schick's marvelous 2-M Hollow-Ground Head gently arches your skin surface to make the whiskers stand up to be whisked off by the Flying Shuttle Shearer that cuts from *both directions*—to the tune of 14,000 cutting actions per minute. This gives you the quickest, cleanest, closest shave you ever faced.

Pictured above is the Schick Colonel, handsomely styled in rich ivory plastic and powered by the speedy "Whiskwik" motor that works on both AC and DC.

It's yours—for only $15*—and if you're not completely overboard for the slick job it does after 2 weeks' trial—your dealer will give you your money back!

SCHICK INCORPORATED, Stamford, Conn., U.S.A.

*Slightly higher in Canada

Specifications subject to change without notice

★★★

...not forgetting Schick Owners!

No matter how long ago you bought your Schick, we want you to get the same slick shaves as when it was new. And you can, because renewal parts and expert service will be kept available. And if you want to bring your Schick Shaver right up to date with a new 2-M Hollow-Ground Head—you can do so for only $3 at the nearest office of Schick Service, Inc., listed here. *Free of charge, your shaver will also be cleaned, lubricated and adjusted by factory experts.*

ALBANY
938 Natl. Sav. B'k Bldg.
ATLANTA
603 Rhodes-Haverty Bldg.
BALTIMORE
111 N. Charles St.
BOSTON
630 Boston C. of C. Bldg.
BROOKLYN
1007 Fox Bldg.
BUFFALO
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CHICAGO
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CINCINNATI
814 Schmidt Bldg.
CLEVELAND
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COLUMBUS, O.
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SCHICK INCORPORATED SCHICK ELECTRIC SHAVER

this war is over, anyway. But the St. Georges won't be so crazy over the whole thing, and don't you fool yourself they will. You wouldn't be so very much in love with yourself after a while. I know it's perfectly fair to make love to another man's wife; I suppose I'd do it myself if I felt strongly enough, but it isn't your kind of thing. I know you. I know how much time you'd waste lying awake explaining to yourself why you did it.

"I'm going to kiss the kids good night—and goodby," he added, as Loveday sat perfectly still, twisted about on the seat at her dressing table, the brush in her hand and her hair falling on her shoulders. "And then I'll go down. But I'll tell you what my solution would be: this flying business isn't the healthiest life in the world. I'm in it, and I'm going to stay in it until it's over. Wouldn't it be more dignified, more up your street—as Waite says—to skip the divorce and the talk and the arguments and the dragging of my children about and give me a little chance to get myself killed? I give you my word that after this little talk, I'll be as quick about it as I can be."

He went out, closing the door. His wife sat for a long time without moving—a woman of stone.

CHRIS came to Indian Hill a few days later for the first time giving no other excuse for his appearance there than that he wanted to see Loveday. He had notified her by a telegram that she might expect him; she felt shaken and excited as the moment for his arrival drew near. She had dressed herself and the girls becomingly; the house was in order; Annie Lum had full directions for a man's luncheon.

"But it mustn't look," Loveday thought, "as if we were all sitting around waiting for him!" She tied on an old straw hat, took the shears and a basket, and began to trim the shabby marguerite bushes and clip away the dead zinnias from the garden below the terrace. Betsey and Martha had blunt-nosed scissors too; little Owen, looking almost square in stiff new jeans, puttered about with a small watering pot, getting himself and his sisters sprinkled with drops.

It was a soft foggy autumn morning. Quail called from the woods; now and then an apple fell with a thump on the dry orchard earth.

Loveday rehearsed what she must say. Larry had been home on Saturday, had caustically reminded her that as a wartime flier—which he would be soon—his life was not apt to be too prolonged, and had suggested that she and her lover await his very probable death before making their plans.

It had infuriated her when he said it, and she had sat at her dressing table stunned and enraged, wondering how he dared speak to her in that way, meditating a stinging retaliation. But upon descending to the dining room for the supper which had preceded Larry's immediate departure for places and adventures and dangers unpredictable, she had found herself in a different mood,—a mood of coldness and reason.

"You needn't have the slightest fear of my doing anything in the way of a change until after you come back, Larry," she had said stiffly with her goodby kiss. And Larry had answered with disconcerting casualness, "Anything you say goes!"

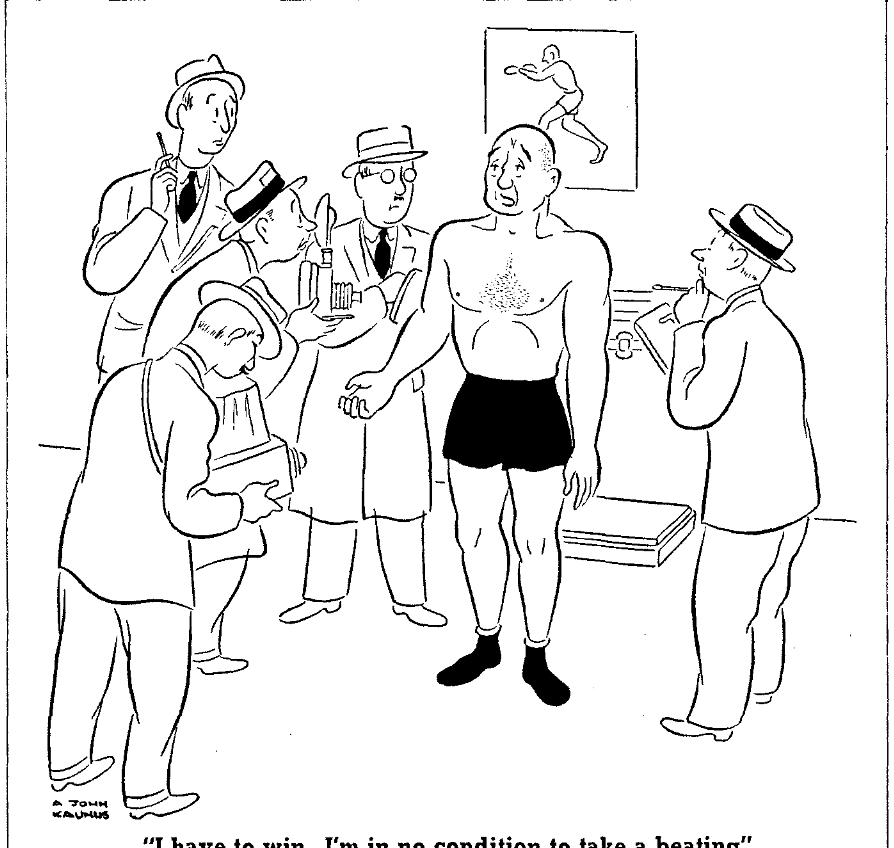
The girls had been allowed to stay up on this important occasion, and their presence and Hugh's had effectually blocked any further intimate talk. Hugh and Larry had gone away leaving Loveday and the children standing in the doorway.

So now she had that promise to remember and to repeat to Chris if Chris came and cared enough to hear it, and that Chris did care enough to hear it was proved by his coming today.

The little tableau staged in the garden was wasted for he was late, and Loveday had shepherded the children into the house, and was giving them their noonday meal when Chris appeared. He walked into the dining room quietly, nodding at her with an appreciative smile in his eyes, and taking a seat to watch her finish the meal. Betsey and Martha beamed at him shyly over their mounds of noodles and gravy; Owen, bibbed and solemn in the high chair, continued with the regularity of a machine to open his round red mouth as Loveday spooned in his lunch.

"I didn't hear your car!" Loveday began.

"I should think not. I could hear



"I have to win. I'm in no condition to take a beating"

Collier's A. JOHN KAUNUS

them babbling as soon as I stopped the engine."

"They're all dying of sleep. They've been gardening with me all morning. I'll go up with them, Chris, and be down in five minutes. My hair has been slowly slipping—" she laughed, shaking her head, and the burnished heavy braids fell in loops upon her shoulders.

"It looks very nice that way," Chris said mildly. He was in no hurry, his tone said. He was here now and nothing could keep him from an hour or two with her. She almost felt in his manner and voice a sort of pleasure—a certain savoring of the delay. Her heart began to beat in slow, perceptible throbs. There was something about Chris, she reflected, as she washed and wiped the children's faces and tumbled the trio into bed for naps, that made her act like an idiot.

THEY lunched together, loitering and talking, talking, talking. There was no such stimulus in the world as talking to Chris! Afterward he said he must go up to camp to see Hugh for a little while, but he returned to join her and the children again while they were up in the barn inspecting a wet, new calf, to read contentedly by the library fire during the flurry of getting the children through the hour of supper and baths and bed; to dine with her.

All this time he had said no word of affection for her, but the attentive smile that her eyes always met in his when she raised them, the quick response to her simplest phrase spoke to her, and the keen consciousness of what he felt kept her color high, her heart quivering. During dinner too the conversation, however earnest and enthralling to them both, was not personal.

But after dinner, when they went back to the library fire and the old house was wrapped in silence and darkness except for the subdued light of one lamp and the glow of the coals, he seated himself on the old sofa that was set facing the hearth, and touched the space beside him with his hand.

"Sit here, Loveday."

"Chris, suppose you doctor that fire first? I dream of a great brick chimney and enormous logs," Loveday said, "but instead we have what I think must be the last steel-rodded grate in existence."

"I've seen them on sets," Chris said, busy with tongs and scuttle, and they both laughed.

"Of course," he conceded, "you saw them in England everywhere. In my publisher's office in Albemarle Street there is just such a grate. That is," he said, sighing, "if anything's left of it."

"Put the blower on for a minute."

"This is—but it can't be a blower? And I've no doubt you've a fire screen somewhere, embroidered in needlepoint?"

"Up in the nursery, which was my grandmother's room, of course we have. Fiddle-shaped."

"Well, anyone can have an open fireplace especially in California," he said. "But there's something elegant—something genteel, about an English coal fire behind steel rods. I suppose one thinks of it especially now, when they're having such a bad time over there."

"England won't be changed, Chris."

"I certainly hope not! I think not. There's something about them—" He stopped short. "In England, you know," he began again, "they keep good things going. If their grandparents liked them, they like them. Mothers and children ride bicycles, in flocks. Lawyers carry green baize bags. And even today, I'll bet, coppers are still placed on the trolleys at Simpson's."

"That last," Loveday said, sitting down beside him, and feeling his hand fall quite naturally on hers, "means absolutely nothing to me."

"Well, Simpson's was a famous eating house in the Strand, do you see? And when you lunched there you naturally tipped the waiter."

"I follow you that far."

"Exactly. But there was another man, who wheeled the meat trolleys about; the great roasts of beef, about the size of Owen—"

"Horrors, Chris, what a comparison!"

"And the 'silverside,' which is corned beef, and the turbot, which is a white fish tasting like soaked cardboard, and the fowl. He used to cut you great slabs, and dipped gravy over them, and you gathered together whatever coppers you had in your pocket and put them on the tray. So it was done in Henry Tudor's time and so it will be done again when all this horror is over."

"The restaurant couldn't have been there in Henry Tudor's time!"

"Well, if it wasn't, others were, and going along just the same today. Loveday, how you'd have loved London! How you'd have loved Covent Garden in the wet early morning, and the rooks in Lincoln's Inn Fields."

"Sad days for London now," she said, looking into the fire. "They've had more than a year of war. How much will be left?"

"Knowing England, I'd say everything that is really England will be left," Chris said. And then, in a changed tone, "Loveday, I want to talk about us."

Not moving her hand from under his, she turned to look at him, her eyes apprehensive.

"Yes, I know," she said on a quick breath.

"Larry was here, wasn't he, last week? Hugh told me."

"Saturday, yes. Hugh mention that he is in the Canadian Air Force?"

"Yes. A grand thing for him to do. And that," Chris said, "has made a difference, hasn't it, in the way you feel toward him?"

"I DON'T know that his being in the air force has made a difference," she said thoughtfully, "but something he said did. He was very angry. He felt—he seemed to feel—that I had the advantage and that I was—well, perhaps abusing it. I mean that he was in no position to take the children, even part of the time—"

Tears came into her eyes.

"Don't cry," Chris said quickly, turning his face away.

"I won't. But that you are rich, Chris, and famous, and able to give me—to give any woman, everything she could want, and that it wasn't fair!"

"No, it's not fair, of course," he agreed quietly. "I'm ten years older than he is, and in some ways I do have the advantage."

"In those ways you will always have it, and age will have nothing to do with it."

"But life isn't often fair. One man is sweating in a black mine to give his children poor bread that tastes of coal dust," he said, "and another is a king with twenty palaces and three hundred changes of clothing. We can't help that."

"No; but we can try to balance it, we can play fair," she offered.

"If the whole world wasn't so full of divorce," he said, still without any particular emphasis, "if everyone didn't accept it as part of our way of life, it would be different! But we live in a generation that can correct youthful mistakes. If a girl like you blunders into marriage at twenty, finds a few years later that there is a happier—a wider prospect opening before her—"

He paused, patted her hand for a moment without looking at her.

"You see, I love you so, my dear," he said.

(To be continued next week)

Julia fails her motor corps tests

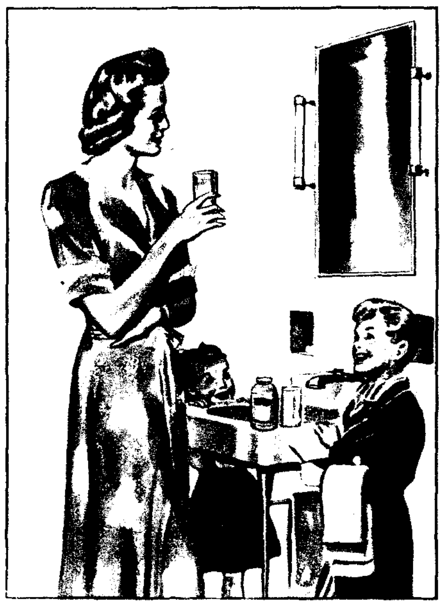
JULIA NEEDS A LAXATIVE, but she's taking a Motor Corps test at 9.

"I'll wait till tonight," she decides. "Nothing must interfere with this test." So she postpones needed relief.

POOR JULIA FAILS HER TEST. "I don't feel well" is her alibi. But her co-workers are critical, instead of being sympathetic.

"She ought to keep fit, in times like these," they complain, as she leaves.

Doris earns her uniform



DORIS NEEDS A LAXATIVE. She's taking a Motor Corps test this morning, too.

But Doris doesn't put off till evening the laxative she needs now. "I'll feel better faster if I take Sal Hepatica," says she. "It usually acts within an hour."

SAL HEPATICA ACTED so promptly, Doris is able to concentrate happily on cylinders and gaskets.

Proudly, she displays the uniform she has earned by hard work and devotion to duty.

Whenever you need a laxative —take gentle, *speedy* Sal Hepatica

NOW-A-DAYS—more than ever—it's your duty to keep fit.

So don't put off till tonight taking the laxative you need in the morning. Take speedy Sal Hepatica.

Sal Hepatica acts by attracting helpful liquid bulk to the intestinal tract—without discomfort or griping. It helps counteract excess gastric acidity, too; helps turn a sour stomach sweet again.

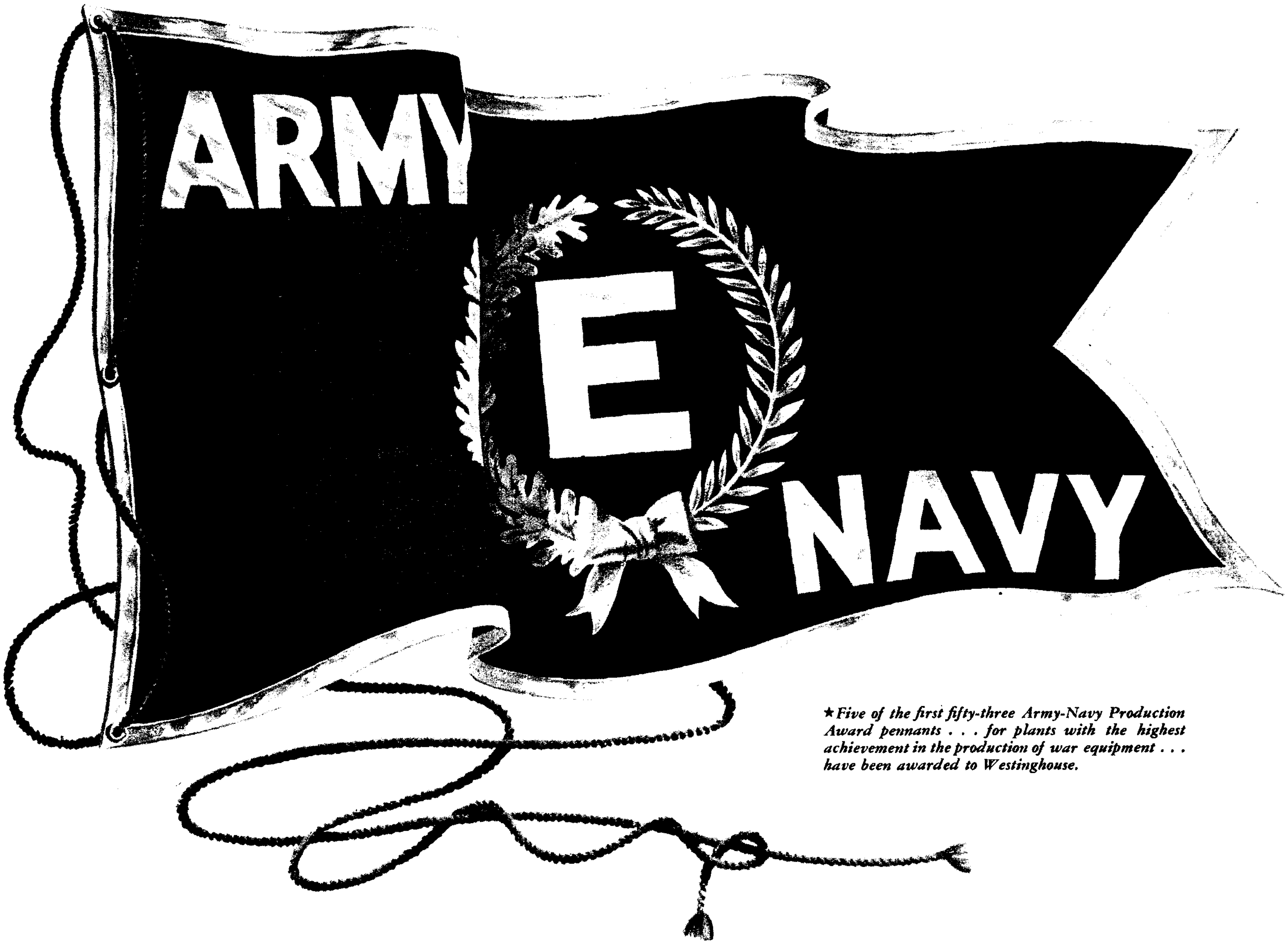
Three out of five doctors, recently interviewed, recommend Sal Hepatica!* Try it, next time *you* need a laxative! Don't wait! It's your duty to keep feeling fit!

**Here are the active ingredients of Sal Hepatica: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Your doctor knows best. Ask him about the efficacy of this prescription.*

SAL HEPATICA

Product of Bristol-Myers

TUNE IN *"Those We Love"*—Wednesdays at 9 P.M. EWT. Nan Grey and Donald Woods in an appealing drama by Agnes Ridgway.



★Five of the first fifty-three Army-Navy Production Award pennants . . . for plants with the highest achievement in the production of war equipment . . . have been awarded to Westinghouse.

To Westinghouse men and women, for "an outstanding contribution to victory"

IN ANNOUNCING that five of the first fifty-three Army-Navy Production Awards go to Westinghouse, James Forrestal, Undersecretary of the Navy, said, "The men and women in these plants are making an outstanding contribution to victory. Their practical patriotism stands as an example to all Americans and they have reason to be proud of the record they have set."

Westinghouse, one of the world's leading manufacturers of electrical equipment, is now producing war materials at the rate of 4000 carloads per month . . . enough to fill a freight train *37 miles long every 30 days.*

To this effort, we are applying the full extent of Westinghouse "know how" in research, in engineering, and in production. As a result, production, on a man-hour basis, is 95% ahead of the mid-1940 rate. In some divisions, production is up more than 300%.

This is the record to date. We hope to make it still better tomorrow.

The following Westinghouse Plants honored by Army-Navy Production Awards:

EAST PITTSBURGH DIVISION, *including:*
East Pittsburgh Works
Nuttall Gear Works
Linhart Copper Mill
Linhart Brass Foundry
Trafford Micarta Works
Trafford Foundry
Derry Porcelain Works

STEAM DIVISION, South Philadelphia, Pa.

TRANSFORMER DIVISION, Sharon, Pa.

MANUFACTURING AND REPAIR PLANT
Newark, N. J.

MANUFACTURING AND REPAIR PLANT
Philadelphia, Pa.

Westinghouse

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania • Plants in 25 cities — Offices everywhere

Dwight Deere Wiman is unique among Broadway producers—he has a soft heart. Also he has a rare eye for talent. Because he bothers to listen to young hopefuls, he's found among them some of Broadway's top stars—which pays off to the tune of a hit show a year. This year it's By Jupiter

SCHAAL-PIX

HE RUNS THE SHOW

BY JOHN JULIUS

TWO obstacles, normally insuperable, confronted Dwight Deere Wiman when he concluded to desert the family plow business in Moline, Illinois, and take up what eventually became a career in the theater. The first was that he had a sizable private income, which meant that he would probably be taken for a ride by playwrights, scene designers, costumers, actors and 624 chorus girls.

The second obstacle was that Wiman was a young man of background and breeding, a graduate of Yale and a fairly good student of literature, which portended an inclination to put on highbrow plays.

In the eighteen years which have passed since Wiman's emigration from Moline, however, he has produced approximately fifty shows. Of these, seventeen have been smash hits while another dozen have been moderately successful. With an average of nearly one hit every year, his personal fortune has been increased rather than depleted.

Dwight Wiman is enormously friendly toward bewildered young people who are trying to get a start in the theater. He will listen, more than will most producers, to their qualifications. One result of this kindliness has been a long list of discoveries. Twelve years ago, in 1929, he was getting ready to put on his first musical comedy which he christened The Little Show. It was destined to revive the trend of intimate jobs as contrasted with the gaudy spectacles of the Flo Ziegfeld era. Wiman and his partner, Tom Weatherly, were looking for a torch singer.

Instead of asking agents to send them several gross of torch singers, the partners kept their eyes open. One night, peering through the gloom of the back room at Tony's on Fifty-second Street, they saw a girl whom they had heard in a night club or two. She had no job and was delighted to accept $100 a week. When The Little Show opened she stopped it twice during the evening with her songs. Thus began the rise to fame of Libby Holman.

Two chorus girls, in particular, also adorned the production. One was Constance Cummings; the other, Peggy Conklin, Connie's closest friend. They had applied for jobs, fearful that one might be chosen and the other turned down. They have both become leading actresses.

About two years ago Wiman attended a performance of the Monte Carlo Ballet in London. Among the important dancers was a ravishing girl called, simply, Zorina. She spoke no lines, of course, nor did she have an opportunity to show whether she could act. A few days later the producer met her at a party and was again enchanted with her beauty. Pictorially, she would be perfect for the star of I Married an Angel, the musical show he was preparing.

"It's too bad you don't speak English," Wiman said in English, when he was introduced to Zorina.

"But I do speak English," answered the dancer. So she was brought to New York and was a great success in I Married an Angel.

The list of Wiman discoveries could be expanded almost indefinitely. Fred Allen, the comedian, was in The Little Show. Among the great and near-great of Broadway who owe their careers, more or less, to Dwight Wiman are: Wynn Murray; Polly Walters, who had her first important role in She Loves Me Not; Burgess Meredith, also in that show; Joshua Logan, the director; Erik Rhodes, the motion-picture actor; and his most unusual discovery—Monte Woolley, the bearded star of The Man Who Came to Dinner.

Wiman was an undergraduate at Yale in 1917. He had joined the Yale Dramatic Association, of which Mr. Woolley was the coach. Years later, producing an elaborate musical called On Your Toes, Wiman concluded that a

Medals with a certain gift of prophecy

These are a few of the medals for original research and accomplishment that have been awarded, from time to time, to scientists in the Kodak Research Laboratories. They are shown here not to emphasize a glorious past, but because they have a certain gift of prophecy...

The Kodak Laboratories have some of the qualities of great universities and the philanthropic research foundations . . . Scientists and young men with an idea often come here to Rochester. They get a hearing. If the idea is reasonable, and original, they get encouragement. If needed, they get the help of men of vast experience, and the best facilities the world affords.

Some of the greatest of recent developments in photography have come from such collaboration. The Kodachrome process—movies and snapshots in full color..."ultra-speed photographs"—exposures of as little as 1/1,000,000 of a second—which show what the eye alone can never see...the aerial films which are now enabling our country's flyers to cut through camouflage with their cameras or observe the success of their bombs from beyond the reach of anti-aircraft.

Pure research is not self-seeking.

For example, it doesn't "pay" Kodak to make 125 different types of plates for astronomical photography—but without them, the observatories of the world would be half-blinded. Such work may never pay in dollars, but our growing knowledge of the Universe depends on it. And who knows what day—or night—may bring a discovery that will change the entire pattern of our thinking and lead us to another world?

These medals are important—as symbols of a search that never ceases. They stand for the enrichment of our lives in many ways thus far . . . from the simple snapshot of a loved one, to the last great movie you saw, faultless in its recording of scenes and sound.

And the work of the vast laboratory at Kodak Park was never so significant as at the present time . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

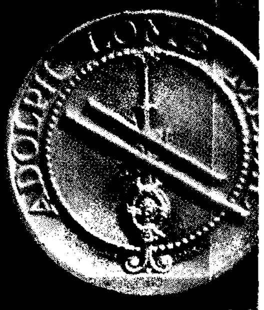
AND NOW . . . Just as this magazine was going to press, Eastman Kodak Company received, on behalf of itself and its employees, the highly coveted Army-Navy Production Award for high achievement in the production of war equipment. The Company regards this latest distinction as by far the most important of all, and believes that it should be recorded here because this Medal also carries with it "a certain gift of prophecy."

Kodak...serving human progress through photography

A

Henry Draper Meda

National Academy of Sc



Adolph Lomb Medal,

Optical Society of Amer

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Progress Medal

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Gold Medal,
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Hurter and Driffield Medal,
Royal Photographic Society
John Scott Medal,
City of Philadelphia

A few KODAK MILESTONES
of direct interest to the public

1884 Eastman invents paper "stripping" film—the beginning of photographic film.

1888 The No. 1 Kodak and birth of the photofinishing system ("You press the button—we do the rest") popularize amateur photography.

1889 First commercial production of transparent roll film, including the film that first made motion pictures practical.

1891 Daylight loading of their cameras enables amateurs to buy and use film anywhere.

1898 The Folding Pocket Kodak—ancestor of all modern folding roll-film cameras—is perfected and placed on the market.

1900 The dollar Brownie makes photography the sport of millions.

1903 Kodak's new easy-to-handle "non-curling" film greatly simplifies the processing of still pictures.

1913 Eastman brings out special sheet films to replace cumbersome glass plates in portraiture and X-ray work; also the first panchromatic film for motion pictures.

1918 Fast double-coated X-ray film stimulates the growth of radiology.

1923 Eastman system of amateur cinematography, with 16-mm. cameras, projectors, films, and reversal processing, makes home movies practicable.

1928 Kodak introduces first amateur motion pictures in full color.

1931 New films inaugurate use of high-speed panchromatic materials throughout black-and-white photography—snapshots at night, for example.

1932 Ciné-Kodak Eight, plus 8-mm. projectors and films, places home movies within the reach of almost everyone.

1935 Full-color Kodachrome Film becomes the gateway to the new era of color photography.

1941 Kodak introduces the first direct full-color photographic prints (Minicolor, Kotavachrome).

1942 Kodacolor Roll Film completes the photographic cycle, making it possible to get full-color snapshots with any ordinary camera—even a Brownie.

bearded fellow like Woolley was exactly the type for a character part. So Woolley was hired and began a career in which he acted himself, instead of telling others how to do it.

Dwight Wiman's discoveries are not limited to youth, however. He has a strong conviction that veteran actors can often give performances beyond the capabilities of the young fry. He needed another girl for I Married an Angel and engaged Vivienne Segal, who had been a musical comedy favorite for years and was considered by many calloused Broadway experts to have passed her peak. But in due course, La Zorina was forced to divide honors with La Segal.

Another curious quirk of Dwight Wiman's, in view of the fact that he is only forty-seven years old, is his interest in old age, death and immortality. Among the scripts being buffeted around among the producers three years ago was one in which a principal character typified death. It was a representation, moreover, in which that macabre being spent most of his time sitting in a tree. The reaction of most producers was that theatergoers would recoil in horror, and they rejected the play. Wiman produced On Borrowed Time, however, and it was even made into a movie. Subsequently, he had a show called Morning's At Seven in which all the characters, save two, are more or less in their dotage.

Producer in Disguise

Clearly, Wiman is no mere playboy in the theater and he is greatly annoyed when he is accused of being one. That the charge is still made is largely his own fault, though. For he looks somewhat like a dilettante and acts, on occasion, even more like one. He fools people by dressing like a successful lawyer or broker or banker with no trace of Broadway flashiness. He is five feet ten, weighs about 150 pounds, has darkish hair which is getting thin and eyes which are gray-blue with a touch of green. He works very hard when a show is in the mill and does nothing, with the greatest of ease, when his production schedule is at a standstill. And whether he is working or not he keeps irregular hours, spends a prodigious amount of time at lunch, stays up until all hours and talks more or less incessantly.

Lunch with Dwight Wiman is hardly a tranquil experience. He frequents such glitter spots as Jack and Charlie's, mills about at the bar with his friends and then adjourns to a table on the second floor where just as many people bombard him. Not all of them belong to the theater. Wiman's friends include figures from the world of finance and from what is called New York Society, a strange hodgepodge of old families and new climbers. But most of those who greet him at lunch are agents, other producers, scene designers, costumers, directors, actors and actresses. Actresses in particular.

"Dwight darling!" in lovely throaty voices, forms a sort of obbligato to lunch with Wiman.

He was born in Moline on August 8, 1895, and his connection with the plow company came through his mother who had been Anna Deere. His father, Charles, and his older brother were in the business and as Dwight passed through the Hill School and entered Yale it was assumed that he would join them upon graduation. Dwight believed so too, and enrolled in the scientific school at Yale instead of taking an academic course. The New Haven institution was, however, passing through a kind of literary renaissance in those years just before the war. Such powerful intellects and writing men as Stephen Vincent Benét, John Farrar, Philip Barry and Cole Porter graced its halls and they weaned Dwight away from the black, rich soil of Illinois.

After a brief period in the Naval Reserve and graduation from Yale in 1918, Wiman went back to Moline and began at the bottom of the traditional ladder with Deere & Company. Meanwhile, he had been married to Dorothea Stephens, a union which heightened his connection with agricultural implements. She was the daughter of the head of the Moline Plow Company, a rival concern. But when it became clear that the plow business did not interest his son, the elder Wiman said no obligation to continue there existed. So Dwight went to New York where he produced a number of pictures in the hope that they would be superior to Hollywood products.

Whether they were better or not, the films made little money because of distribution difficulties. Wiman did inaugurate his policy of discovering talent, though: Clara Bow made her first movie with him. Then he went into partnership with William A. Brady, Jr., as a Broadway producer. Wiman's first nine shows failed financially although one, at least, Lucky Sam McCarver, by the late Sidney Howard, was a fine play. Brady's and Wiman's joint losses must have been well above $150,000. The tide turned soon after Christmas, 1926. Robert Sherwood's The Road to Rome had been widely rejected. Wiman put it on with Jane Cowl in the lead and it ran for over a year, earning about $60,000. He had two additional hits in 1927, so the reserves of Deere & Company were no longer in danger. Two years later The Little Show turned in profits of $160,000.

Wiman is not too accurately known as a musical comedy producer because of The Little Shows, Gay Divorce, Babes in Arms, On Your Toes, I Married an Angel and Stars in Your Eyes. All of them were successful although they did not earn large sums, because Wiman is prodigiously extravagant. His most recent show, By Jupiter, which he produced with Richard Rodgers in association with Richard Kollmar, will probably, due to priorities, be the last lavishly mounted musical on Broadway for the duration. Among his straight dramas have been The Distaff Side, On Borrowed Time, Morning's At Seven and Letters to Lucerne.

Like all producers, he has made disastrous mistakes. Great Lady, which cost him a cool $175,000, was one of the worst shows ever put together. Last fall he began rehearsals for a play called Letters to Lucerne, which was a plea for tolerance toward a German girl in a Swiss school. He opened on December 8, 1941—just after the Japs had considerably undermined American tolerance for them and the Germans. He also has his blind spots. William Saroyan's The Time of Your Life was offered to him and he rejected it, to his subsequent keen regret.

"I didn't appreciate the play when I read it," he explained to friends. "It's a triumph of production."

Yet Wiman's special flair, in addition to finding new people, is for the production as a whole. Being impatient and nervous, he grows bored with directing although he is fully competent to do it. A Wiman production is somehow whipped into shape after incredible confusion, alarms and delays. Dwight Wiman's distaste for regularity means that he keeps no office hours, that he is nearly always late for appointments or breaks them, that he will vanish for days when he does not wish to be disturbed, that he hates decisions. Sometimes his assistants and the boss cannot be located. Added to all this is a touch of the superstitious. For a number of years he believed that a young actress named Helen Wynn, who is married to Shepperd Strudwick, the actor, brought good luck by attending his out-of-town openings and his Broadway first nights as well. So Miss Wynn was often commanded to be present in Boston, New Haven or Philadelphia and hold Dwight's hand, figuratively speaking, during these ordeals. He prefers to open in Boston for another reason; he vastly enjoys the sea food in the restaurants of that city and wants an excuse to dine there.

Wiman has a town house in New York. He also has a rather palatial home in Bermuda to which, before the war, he commuted by clipper a dozen times a year. The house is at the western end of Main Island and is fairly remote. During his vacations there Wiman saw few people, sprawled in the sun, blossomed out into extravagant sports clothes in sharp contrast to his sober ones in New York and read scripts if the spirit moved him. He has been known to hand airplane tickets to friends who have been invited to Bermuda so that they can spend more time on the islands. A country house at Greenwich, Connecticut, is the scene of greater social activity. Every known form of game, indoor or out, is available there.

The Ministering Angel

Broadway's superficial and ill-informed opinion of Dwight Wiman is that he reveres box-office success too greatly and does not do enough in the line of serious dramas. This is unfair. Some three or four years ago he became involved with a group of young players who had organized the Surry Theater and were putting on summer shows in Surry, Maine. Wiman gave them a little money and flew to Maine to see their offerings. In the fall of 1937 he backed their production of As You Like It and later sponsored them in Chekhov's Three Sisters.

Both productions were failures although As You Like It, novel and fresh and gay, was so close to success that it was a heartbreaking disappointment. Some of the players had very unusual talents, but the Surry Theater as an organization failed to function sufficiently well for Broadway. Wiman took a loss which exceeded $35,000 with complete lack of rancor. He merely expresses regret that the two plays did not please the critics.

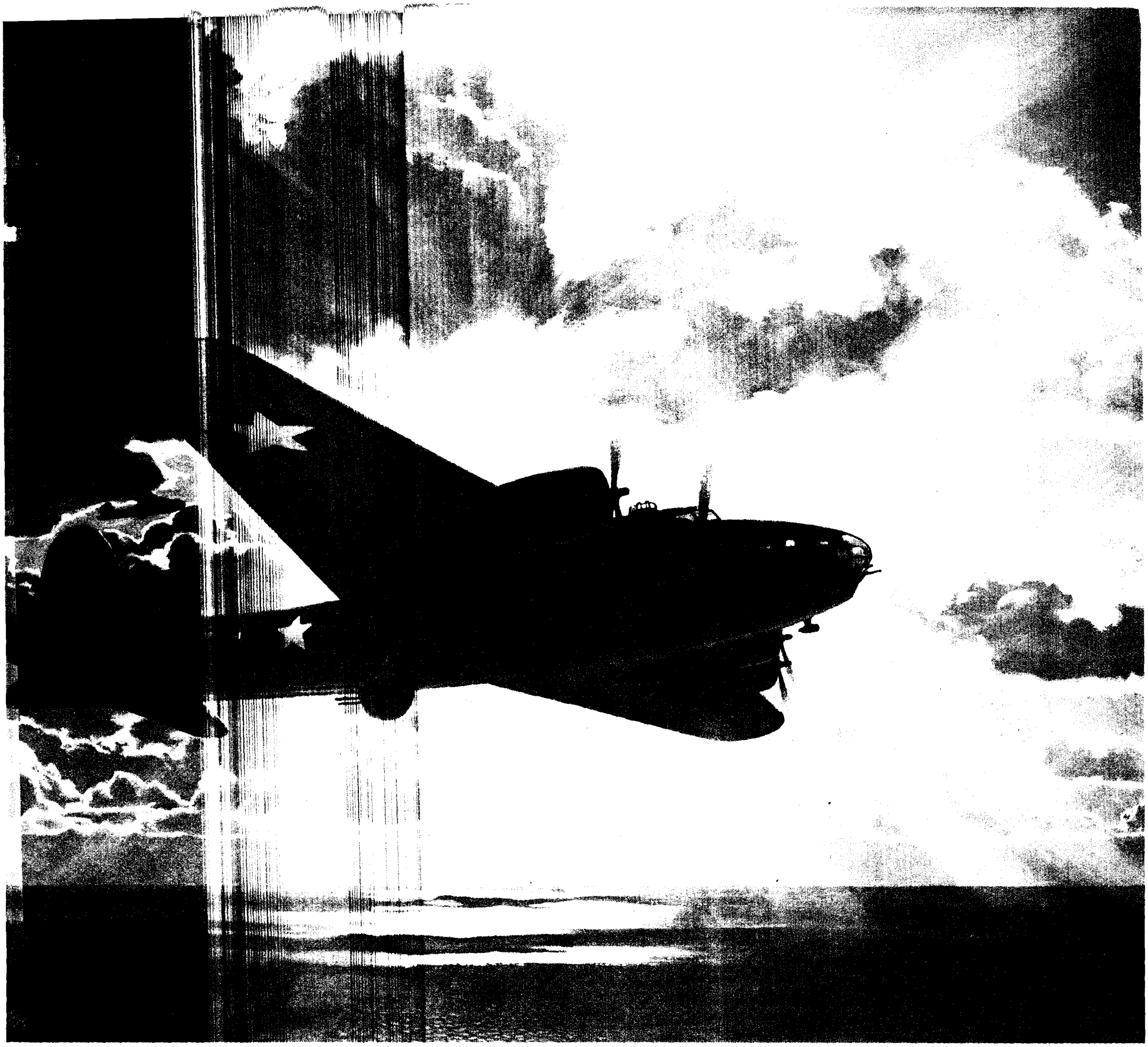
One of the reasons that Dwight Wiman hates making decisions may be that he finds it very difficult to decide not to be generous.

THE END

AIR-GROUND CODE

SECRET PANELS aren't confined to mystery stories. In the heat of battle, when ground radio transmission equipment is damaged, or there is danger of interception by the enemy, the highly essential communications between planes and ground troops can be maintained by pegging to the ground 12-foot panels of cloth to spell out an air-ground code. They can be used by themselves, or to supplement radio messages, and field artillery units find them handy in correcting their fire. Below, a trained crew from Godman Field at Kentucky's Fort Knox is laying out a triangular symbol as part of a message for the pilot of the slow-flying "Grasshopper" shown above. The message? We should like to know, too.

W. EUGENE SMITH



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★ ★ ★ STUDEBAKER'S [illegible]

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Filmo
WHAT YOU SEE-YOU GET

MOTION PICTURE CAMERAS AND PROJECTORS

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New Chapter

Continued from page 24

Reassurance swept through him. "I heard you," he said.

"There won't be many people at the church, Tom. For a brother-in-law, Ed's one of your best friends. He said he knew you wouldn't want a crowd. I would, though. I would want the whole town to see me get married to you."

"You're sure?" He asked it so earnestly that she laughed.

"Do I have to say that all the time? I should be asking you if you really wanted to marry me."

He felt the blood in his neck. He felt clumsy when he said, "Ask me."

"I am."

He stood there, feeling that he could say things now. He could tell her that she had completely changed his ideas about women. That she was the most wonderful woman in the world. That she had given him a belief in life. That she . . .

"Well?" Judy asked.

Tom looked at her. He said, "You're, you're just right."

SHE didn't laugh at him. She was looking at him very seriously. She said, "I'd rather have you say that than all the speeches."

He said, without thinking, "Will you be all right when I go back to the woods?"

"Oh, sure. Alice and Ed will take care of me. Ed's been fine to me—just like a father. He's made it so easy for me to live here with them. . . . Tom! What on earth's the matter?"

"Nothing," Burdock said. He was staring at the built-in radio by the table. "I just remember something."

Judy laughed. "That you're getting married tomorrow?" She walked to the table and took out a package of cigarettes from the drawer, opened it, and offered him one. Then she said, "Oh, by the way, Tom, I saw a friend of yours. Remember Earl Stone? He said he knew you well."

Burdock felt his heart drop. He said, "Earl Stone?"

"He came here. He thought it was funny you getting married, you of all people. He's sort of a show-off, isn't he, Tom?"

He said slowly, "Did you see much of him, Judy?"

"Only once. He came another night and I guess he was drunk. Ed sent him away. I'd gone to bed."

Burdock looked at the radio and the table, and Earl Stone's words, clear, so loud he thought Judy would hear them, spilled themselves against his mind: "She would pretend she wasn't to home, letting her father say that she had gone out somewheres. This guy would make like he had gone, but he would come right back and he'd see her there, through the kitchen window, sitting at the corner table writing on a pad."

He looked around the room, feeling dazed, as if he were coming out of a knockout. Judy was laughing. She said, "It won't be as bad as all that. I'll hold your hand and we'll say the things together. 'Do you, Judith Baines, take this man for your wedded husband?' and I'll say, 'You bet your life, Mr. Gibson!' Then, when he asks you, 'Thomas Burdock, do you take this woman for your wedded wife, to have and to hold?' you'll say . . . ?"

Burdock looked at her blankly. Earl Stone had said more, he had said that the man had come back and had come into the house when her father wasn't around. The father would be Ed.

"Tom, you poor darling, it's frightened you. All you have to say is, 'I do.' "

Burdock looked deeply into Judy's eyes. He said, solemnly, "I do."

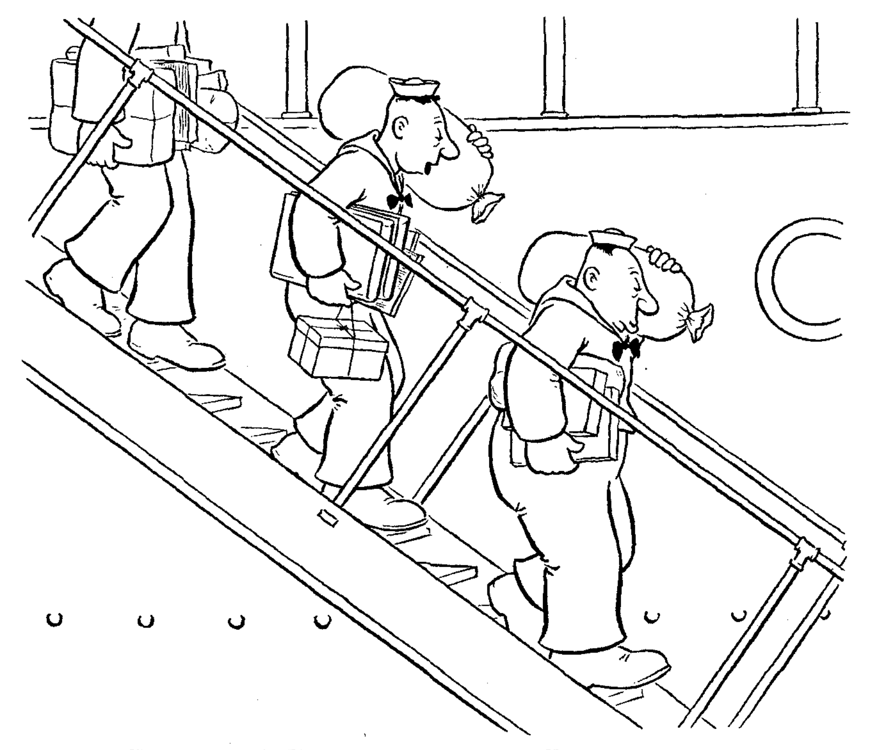
"You needn't be so serious about it now, Tom."

Burdock said, feeling something suddenly strong in him, something bigger than he had ever felt before: "I do, Judy. I believe you. Remember that. If anything happens, just remember that I said that."

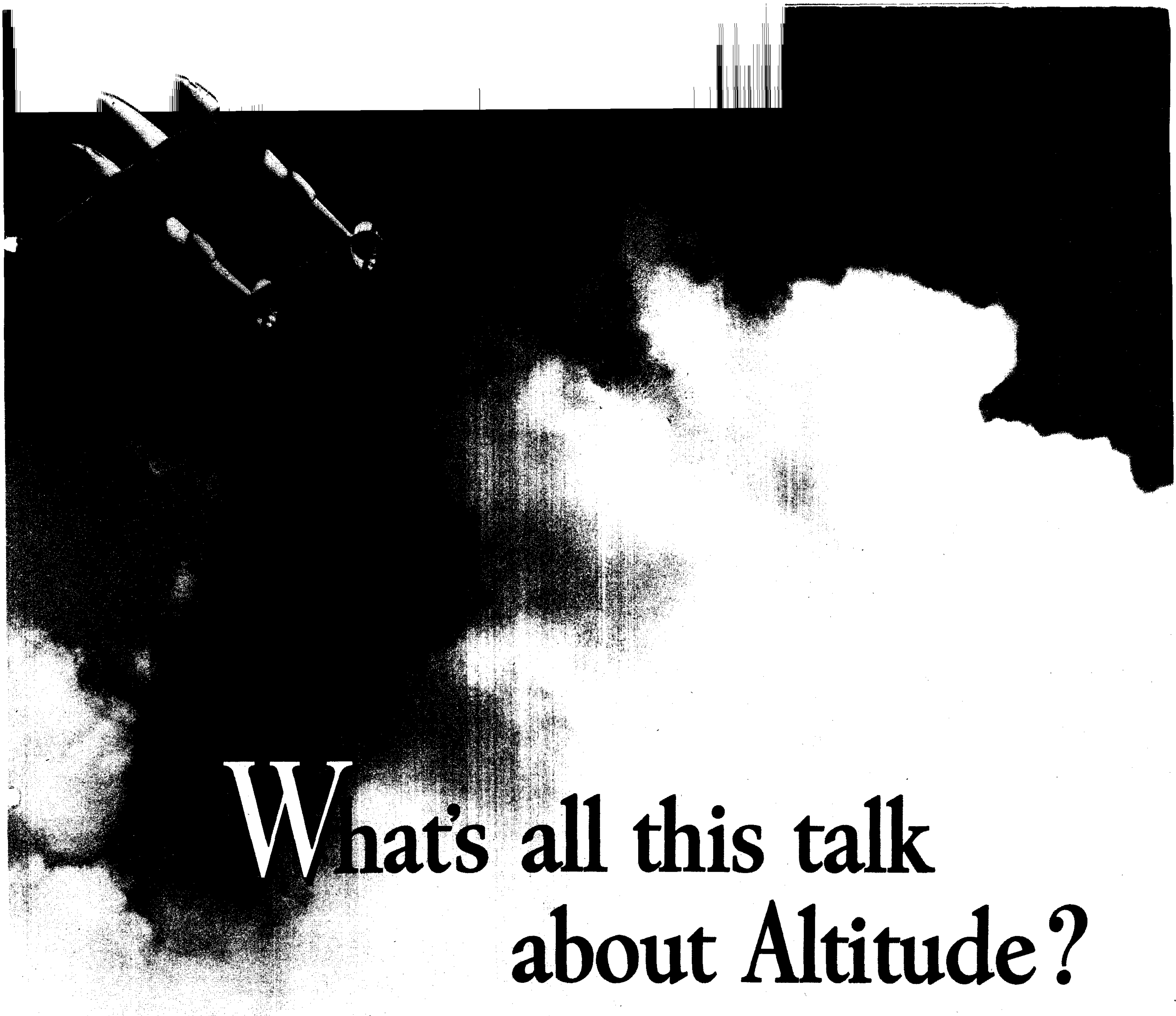
Earl Stone had said, "He went around to the cellar door on the side of the house and got in that way. The nerve of the man won her."

Burdock closed his hands into fists. He said in his mind, "It's a lie."

Judy went to the stove and turned



"Yes, Alfred, I've got your stamp albums, mounted butterflies and pressed flowers, and Milton's bringing your autographs, birds' eggs and coin collection"



What's all this talk about Altitude?

Aircraft have missions to perform at *various* altitudes.

All military aircraft are designed to give their best performance at some SPECIFIC altitude.

If it's WAY UP you are talking about, up as high as a fighting plane of any nation has ever sought or met an enemy, that's as much HOME as any other level to an Allison engine.

For the Allison engine, combined with the turbo-supercharger, is the power that makes the Lockheed "Lightning" (shown above) the world leader at the highest altitudes at which planes fight.

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up the damper. "They'll be home soon," she said. "Mr. Thompson, the mill owner, and his wife are going to be here. Ed thought it would be a good idea for you and Mr. Thompson to know each other."

Burdock walked into the hallway between the front room and the kitchen. He could see the door leading into the cellar. He knew that there was a landing there behind that door, and beyond that landing was the slanting hatchway which had always been nailed shut. Ed had kept it that way because the lock had been broken. It would be easy to see if the nails had been drawn. He could say now, opening the door into the landing, "Where does this go, Judy?"

HE PUT his hand on the knob. He didn't turn it. He swung away and came back into the kitchen. Opening the door would be like asking Judy the question he would never ask her. Earl Stone had lied. He had lied to build himself up after Judy had turned him down. Burdock thought back to the way some people had looked at him when he came into town that noon. Stone had talked. He had spread his lie in town. He had told Burdock his story to ease his own mind—to take away from the defeat—

Burdock said, "I'm going downtown."

Judy turned quickly, disappointment on her face. But she said, cheerfully, "There! Not married yet, and you're running downstreet. All right, go along. Don't forget to be back at six. The Thompsons will be here and you're the star attraction."

"I'll be back."

The things he still wanted to know he did not ask. He would no more ask them than he would hurt her in his own mind by looking past that door to find an answer he had already made himself believe.

"Tom, is there anything wrong?"

"No," he said, "I'll be back within the hour," and he walked out.

Burdock turned right off the cement walk leading from the house and headed down Maple toward Walnut. In a town of this size it wouldn't take long to find Earl Stone.

At Spruce he saw Dan Cole on the other side of the street walking home. The storekeeper's white-trimmed vest was filled with good living. He turned when he saw Burdock's straight-lined walk and followed, desiring to be a safe witness to a thing he would fear to be a part of. When Burdock crossed the white-shelled surface of Bay, he saw two young men who had been in Lunk's that afternoon. One nudged for the other's attention and both stepped out briskly in Burdock's wake.

He walked into Slade's. He would look into each place on his way down to Water Street. There were four men at this bar. He saw one turn and speak to the others. They glanced at Burdock.

BURDOCK asked, "You've seen Earl Stone?"

There was a negative answer which Burdock recognized as fearful. Little men, he thought, and paid for his drink and walked out. Three at the bar collected their change and followed.

Burdock was not conscious of the trail behind him which grew after he left Steve's place, and turned up Church Alley. A drunk, strolling up the middle of this alley, stumbled out of the way of the little procession—but his senses were keyed to what was happening.

He shouted, "Burdock!" The roar of his voice echoed in the alley.

Burdock stopped. He turned to the man, and knowing that this man had news, waited.

"You looking for Earl Stone? Well, he's a frien' of mine. I won't tell you where he is."

"Then don't," Burdock said and walked on.

The man shouted after him, "He's in Lunk's. Where'd you think he'd be?"

Burdock walked into Lunk's. The commotion made by the entrance of those who followed him, brought faces about, and this ripple ran the length of the bar. The one break in this wave was Earl Stone's back. He kept his back to Burdock, even as Burdock stood behind him.

This was Stone's nerve—his way of getting the edge over Burdock. Burdock felt it, felt the moments in the past when Stone had maneuvered for this advantage.

He spoke softly. The voices in the room died. He said, now standing on Stone's left, "There are two endings to your story, Earl. One is a lie."

Stone turned quickly. Then he caught himself. He said with insolence, "How're things, Tom?" He looked at the new suit and smiled. "Pretty," he said.

Burdock said, "You spoke of a man from Lubec? You forgot to say that man is leaving town—for his health. He couldn't take it in this town. He's leaving for the north, for the big timber, clear across the state."

Stone held his smile, but too stiffly.

NO FUELING

Don't be a mole, nor yet a mule,
And count on your accustomed fuel
To keep your teeth from chattering
Next winter, while you wait for spring.
Convert to coal, or plan to stay
Continuously in the hay.
And if you haven't got the money
To switch, then pray the weather's sunny.

MARGARET FISHBACK

Then he turned away. "You don't want to make trouble, Burdock, in front of half the town. It wouldn't look so good, for a solid citizen like you, a married man."

Burdock said, "That starts tomorrow. Tonight I'm still a tramp, like you. And we'll settle things the way we always have. You weren't so particular where you spilled your story, so you can call it a lie here as well as anywhere. I'm calling it that now."

Stone swung around, speaking as he turned. "Call it," he said.

Burdock saw the direction of his mind and changed it by saying in a voice others could hear without strain. "You were thrown out of that house by the man who owned it—that got under your skin. You were turned down by a girl who thinks you're a cheap blowhard. That hurt your pride."

Stone laughed.

Burdock ignored it. He said, very clearly, "You told me a story about a door—a cellar door. That door was never opened by you."

The laugh faded from Stone's mouth. He reached for his belt knife and jerked it above his head. Burdock moved in fast, caught Stone's arm with his right, crossed his left under it and caught his own arm, bringing pressure to this arm lock. He heard Stone grunt as the arm bent back. The knife fell to the floor and someone kicked it aside with a word of disgust.

Naked now, without his weapon, Stone used everything he had to stop Burdock. He forked his fingers into Burdock's throat. He slashed out with the edge of his hand. He jammed his knee into Burdock's stomach.

Burdock walked into this, a slow-moving force, until his right struck out in two quick, pistonlike blows. Stone swayed, breathing hard. His whole body seemed to be searching for air. He made one more lunge toward Burdock—a futile, weak stab—and stumbled to the floor.

As he left the place, a kid at the door said, "Gee, Mr. Burdock, that was good."

Mr. Burdock. He smiled to himself as he walked up Walnut to Maple. The noise of Lunk's was an echo now—old as the town and as familiar—but with this one difference: It was no longer to him as it used to be, the heart of the town.

"MR. BURDOCK," Thompson, the mill owner said at the supper table, "we'll be able to carry a million feet of timber in that basin of ours—now that we have a good mill boss. You start next week, instead of next month."

"Mr. Burdock," Mrs. Thompson said, "we want you and Judy to have supper with us next Saturday."

"Mr. Burdock," Judy said, two hours later. "I love you. And I'm so glad you're not going away from me again." Then she said, seriously, "Ed told me you had a fight this afternoon—over a woman."

Burdock said, "That's right."

"You shouldn't have. There was no cause for it, Tom."

Burdock said, "It's done." He saw Judy looking at him with approval.

He turned from her as he heard Ed walking up the cellar stairs. He went to the door and held it up for him. He could see the landing light, high and bright. He knew that beyond that light was the slanting hatchway to the outside of the house. He made no move to look at it. He said to Ed, "Can I give you a hand?"

Ed nodded. "You take this armful and I'll get another."

Burdock carried the wood to the kitchen box and dumped it. He spoke to Judy standing there by the stove. He said, "There's another way of fighting for a woman. I'm starting that tomorrow."

THE END

Hot Seats

Continued from page 15

foreign policy and war preparations but saying nothing. Today he's strong for winning the war "as soon as possible." Says he, "I am dedicated to all objectives to that end. I have supported and voted for all war measures and appropriations and will continue to do so." And it's just as well that Mr. Englebright is that way.

But the job of licking these erstwhile isolationists has been miserably handled. Mr. Roosevelt's own political magic has not been available to be the guiding star for local political fumblers. Those who would carry his support to the eager opponents of the silent but far-from-dead isolationists have made sickly messes of it, like sending the bat boy to hit for Ted Williams against Bob Feller. Not so good.

Not that there would be much hope, in any case, of defeating the apparently indestructible Arthur Capper, senator from Kansas who is about to succeed himself once more. But the Administration would throw away its last tire for very joy were so powerful a war-stopped isolationist as the Honorable Mr. Capper retired. Mr. Capper voted against naval appropriations, the strategic war materials bill, against permitting the Navy to increase its airplanes to the staggering number of 6,000, against Selective Service, Lend-Lease and the draft extension. He voted to continue the arms embargo, to limit our Armed Forces to the Western Hemisphere and to keep our ships out of combat zones.

A Great Temptation

In brief he's been quite a pain in the Administration's neck. But although he's not given to hearty laughter, his temptation must be great to haw haw straight from the belly as he views the efforts of some of the Administration's errand boys to upset his strictly ciderless applecart. Mr. Capper is still a prohibitionist too.

"Why turn this country into an armed camp?" crackled the aging Mr. Capper, opposing Selective Service in 1940. "Is it necessary to import the Hitler system into America?"

While Mr. Capper is not exactly what one might call an impulsive man, he leaped into an endorsement of The Committee of One Million, the creation of that remarkable gentleman, the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, and Detroit, Michigan. Mr. Smith was once one of the late Huey Long's sob-singers. After learning his trade on the lower Mississippi he set up in Detroit with his Committee of One Million, a sort of catchall for anti-Semites, isolationists and labor-baiters. He published The Cross and Flag, a friendly competitor of Father Coughlin's Social Justice. We'd like to particularize on the Fascist Mr. Smith but must limit ourself here to his endorsement by Senator Capper when Mr. Smith's COOM came out against the President's foreign policy.

In Scribner's Commentator for February, 1941, Mr. Capper wrote a *Miserere* called Time to Think American. "Whether we like it or not," wrote he, "we should make up our minds that we have to live in the same world as Stalin, Mussolini and Hitler or their successors. There is no reason why we should not have peaceful relations with the world if we cease playing the role of international Meddlesome Mattie and confine our activities to our own proper sphere."

Mr. Capper has vowed publicly "never to vote to send American boys across the seas to fight in other people's wars." So these are exceedingly embarrassing days for Mr. Capper who, contrary to the Administration's hopes, will doubtless be returned to the Senate.

If you still persist in being surprised by anything happening these days or in making predictions, you need medical attention or something. You may make what you choose out of this, though: At the moment, the government is even more concerned about gentlemen like Mr. Rankin than it is about quondam isolationists.

Due to Negro-baiters like Mr. Rankin, certain elements of that race are regarded by Herr Hitler's agents as ripe for dissension seeding. They are assuming, not without some reason, that the Negro's loyalty has not been strengthened by our Rankins and that some Negroes might be willing to co-operate with Axis agents. All of our intelligence and police agencies are watching narrowly and listening intently.

Thus far, however, the Negro has been a better exponent of democracy than our Rankins. And that's something to cheer one up, isn't it?

Another article on the antics of our lawmakers will appear in an early issue.

Write him today!

REMEMBER—he likes to get letters from home as much as you like to get letters from him. So write—and write often.

Today the fountain pen is an essential on all fronts of this war—in maintaining morale at home as well as with the fighting men—in the education of students now going back to school—in the conduct of America's war industries. Waterman's is meeting today's situation by providing the finest pens and inks in the company's history—while making every effort to conserve the nation's precious materials.

Waterman's Commando... *the New Super-Pen.* Specially built for speeded-up America. Tough, fast, dependable, with real military clip, it's the pen for servicemen, students, *everyone*, and priced at only **$5.** Other Waterman's $2.95, $3.50, $8.75 and up.

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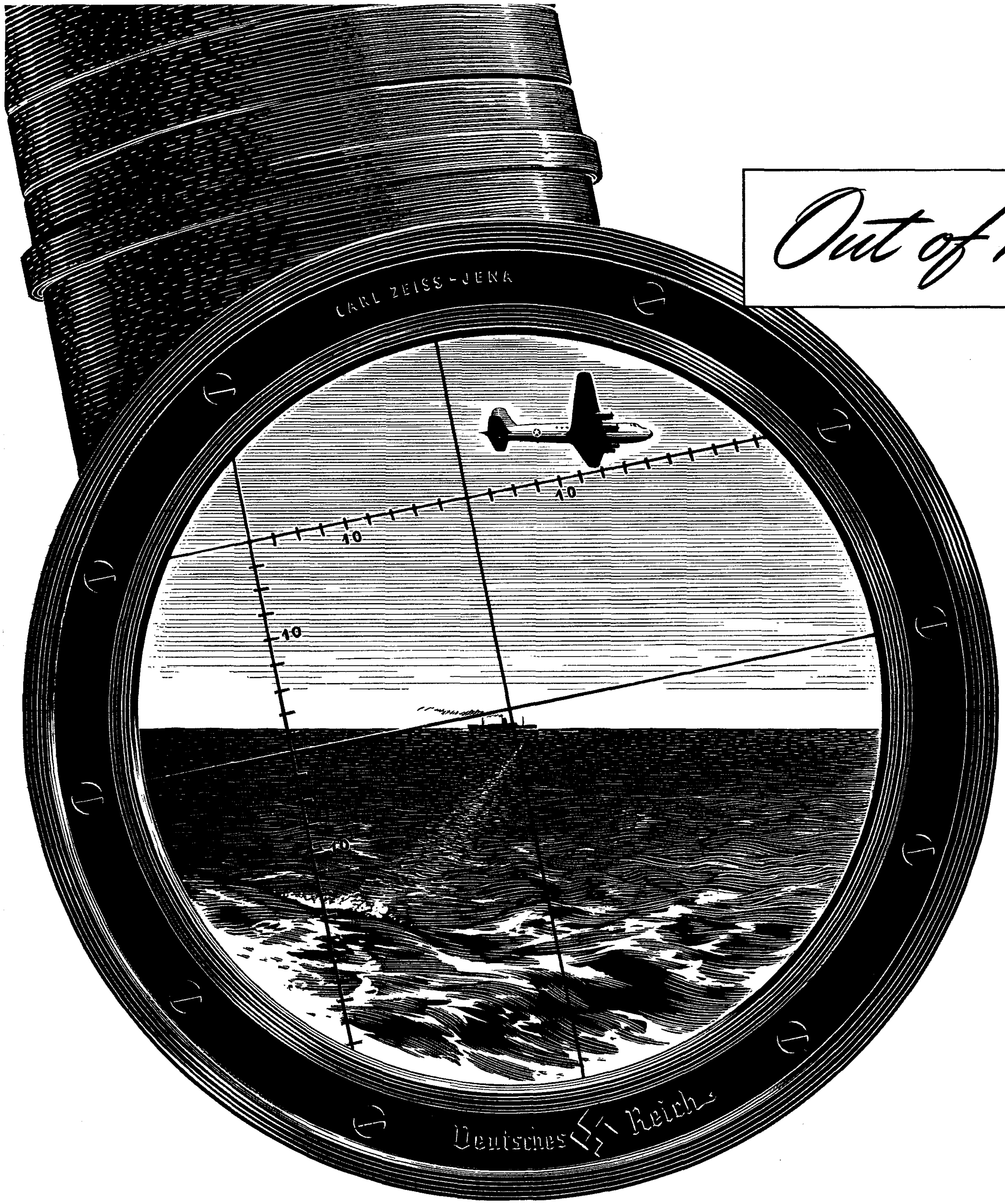
TO FILL PEN WHEN INK IS LOW
STAND BOTTLE ON SIDE



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Above the war clamor for air-borne cargo this fact stands out crystal clear: Douglas has built, is building and will continue to build in ever greater volume two and four engine cargo carriers that *today* are "delivering the goods" out of the range of submarines. Already bridging time and distance in this global war, Douglas fleets of combat transports will soon become mighty airmadas of supply to overwhelm the enemy wherever he may be.

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All Those Beautiful Things

By "0-477891" of the Army of the U. S.

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

ALL morning he mooned round the hotel room.

"There's some letters," she suggested.

"No," he said. "You answer 'em. Tell 'em—just say I'm in the Army and now—and so on."

He lay down on the bed and shielded his eyes with his arm.

"The agent called," she said. "You owe two short stories and one short short."

"I promised no such thing," he said. "And besides, I haven't got any stories. You can't write a story if you haven't got one. And if you do, you're just writing it for the money. And if you do that, first thing you know, you're a heel, and all you've got is the money. And you don't even have that. You have nothing left and . . ."

"I know," she said. "Let's go down to lunch."

After lunch it was the same. They lay on the twin beds in the heat.

"Besides," he said suddenly, "when you're in the Army you're not supposed to write—not unless you submit everything through channels. Now look at Billy Mitchell. He wrote . . ."

"I know, dear," she said. "I remember."

She blew out her breath. "I don't see why we have to come to this old hotel—no air conditioning or anything."

He turned on his side. "It's good luck," he said. "I sold my first novel from here. I just feel it's good luck."

She got up and pulled the Venetian blinds so that the room was darker. Then she lay down again.

"I don't see why they have to send you three thousand miles away," she said. "You'd think the Army . . ."

"Try telling the general that. I only work here."

"Well, you won't like it."

"I know I won't. It'll be stinko. Lousy. But the war won't last forever."

"This, too, shall change."

"Uh-huh."

They were quiet, then she said, "Anyhow, we've had ten good years."

"Ten the second of December. Pretty good, on the whole."

"Only pretty good?"

He lay still. Then he laughed. "Anyhow, I gave you a darned good courtship," he said. "Flowers—and took you to the opera in a top hat—and let you turn me down three or four times."

"You were nice, and understanding."

"You're right I was! But every nice girl should have the right to say no three times. It does things for her."

"I didn't really mean to turn you down. When you're a girl—you're just scared—and mixed up."

"Sure," he said. "Well, I'm glad you got us unmixed up."

She got up from the bed and kissed him. He looked up at her for a long time. Then he stroked her forehead.

"You keep pretty good," he said. "The wrinkles hardly show."

She smiled. He studied her face.

"What's the stuff on your eye?"

"Poison ivy lotion," she said.

"I thought your face was a bit lopsided. It does look puffed up. You ought to take care of it."

She got up quickly and began brushing her hair before the mirror Then she laughed, suddenly. He came up from half-drowsing.

"What's funny now?"

"Oh," she said, "all those beautiful things."

"What beautiful things?"

"The beautiful things in your books. The things the men say to the girls—in the love scenes—the things you write. I don't see how you do it."

He stared at the ceiling. "I guess I just pull them out of the air," he said.

He lay still until he fell asleep. He woke when he heard the shower going. She came out in a fresh linen dress.

"I feel cooler now," she said brightly. "Shall we go down to dinner?"

"Do you want dinner?"

"Not particularly."

"Neither do I. You know, I think we all eat too much. Going without a meal—it's good for you. Think of all the people . . ."

"I know," she said.

SHE turned off the light and they lay on the beds, watching the glow on the ceiling. At last he switched on the lamp.

"Well," he said. "I guess—it's time."

"Will you call a boy? You're all packed. Watch your handkerchiefs. I got you some new ones. Hand-rolled hems. They're too good to lose."

"Of course," he said. "Of course."

In the taxi she said, "We'll just make it in nice time. I hate hanging around in a station."

"Sure," he said. "I'll write you."

They followed the redcap to the gates.

"Quite a crowd," he said. "No use getting into that jam. Well, g'by."

He kissed her quickly.

"Goodby," she said. "Take good care of yourself."

"Of course."

He went through the gate, and then he saw her beside the railing. He pushed through to her.

"Say," he shouted. "They were all for you."

"What?"

He held the rail.

"All those beautiful things. Every darned one of them. Really—there couldn't have been one of them without you. You know that, don't you?"

"Of course I do."

He grinned, and blew out his breath. "Well," he said.

He held up his thumb.

"Sure," she said. "Same to you, Cap'n."

She held up her thumb in answer, then watched him as he went down the steps.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

"Goodby," she said. "Take good care of yourself." . . . "Of course." He went through the gate, and then he saw her beside the railing. He pushed through to her

BURLEY
LATAKIA
CAROLINA
PERIQUE
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From rim to heel of your pipe bowl—REVELATION smokes sweet, even and gentle. There's no "bite" in this wonderfully balanced blend! Just try a tin of REVELATION today—only 15¢!

LEFT: Ordinary mixture . . . 1-cut tobacco mats down . . . keeps heat — causes soggy heel.

RIGHT: REVELATION. Five different cuts pack perfectly — pipe "breathes" — burns cool!

BURLEY (cool burning) **CAROLINA** (adds sparkle) **VIRGINIA** (rich body) **LATAKIA** (spicily aromatic flavor) **PERIQUE** (champagne of tobaccos)

A Product of PHILIP MORRIS

Deceiving Clothes

Continued from page 16

she lived in New York, would be bought at some big store. The coat wasn't new and the label wouldn't mean anything. Maybe whoever killed her took out the label; she might have did it herself. My idea, she didn't want people to know who she was. Well, if she come from somewhere else, where is her baggage?"

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"Turn in a report I don't know nothing to do."

When we came out of the building, Vito Carlucci was standing across the street watching us. He turned and went quickly into the tenement.

"There's one thing you can do," I said. "You can watch Vito Carlucci. He's plainly a lady's man. His wife's much in love with him and no doubt she is jealous. I don't know what the situation may have been, but it's easy to imagine one in which a woman might embarrass Carlucci. There was blood in the hall but we found none in the rooms and it could have got in the hall as readily if she had been killed in Carlucci's room as if it had been Gallo's."

"You always got suspects."

HE WENT back to headquarters. I went there in the morning, but nothing was happening; so I went back there next day. I met him just leaving.

"Any progress?" I asked.

"I don't guess it is progress. We found a new landlady."

"How did you find her?"

"A guy told a cop on a corner that he had a room next to a girl that called herself Antoinette Romano. He seen the name in the newspaper."

I went along with him. The place was about half a mile from where Gallo lived. The landlady didn't want to let us in.

"Listen, lady!" O'Malley said to her. "You want I should send a couple of uniform cops around here three or four times a day to stand on your front steps asking you questions?"

She showed us the room. It faced on the street. There wasn't any baggage in it.

"Didn't that lady have a trunk or anything?" O'Malley asked the landlady.

"She had only a traveling bag. She took everything with her."

"How long did she stay here?"

"Three days."

There was a small restaurant across the street. We went across to it and O'Malley showed the girl's picture.

"This lady ever eat here?" he asked the proprietor.

"Not that I know of. The waiter will know."

He sent for the waiter, who looked at the picture and then shook his head.

"She never was in here."

We were leaving the place when I had an idea. "Do you know Vito Carlucci?" I asked the proprietor.

"Yes; he eats in here sometimes."

"There, O'Malley!" I exclaimed.

"You're good! We'll go talk with Carlucci, but I was going there anyway."

We went to the tenement. Carlucci wasn't at home but his wife Rosa was, and she seemed very nervous.

"Where's your husband?" O'Malley asked her.

"I don't know."

The young man Vanutti had come out on the stairs. "Carlucci didn't come home last night," he informed us.

"There's your case, O'Malley!" I cried. "Flight is one of the strongest proofs of guilt."

"Say! You get better and better."

We took Rosa to the precinct house for questioning. There was no one in the detectives' room, so we took her in there. O'Malley questioned her a long while, and she wept but she wouldn't say anything. Then a uniformed cop came in, bringing a suitcase.

"You find that guy you were looking for?" O'Malley asked him.

"Yeah, we found him all right, but we got there too late."

He put down the suitcase and went out again.

"Well," O'Malley invited me, "I and you'll go eat. You stay here," he told Rosa.

We went to a lunchroom. We were drinking our coffee when a police car with two plain-clothes cops in it pulled up outside. O'Malley went out and talked with them, and then motioned to me. We all got in the police car and drove to the tenement. We were getting out of the car when we noticed a taxicab that had just pulled away; so we jumped back in the car and followed it. It went pretty fast but we paid no attention to lights. When we'd almost caught up with it, a man jumped out of it while it was still moving and ran in between two buildings and we piled out and followed him. We searched a long while before we found Tony Lero hiding in one of the basements.

"Was it Lero who killed her, O'Malley?" I asked.

"Right—but I ain't got the whole of it yet."

We took Tony to the precinct house and O'Malley and one of the cops took him into the captain's office and I went into the detectives' room to wait for the end of it. Rosa Carlucci was still there and a couple of plain-clothes cops were with her, and Vito Carlucci was there too. They were just coming out of the room as I went into it. Then O'Malley came to me.

"I don't get this," I told him.

"That dead kid was Tony Lero's wife but his name isn't Lero. Panetta his right name is, and hers was Antoinette Panetta."

"A. P.," I declared; "on the ring."

"You said it! Tony and Antoinette and that pretty kid Maria that Tony was living with all come from Buffalo. Maria Biondo the kid's right name is, and she is married to a guy in Buffalo, about three times as old as her, who is called John Biondo. Maria and Tony got in love, and she left her husband and he left his wife, and they come to New York and called themselves Lero so nobody would find 'em."

"I see."

"SURE. Well, some Italian from Buffalo was in New York, and he seen Tony and Maria in that restaurant I and you went to. When he got home, he told Antoinette where he'd seen her husband. Well, the business stood this way: Antoinette hadn't got out of love with her husband because he'd run off with Maria; she wanted him back. First she made that Italian promise he wouldn't tell nobody else; then she sold all her things so she would have money; then she come to New York and got that room across from the restaurant where she could watch the restaurant."

"Why?"

"She figured if Tony and Maria had ate there one time, they might eat there again. After she'd been watching for a few days, she seen Tony and Maria go into the restaurant; so she waited till they come out, and she followed and found where they lived and she took that room we first went to, so she could watch the place. The afternoon she got killed, she seen Maria and Rosa Carlucci come out and go away somewhere; she'd been waiting for that. So then she went across to see Tony and carry out the plan she'd been figuring on."

"What was her plan?"

"Why, John Biondo, that Maria is married to, is one of them Italian boss-guys that keeps everybody afraid of him. Quite a few times he's been suspected of murder, but they never could prove it. When Tony run away with his wife, Biondo give out to everybody that when he found out where Tony was, he was going to knock him off. So Antoinette give her husband his choice in the matter: Either he would leave Maria and go away somewhere with her, or she'd follow him and Maria wherever they went, and she'd send word to Biondo, and Biondo'd push Tony across."

"A clever woman!" I stated.

"What do you mean—'clever'? She got herself murdered. Tony's afraid of Biondo and in love with Maria; he couldn't see no way out of his trouble but to knock his wife off. Vito Carlucci heard 'em quarreling and come upstairs to see what the trouble was, and he opened Tony's door just in time to see the murder. So Tony told Carlucci, if he give out any information, he'd kill him. Tony's no soft guy, and Carlucci was afraid of him. Then Maria and Rosa Carlucci come back, and the dead girl was still there. So Tony told the Carluccis all about it."

"Didn't Gallo have anything to do with it?"

"His horse and wagon had to do with it; he didn't. That Gallo spends his evenings in wineshops; when he goes to sleep, he sleeps like a dead guy. They waited till everybody in the house had went to bed and Gallo was asleep. Then Tony and Vito took the girl to the shed and put her in a barrel they found there and used Gallo's horse and wagon to take her to the East River. They never thought of us tracing the barrel. Tony had took the label out of her case because it showed she come from Buffalo, and the things in the room that had got blood on 'em they took along with 'em and left round in trash cans."

"Some case!" I ejaculated.

"Why, if we'd knew Antoinette was Tony's wife, there'd have been nothing to it. We couldn't find out about these people because they had no police records. Antoinette called herself Romano when she come to New York, so Biondo wouldn't learn where she'd went and follow her to Tony. Everybody around there believed Tony and Maria was married; they'd met all them people since they came to New York. We ain't yet found Antoinette's trunk; we'll find the trunk later. I figure, not knowing what she was going to do, she left the trunk with some express company; but just now, while we was questioning Tony, cops searched his place and found the stiletto."

"How did you learn all this, O'Malley?"

"Well, the girl got killed in that building. If Gallo didn't do it, then somebody else there did. You yourself seen Carlucci acted frightened and suspicious, and you thought that meant he done the murder. I thought it might only mean he knew who done it. We questioned him and his wife plenty, and they wouldn't talk; and in this kind of case, if people stand up like that under questioning, it's usually because they're afraid they'll get killed. I couldn't see no way to make Carlucci talk, but I thought we might make Rosa."

"That's a part of it," I declared, "which I don't understand."

"Yeah? Because you ain't the kind of guy that would look in some other guy's baggage."

THE suitcase was still there. I went over and opened it. Vito Carlucci's striped suit was in it, and there were cuts in the coat and it was covered with blood.

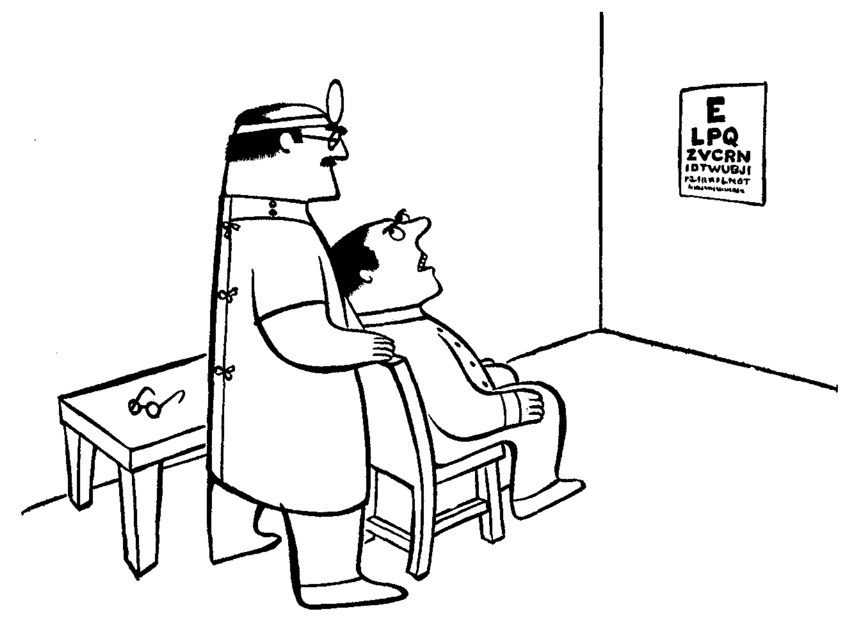
"What does this mean?" I asked, a little bewildered.

"Are you that dumb? First we picked Carlucci up and held him as a witness without anybody knowing it. Then we pretended to be looking for him. I and you brought Rosa in here and questioned her as to where her husband was. While we was doing that, a cop went to their place and got Carlucci's suitcase. We had give Carlucci another suit to wear 'so he wouldn't get his good clothes dirty,' and we cut holes in his coat and put some calf's blood on it. Then a cop brought in the suitcase. Then we left Rosa Carlucci alone with it. We knew she'd recognize the suitcase and be sure to look in it. While I and you was getting something to eat, cops took Rosa into the captain's office. She thought Tony had knocked her husband off to keep him from talking, and she handed 'em the whole story."

"The case could hardly have been solved in any other way," I decided. "O'Malley, you deserve commendation."

"Say! It's a pity you ain't the one that gives out those commends. The guys that do it would go blind if they tried to see me."

THE END



COLLIER'S "Who the hell writes your stuff?" VIRGIL PARTCH

War-time car use can ruin your battery

Funny thing about that battery of yours...idleness can ruin it.

You can save oil, gas, rubber, general wear-and-tear by *not* using your car; but to save your battery you've got to use it.

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The Madagascar Muddle

Continued from page 18

the island's 40,000 Europeans and 3,758,338 Indo-Melanesian natives.

Madagascar is roughly shaped like a Dutch shoe with a flat straight sole. On its northern toe lies Diégo-Suarez—a harbor split by four promontories into the shape of a four-leafed clover with a narrow entrance guarded by naval guns ranging in size from 6½ to 11 inches. The port itself, except for huge anchorage facilities, isn't much, its 350-foot wharf, with a couple of ancient steam-driven cranes, being capable merely of berthing a small freighter or two. The floating dry dock could just about accommodate a 4,000-ton steamer, and the whole business does not constitute anything like the naval base that desk-side experts back home described.

A road runs from Diégo-Suarez along the vamp of the Dutch shoe to the west-coast port called Majunga, winds up the plateau to the capital, Tananarive, and continues south to the southern extremity of the island with branches coming up from Tamatave and Fort Dauphin, east-coast ports, and from Morondava and Tuléar on the west coast. There's one dinky railroad running from Tamatave to the capital, but there are plenty of good airports all over the island and, should the enemy obtain them, they'd be within bombing range of Nairobi, Mombasa, Durban and Cape Town.

Madagascar's climate is more typically African than Africa's, with as much as 100 inches of rain and with jungle heat. This means fevers and, for white men, as lazy a life as possible.

For the most part, Frenchmen on the island marked time, drawing government pay against the day when they would be retired and returned to La Belle France.

This is an important political factor. Frenchmen on Madagascar, the Allies had good reason to believe, were sympathetic to the Allied cause. But at the same time they couldn't openly come out for De Gaulle. This would imperil their government pay, their pensions, their retirements. Had they been spared the pain of making a choice they'd have welcomed the occupation and co-operated fully with the Allies.

May 4th had been hotter than usual with threatening thunder in the sultry monsoon, and Diégo-Suarez's guardians, particularly Vichy's commandant, Captain Mertens, went to bed satisfied that Diégo-Suarez was impregnable even against eastern attack through Courrier Bay, which bites deeply into Diégo-Suarez Peninsula and provides beaches for landing an enemy force.

Vichy Guardians Caught Napping

Courrier Bay is protected by a treacherous coral reef and dominated by a hill whose rough outlines so closely resemble the traditional home of English kings that it was named Windsor Castle. Canny Mertens mounted a battery of 6½-inch guns on the hill's thousand-foot summit, and thereby turned, he thought, the key in the lock of the back door. He felt that only a fool or a madman would attempt to lead a fleet into Courrier Bay by night, for he'd mined the bay too. There wasn't any watch, therefore, on Windsor Castle the night of May 4th as heat-bedeviled Frenchmen torpidly rolled into their beds.

Off the arc of reefs guarding the entrance to Courrier Bay, however, a small sailship hovered. There was a tall, lean officer beside the tiller, wearing the zigzag gold braid of a lieutenant of the British Royal Naval Reserve. It's a military secret how he came to be there, but he knew every point in the reef, every mark and sounding as intimately as Leatherstocking knew Cooper's woods, and he knew, too, the location of the bay's mines.

The lieutenant was waiting at the rendezvous. He listened, heard nothing; looked and saw nothing though he had conditioned his eyes to see in the dark for months, preparing for that night's work. He knew no more than his orders; he hadn't any means of confirming whether those he awaited would keep the appointment. At last came the signal lamp of the British destroyer appointed to lead the British fleet and merchantmen carrying 25,000 troops.

The destroyer answered his confirmation signal and followed the lieutenant's vessel in dropping buoys showing a dim blue light seaward. Once inside the reef, mine sweepers came in, swept the channel and bay, and assault vessels and troop carriers got within effective range of land.

Mertens was awakened on the gray morning of the fifth when fleet air-arm machines bombed his airdrome, destroyed his seven bombers and a handful of Potez fighters. Courrier Bay's battery never spoke. Their crews found themselves with the stilettos of Commando troops at their gizzards.

A hundred Britons died, at least 300 were wounded in the 48 hours of fighting which ensued. We'll know some day what the defenders' losses were, but nearly 3,000 were captured including 500 French sailors and officers. Mertens and the entire Diégo-Suarez provincial administration were captured. That was the brilliant beginning. According to plan, the second half of the job of the shock troops who captured Courrier Bay and its battery would have been the seizing of Tamatave. They'd lost only two or three men, were in full strength and itching to plunge ahead. They'd have been largely unopposed, because the French had concentrated the greater part of their strength on Diégo-Suarez Peninsula, and organized resistance had broken with the capture of the harbor defenses. But the Commandos were condemned at the last moment merely to police the occupied ground. The British attack simmered down mysteriously to the broadcasting of propaganda.

Vichy counterpropaganda was exceedingly clever. French-language broadcasts emanating from Tananarive are noncommittally banal and can by stretching points be construed as favorable to the Allies.

Encourage Native Insurrection

But the Malagasy broadcast to the natives from the same station was calculated to arouse resistance throughout the island. It is known there is at least one regiment of the French Foreign Legion in the interior. An Englishman with twenty years of experience and intimate knowledge of the Malagasy language told me these broadcasts persistently call on natives to fight the "enemies of France" and rally men to the colors. Broadcasts supplement bulletins posted in villages advising chiefs to rally in defense of the island. A selective system enables the administration to choose loyal soldiers, reject those thought to be friendly to the British or otherwise unreliable. Since the day when the British might have overrun the island at will, Madagascar's Vichyites have built up considerable resistance, military and political.

This centers around Governor Armand Annet, hand-picked Laval man placed in strategic Madagascar six months after the collapse of France because his predecessor was an Anglophile. Chief of the island's civil servants, and as anxious to insure his pay and pension as his subordinates, he refers every British overture to Laval, and it's a simple guess what Laval replies. The British, however, have re-

"I gave the man a bundle for China and they washed it and sent it back"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

I thought I was a WISE GUY!

Like a lot of other fellows, I used to take what I thought was a "he-man's" laxative... And, boy, what awful punishment I'd take with it! The stuff tasted terrible — and acted worse. It was just *too strong!*

Then I switched to another brand. It tasted pretty bad, too. But I wouldn't have minded *that* so much, if it had done me any good. The trouble was I didn't get the proper relief. It was just *too mild!*

Finally, a friend suggested Ex-Lax!..."It's so easy to take," he said. "Ex-Lax tastes like chocolate and it works like a charm!"... Well, I tried it and I knew right away that I'd found *MY* laxative. Ex-Lax is not too strong, not too mild — it's *just right!*

Try the "HAPPY MEDIUM" Laxative!

Ex-Lax is effective, all right—but effective in a *gentle* way. It won't weaken or upset you. It won't make you feel bad afterwards.

— it's not too strong!

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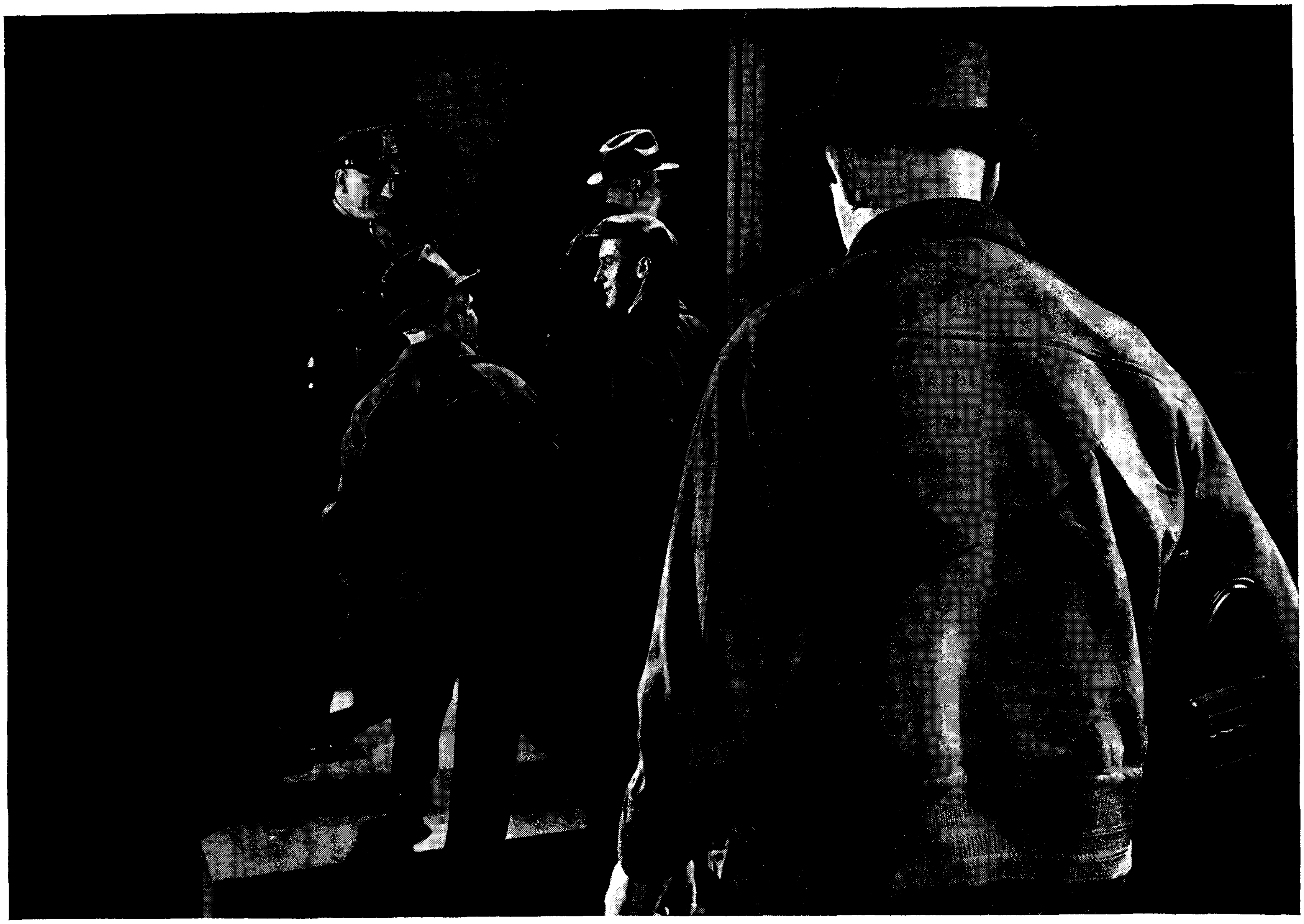

Unwilling Saboteur

● No one has whispered to him, "Slow down, Jack." He just hasn't heart left to keep up the pace.

Last week he was top producing punch press operator in a bomber plant—like every good American, doing more than his share. Then driving home one night his tired eyes fluttered shut . . . opened a split second too late . . . and that oncoming car was a twisted wreck. Now gnawing worry is making Jack an unwilling saboteur. He's wasting precious man hours for bombers. He can't keep his mind on his work.

His treasured savings will pay a small part of the stiff judgment against him. But what about the rest? His earnings will be mortgaged for years to come . . . because he thought he didn't need insurance on his car.

What happened to Jack is happening every day. It can happen to you . . . if your car is not insured.

Now More Than Ever, You Can't Afford Needless Risks

explained by G. J. Mecherle
Founder and Chairman of the Board
State Farm Mutual Automobile
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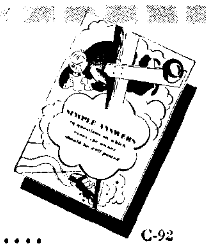

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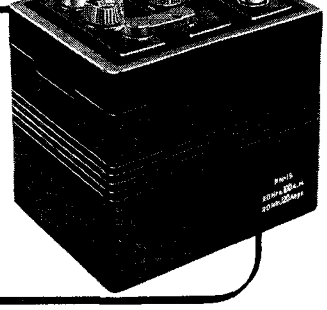

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frained from bombing Tananarive and other broadcasting stations which make this buck-passing possible. Annet shrewdly sees to it that the British are unable to capitalize on the smoldering native resentment of French deposal of Madagascar's queen in 1896, exercising his authority through the Foreign Legion and 2,000 Senegalese regulars and a score of economic pressures at his command.

But the swivel-chair strategists in Whitehall continue to insist in all seriousness that the French fear arming the natives, when military and naval people having direct knowledge—they captured two Japanese officers on the island in the Diégo-Suarez raid—insist that the enemy could come to support Annet's garrison whenever their plans so require. Continuance of a policy of appeasement means continuance of sinkings in Mozambique Channel and time for the Axis to work out plans to supply arms to the natives and anti-Britons. Should Annet find the natives untractable, he could move in the necessary troops to establish a base for assault against the African continent.

The Old Umbrella Policy

London seems convinced, however, that the baksheesh policy will work. This policy seems to be to trade the manufactured goods the island requires in exchange for the island's loyalty to the United Nations.

Meanwhile, enemy raiders and submarines, accompanied by supply ships, openly operate in Mozambique Channel. There's no proof that either raiders or submarines are directly based on the heavily indented Madagascan coast. But there's no proof either (and this I know from conversations with shipwrecked captains of American, Greek and Dutch ships arriving in Lourenço Marques) that the Allies are maintaining adequate patrols against raiders.

So if the British can't spot assailants, how can they be certain that the Madagascan coast isn't being used for bases? Moreover, there are plenty of coastwise dhows, which used to be engaged in trade as far north as the Persian Gulf ports and all along the African east coast, and are now idle. They would be glad to furnish submarines and raiders with food, water and Diesel oil at rendezvous on the reefy island archipelagos spread along the channel.

One of the most important overtones of the political phases involved in Madagascar concerns De Gaulle. The attackers had strictest orders not to mention De Gaulle when they took Diégo-Suarez. This was to be purely a British venture. The reason is that in Madagascar, as elsewhere, De Gaulle, though admired as a military genius, isn't popular, and the Free French movement pivoted on his tall, cold, unFrench figure is doomed to failure. It was his hesitancy to kill what he called fellow Frenchmen that balked the Dakar expedition, and complicated the occupation of Djibouti, which had informed London it was willing to play ball but without De Gaulle.

It was a shock for the Commandos to listen to London's British Broadcasting Corporation shortly after Diégo-Suarez was captured and hear that the Free French were co-operating. Perhaps De Gaulle has interfered again. Perhaps, say disgusted naval and army officers, the policy of sweet reasonableness which London has undertaken regarding Madagascar is again due to De Gaulle's insistence on his pound of propaganda flesh.

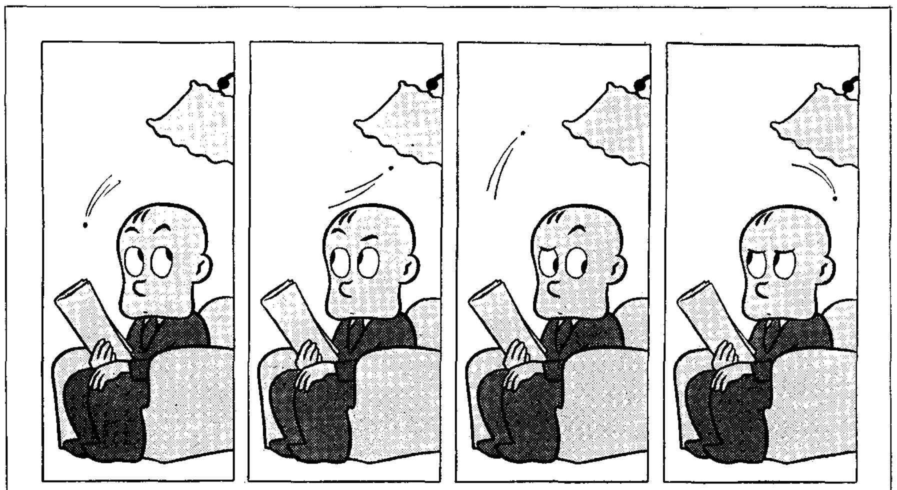
Concerning British policy in Madagascar, one escaped Frenchman said, "What the British are doing is manifestly unfair. Instead of forcing a decision upon islander Frenchmen by a military *fait accompli* and compelling them to collaborate, the British are asking them to forgo voluntarily their allegiance to a government which at the moment has every card in its hand. The only way those people can be influenced to make a voluntary change is for a United Nations victory somewhere to put the issue of the war beyond all doubt, for no matter how much those of us who love democracy may be certain of victory, little Madagascan officials have many misgivings."

Madagascar, like so many other problems faced by the democracies in the last three years, is a purely military one from the Allied point of view. Anything less certain, a highly placed naval officer told me, is sheer lack of realism. With a native, adequately equipped Malagasy army trained and drilled by ruthless Senegalese sergeants who are countryless, and who fight only for a mercenary's rewards, the British position in Diégo-Suarez looks dangerous. The native army mightn't drive them out of Diégo-Suarez, but the perpetual pressure the Malagasy could maintain would cost men, munitions and ships which are needed elsewhere.

The Japanese fleet was neatly forestalled by the occupation of Diégo-Suarez, but much blood may yet be spilled on Madagascar, for the Japs will strive their utmost to render Madagascar a liability rather than an asset.

Only by taking over the whole island can the British have any right to feel secure. The natives who helped locate those two Jap officers are mostly on our side. By showing military strength instead of a political tendency to bargaining and weakness, the British could induce the natives to prevent dhows from servicing enemy marauders and could be organized into an able intelligence system to report enemy ship movements. But it's Smuts' baby now.

THE END



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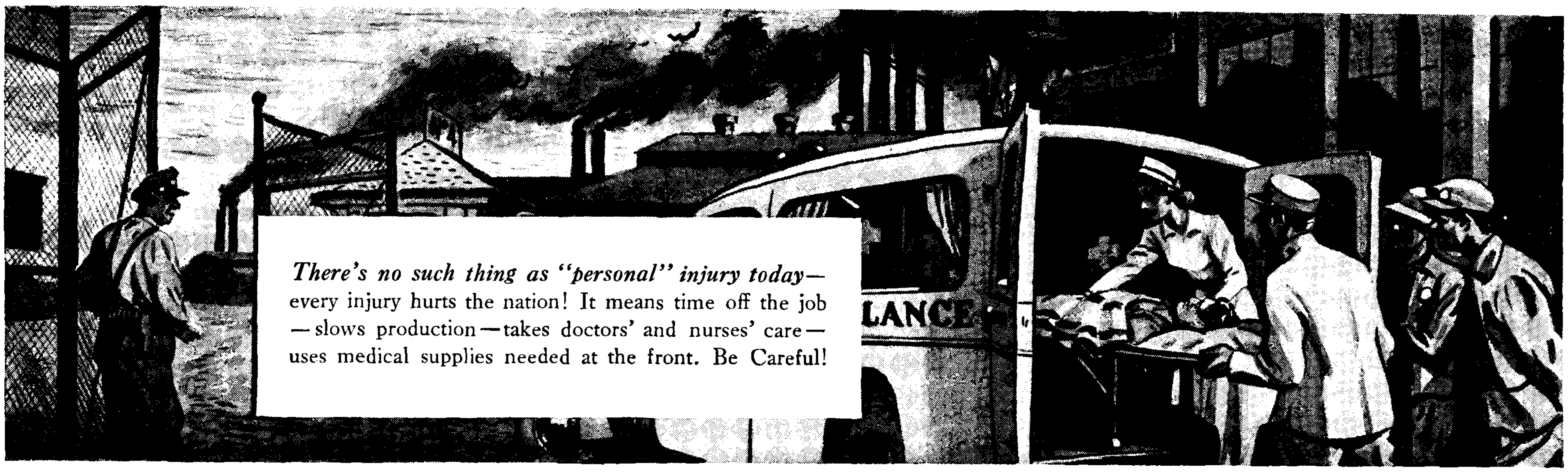
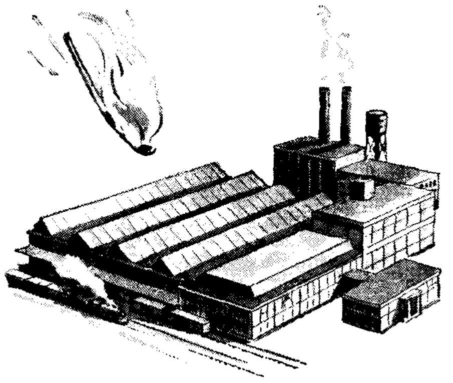
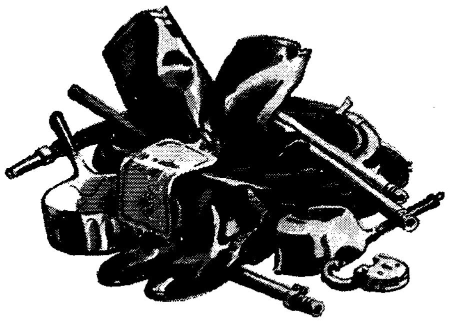


There's no such thing as "personal" injury today—every injury hurts the nation! It means time off the job—slows production—takes doctors' and nurses' care—uses medical supplies needed at the front. Be Careful!

Be Patriotic! Be Careful!



Carelessness with fire can serve our enemies just as well as sabotage or bombing raids. Production time lost now can never be made up. Don't give fire a chance. Be Careful!



Get in the scrap for Victory. Everybody has some scrap metal, scrap rubber or old rags—all needed to help win this war. Collect *your* scrap—get it to your local salvage committee.

Every careless act throws a monkey wrench in our war machine!

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HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Action by Night

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

The Story Thus Far:

DAN STUART, the most powerful cattleman in the War Bonnet area, is plotting to take over Horsehead, a ranch owned by Ben-Tim Howlett. who is far away, in Texas. He contends that the ranch—poorly managed by its foreman. George Pairvent—has, due to certain legal technicalities. become "free land," and that anyone can use it.

Drew Trumbo, a small ranchman, is in love with Stuart's daughter, Ann. He, too, is making plans to gain possession of Horsehead. Stuart detests him.

Suspecting that all is not well at his ranch. Howlett sends Tracy Coleman, his most trusted foreman, to investigate. Coleman soon learns what is happening. He learns, furthermore, that both Stuart and Trumbo have been stealing Howlett's cattle. And—following a series of clashes with the two men (who, despite their enmity, combine against him)—Coleman finds himself engaged in a savage range war.

Living at Horsehead's headquarters are two women: Doña Gertrude. the old Mexican housekeeper; and Valencia Wilder, who, courted by correspondence, has recently arrived to marry Ben Solvay, one of Coleman's new acquaintances. After deciding that he will *not* marry Valencia, Solvay changes his mind. He, too, becomes Coleman's guest; and he is hurt, angry, when he notes that Valencia is becoming very much interested in the Texan. . . .

With a number of their followers. Stuart and Trumbo make a sudden attack on the Horsehead ranch house. Coleman, caught by surprise. tells his men what to do; and he orders the two women to ride away to safety. Unfortunately, a stray bullet kills Doña Gertrude.

Fearing that, if he continues to fight, Valencia may be shot. Coleman—a courageous man—runs away; accompanied by George Pairvent. the hands (Ray Miller, Ed Drum and Baldy Bickle), Valencia and Ben Solvay, he rides high into the near-by mountains. On the trail. a boy known as "Alvy"—a rebellious young puncher who had fled before the fight—rejoins him.

Learning of the cowardly attack, Ann Stuart leaves her father's home; she says she will never return. And the decent people of the "Basin" (as the cattle sector is known) are shocked by the killing of the old Mexican woman. . . .

In a wild canyon. Coleman prepares to defend his little party. "Baldy," he says to Bickle, "ride back through those rocks and keep your eye peeled. We'll stay here until something else seems in the cards."

VII

PAIRVENT grunted, drawing Ray Miller and Ed Drum after him as he moved off. Coleman watched them huddle up near the trees and talk it over. Alvy joined them.

Solvay said, "Want me to pull out now?"

Coleman looked carefully at Ben Solvay. Something stuck in the man's craw and would not budge. He said, himself on edge, "Spit it out, Ben."

"Maybe," suggested Ben Solvay, "I shouldn't have left Valencia on Horsehead with you.'

"You were a fool to leave her on Horsehead," Coleman bluntly told him.

"I took you for an honest man."

Coleman gave Solvay a gray, grim smile. The crankiness of hunger clung to him and influenced the way he talked: "You gave her away when you brought her to me. You're such a pure character that you didn't want her. Now you've decided you do."

Solvay grew red and disturbed and angry. "Never mind me," he said. "I expected you to leave her alone."

"What do you think I've done?"

Solvay wanted to speak out but the thing in his mind needed decent covering before he could show it, and so he searched himself for words. The conversation went on between Pairvent and the rest of the crew, over at the trees; they were in deep debate—Pairvent doing most of the talking. The girl walked idly through the rocky area; she had been watching Solvay and she had at once known. Coleman guessed, that she was being discussed.

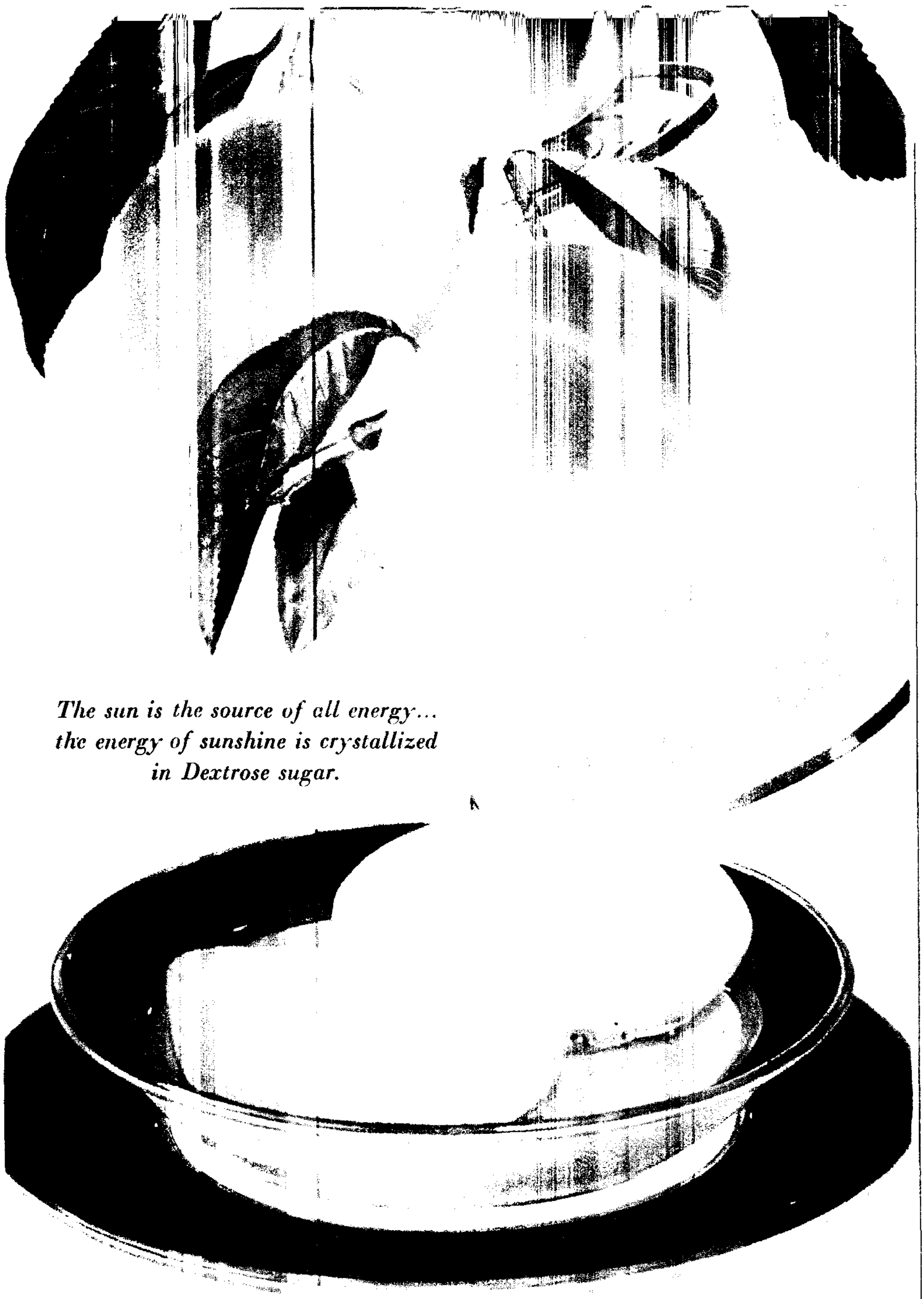
Solvay said, "When you and I stand together in front of her, she looks at you—not at me. If the things I'm thinkin' are right—"

"BEN," said Coleman, "I'll draw a picture of you, and it is nothin' you should be proud of. This girl came to Gateway and you took a look at her and saw she was better than you had a right to expect. That made you suspicious. You drew four aces, so you figured the deal was crooked somewhere. You've been disbelievin' your luck ever since. You brought her to Horsehead on the high and mighty statement that she needed to be safe for a week. You didn't mean it. What you meant was that you had changed your mind about wantin' her. You went away and figured maybe you were through with her. You found you couldn't ride far enough to quit thinkin' about her. Now you're back, wanting to take up a bargain you threw over. You cashed in your chips but you're standin' at the table tryin' to run the game. What the devil are you so proud of, my friend?"

"There's no name on a bullet, but it was your father who started the raid," said Coleman. He shook his head. "I wish you were not here"

Solvay's practical face showed injury and embarrassment. He seemed to restrain himself, he seemed to make himself listen; and then he dropped his head and considered it all—and lifted his glance. "In all that you are right. I want her back."

"Better let her alone, or quit askin' yourself questions." He looked long at this steady, unimaginative man, seeing in him many fine things; but seeing in him, too, that puritanical strain which would hound him and hound the girl. He



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said as a last rough blow: "She's better than you are."

He watched Solvay tramp away; he crouched by the creek with his back to the Horsehead men. Their voices kept murmuring and Pairvent's voice occasionally got sharp. Sunlight broke into the canyon; he turned his glance to the rim and watched it a long while. Pairvent would stick until Pairvent saw a better scheme. Miller would stick because there was a fight coming. Of Ed Drum and Baldy he could form no conclusions. Alvy was a question mark. These were the men he had to depend upon.

He called, "Alvy," without turning his head, and heard the lad's boots crunch along the gravel. Alvy circled and stood near the water's edge before him, tipping his callow, characterless face downward. "Alvy," said Coleman, "I want to give you a chore. This is important."

He had judged the depth of the boy's rank pride; he saw the way it swept across Alvy's face. Alvy said in a guttural voice, "I'll do it."

"Slide down the hill and get where you can watch the ranch. Watch it a long time. I want to know who's there. Middle of the morning now. Be back by the middle of the afternoon."

"I'll do it," said Alvy.

"Alvy," said Coleman, "there's only one important thing about a man. Good man or bad one. When he gives his word he'll stand on his word if it kills him." He didn't look at Alvy, but he knew his tack had effect, for Alvy's voice was guttural with importance. "I'll do it," Alvy repeated, and went away.

Coleman watched Alvy trot to his horse and leave the canyon; the strike of his horse's shoes came back for a little while as clean, tapping runs of sound. Coleman rose, meeting Pairvent and the rest of the crew as they came up. "Sent Alvy down to scout the place," he said.

"A pail with no bottom to fetch water with," said Pairvent. "He's been afraid all mornin'. It was a grease creepin' out on his face. He'll run."

"Maybe he'll grow up."

"He'll run—or he'll get into trouble and die. There is no sense in him," Pairvent said.

"Grow or die," said Coleman. "Time for one thing or the other with him."

He crossed to where the girl stood with Ben Solvay. Something had passed between them. Solvay stood irresolute and troubled before her, a flush on his cheeks. The girl had not changed; this scene was within her grasp. She held it with her self-possession; she had bettered Ben and had left him helpless. She spoke to Coleman: "If Ben takes me out of here you will have one less man. You can't spare a man."

"Not his war," said Coleman. "I want you to go. Now."

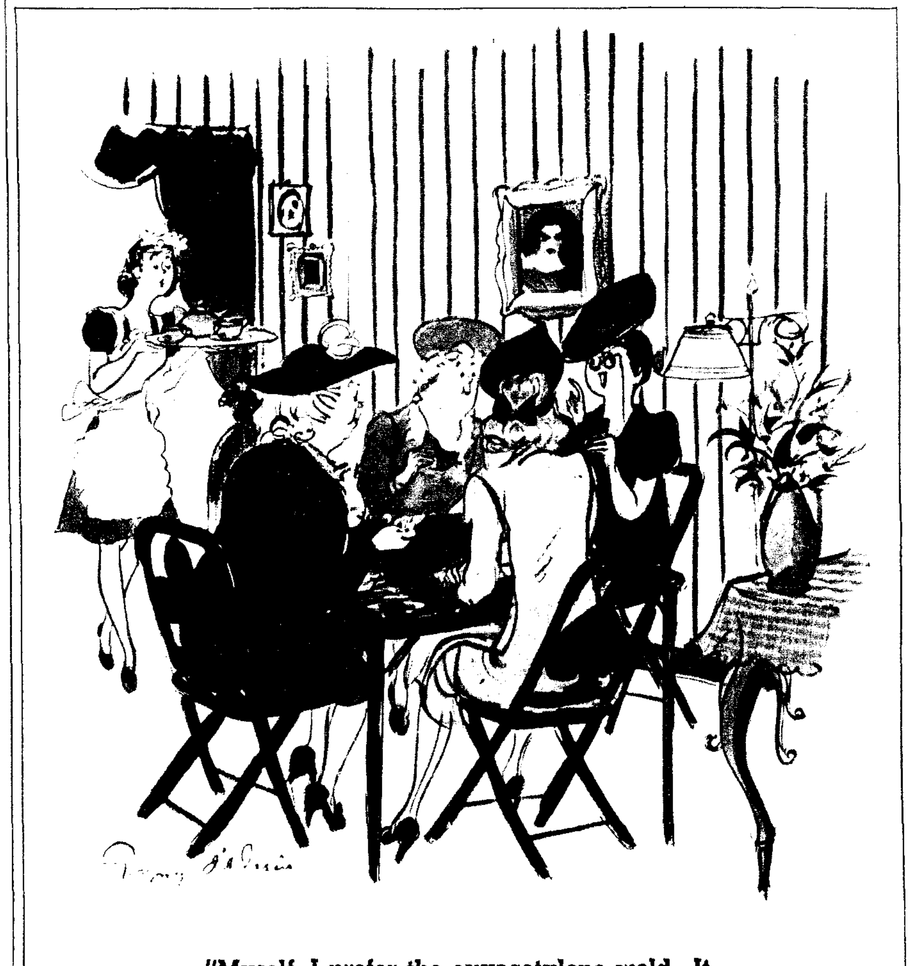
An expression of helplessness replaced her certainty. Ben, a man made wise by jealousy, saw this and abruptly turned away. Coleman called after him: "Bring up her horse." Valencia took his arm and murmured: "Don't send me away."

"Don't want you hurt," he said. "You go down to Gateway."

"I'll never see you again." She looked away from him, seeing visions not in this meadow and not in this day. "A man failed me once. Nothing else has mattered much since then, until now. Now I've failed a man. I wish it didn't hurt so much." She paused, and added, "Should I take Ben?" and searched his face, line by line, with her anxious eyes.

"I don't know," he said, and once more a strange irritation churned through him. "You're better than he is."

BEN moved forward with his horse and hers. Her hand held Coleman's arm and her glance went up to him and for a moment she lifted the last reserve from her eyes so that he looked into her and saw the pure-white fire burning. To his tongue came many aroused things he wanted to say, but he only murmured: "So long." Solvay gave her a hand to the saddle and got to his own horse. Coleman reached for his cigarette sack. He had it in his fingers and he held it still. They were at the bend, traveling



Collier's "Myself, I prefer the oxyacetylene weld. It makes a better joint than the electric arc" GREGORY D'ALESSIO around it. She had swung in her saddle to watch, and when he lifted his arm to her she touched a hand to her lips. Coleman removed his hat until she was gone.

Pairvent was behind him. Pairvent said in a grudging way, "I liked that woman. Now you have lost another man. What you waitin' for?"

"For Stuart," said Coleman.

AT NOON Solvay and Valencia reached the top of the range and traveled through a pass which led downgrade to Gateway. Far south the great yellow grass plain ran on and on; after the rough coldness of the mountains that plain was warmth to the eyes. Valencia stopped to watch it.

Solvay said, "Long ride yet. Ten miles. Better keep going. You can put up at Gateway until this is over."

"Maybe," she said, and again his jealous-born wisdom told him that she was thinking of Coleman entirely.

"Valencia," he said, "I want to keep the bargain."

"You have changed your mind again?"

"Never was changed. The week's delay was only to let you be sure."

"You're an honest man making a poor job with a lie. You have been troubled by my past. If I married you I'd have to watch that suspicion in your eyes the rest of my life."

"I've thought of that," he said. "When you came here I had figured a sort of partnership with you, leavin' out the word love. When I saw you I knew that wouldn't do. I had to have you the way a man wants a woman—all of her. That changed things. A man in love with a woman can't forget anything about her. I will admit I am jealous. I can't help it. But I want you."

"You'd never have all of me, Ben. You'd never have more than you first bargained for."

He looked at her in a way he had not permitted himself before, burning and hungry and possessive, and was ashamed to stand so naked before her. It had never been his intention to give this girl his heart, but only to take a wife out of necessity; she had changed that for him and the change was something he could not control. She grew into him, even though he resisted her and so at last he stood before her, defeated and wanting her and hating her past.

"I could kill the man!"

"Ben," she said, "I want him but I'll never have him."

He looked down, racked and tortured, and he groaned: "Why didn't you keep that to yourself? Why did you have to make it worse?"

"I have to tell the truth." She shook her head, sadly speaking: "If I could lie I would have been much happier."

He lifted his eyes and she saw the wreckage in him. "I still want you," he said.

"Why, Ben," she murmured, "I'm sorry I've hurt you."

"Let's get on."

THEY rode on a considerable distance through the timber, saying nothing. She was thoughtful, frequently looking behind her, and finally said: "You can't go back to War Bonnet. The people who are after Coleman will be after you—because you helped Coleman. You'll never be able to live in the Basin until Coleman wins. Go back and help him."

"Help him?" said Ben Solvay and showed his instant dislike.

"You don't know him. If you called on him for help, even if he hated you, he'd come. He'd stay with you until the very last—and ride away and ask nothing of you. There are not so many like that."

He stopped. "Maybe I'm never going to forget about the past. Man can't guarantee what's in his head. But I guess I have got to prove I want you. I will do a thing I do not want to do—and I do it because you want me to. Go straight down this trail until you reach Gateway. Stay until I come."

She was about to add, "Tell Tracy I sent you," but she denied herself the privilege. She crowded her horse near Ben and she bent and lightly kissed him. She drew away, smiling. "So long," she said and went down the trail. When she looked back he had disappeared around a bend; and she stopped, no longer smiling. She was thinking of Coleman when she said to herself: "I wish he knew I sent Ben back. I wish he knew I had good enough in me to give up what I came here for."

ALVY rode out of the meadow into the hill trail, passing Baldy and hearing Baldy's warning: "Keep out of sight, kid." The kid grinned. Descending toward Horsehead, he had before him a narrow, dusty strip closely girted by the pines, turning around one blind bend and another. He rode with the bravado of a young man who was about important business. Coleman had told him so, and the words made strong drink to his thirsty pride. He saw himself as he wanted to see himself—a man on a desperate venture, a man crafty and resourceful, a man riding so easily into great risks that other men would be saying of him: "There goes a fighter." He thought of this so vividly that it became the truth to him.

Half down the grade he moved from the trail to timber, pausing behind trees to scan the vistas opening before him, to listen to all stray sounds; and at last caught sight of Horsehead's housetops at the foot of the hills. To this point he had been confident; here now a chill current went as wind through him and his stomach shook and grew tight and at that moment one part of Alvy stood off and viewed the other part with shame.

He rode the last few yards in greater and greater caution and reached the edge of the pines, here stopping to study the house and the yard and the surrounding area. Two horses stood still against the corral bars, hungry and waterless the last twelve hours. A band of chickens foraged the area back of the house and somebody's underwear hung on the clothesline near the bunk house. There was no other sign of life on the place. Alvy waited a quarter-hour to be sure of this, meanwhile playing with the idea of going inside the house. It was a risky thing to do, for the crossing between the trees and the house was fifty yards wide and made a plain target of him in the event somebody was inside. Fear was a wind in his belly; it placed an oil scum on his face. He hated himself for his weakness, and the need of crossing the open strip grew greater and greater until he knew he had to do it or never face himself again.

He moved into the open. The horses in the corral swung, scenting him in the wind. They nickered at him and the sound whirled him back to the timber. He cursed himself under his breath, turned and ran up to the kitchen door. He pulled himself from the saddle. When he hit the ground his legs shook but he clamped his teeth together and walked through the open kitchen doorway.

There was a pan of bread on the table, and a cold pot of coffee on the stove. He broke off half a loaf and moved through the house, eating as he traveled. The front door was also open and from it he had a view of the Horsehead grass to the north. Nothing there. Returning to the kitchen he drank cold coffee, left the house and got on the horse.

He felt like a man and the old dreaming came back and he grew reckless. "Ought to scout the flats out there," he told himself and instantly regretted it. He tried to believe he hadn't said it but

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his conscience taunted him until he turned the horse and set out upon the grass.

Tracks led him straight to the ford, through occasional cattle grazing. The ranch and the shelter of the foothills dropped behind him and the fear stuck with him all the way to the ford. When he got there he felt better; he had pleased his conscience again, and again he said, "Ought to cross and scout the country around Trumbo's."

He crossed and turned south along the river bank, now far out on alien soil. Distance was all around him and the river itself was a barrier he could not jump except by backtracking to the ford. He rode with his eyes steadily moving, and his breath lifted and fell upon a suddenly thin air; he played his part of a big man, but the fear never left him and when he got within a mile of the timber, near Trumbo's, he put the horse into a run and kept it there until he was in the shelter of the pines.

He stopped a moment to clear the sweat from his face and to consider what he should next do. He thought of how he would say to Coleman when he returned: "I scouted the flats, crossed the ford and went as far as Trumbo's place."

He wanted Coleman's approval more than he wanted any other thing. He wanted the casual nod of equality from that smart, tough man who had ridden the trail and had held his own part. For, although he did not realize it, he was a hero worshiper and his pattern now was Coleman. Then he remembered he had played the part of informer for Trumbo, and a keen, unhappy shame came upon him. Coleman would despise him for that. He thought, "I'll get closer to Trumbo's ranch and see if anything's doing there," and moved on southeastward through the trees. He had not ridden fifty yards when a voice—Trumbo's voice—came at him like a bullet from some part of the timber:

"Stand fast, Alvy."

The shock of it froze him in the saddle. He was so chilled and so frightened that he did not try to move his head until he heard a horse come forward from his rear. Then he turned slowly and watched Trumbo ride up. Trumbo was smiling; there seemed to be friendliness in the man. Trumbo, the kid thought, figured that he had broken away from Horsehead to bring more news. Maybe he could get through this by lying a little. As he thought so he caught the edge of his constant dream: he was a cool fighter facing another hard man in a dangerous scene. It was a small, soon-dying vision—for the fear hung on and made him small and he wanted to run and he wished with a passionate hopelessness that he had not crossed the ford.

"Well, Alvy," said Trumbo, "what's news?"

HE WAS smiling and he was easy. But to Alvy's fear-sharpened eyes there was a difference, there was something cloudy-black in Trumbo's glance.

"Nothing," said Alvy. "I was just ridin' by."

"Pulling out, Alvy?"

"That's it," said Alvy, and adopted the excuse thankfully. "A little too tough for me. I got nothing against the Basin people."

"Where'd you leave Coleman, Alvy?"

Alvy made a half-hearted stand and gave a vague answer: "Up in the hills."

Trumbo's voice was increasingly friendly, his smile remained. "Alvy," he said, "we're old friends. You've brought information to me before. Some day I mean to do something for you. Whereabouts in the hills?"

Alvy's mind was a slow mind. He could not duck the question and he could not think fast enough to get ahead of it. "Quite a ways up."

"At summit, Alvy?"

"That's about it."

"Everybody still with Coleman?"

"The girl pulled out with Solvay," Alvy told him.

Trumbo's smile lessened. "That leaves just four of them?" He hit Alvy with his glance. "I always know when a man's lyin'. Be careful, Alvy—don't try to lie to me now. Just where is Coleman hidin'?"

Alvy blurted out a futile protest: "I don't like to help get a man killed."

"Who said he'd be killed?" asked Trumbo. "We're just going to drive him out. Don't fool with me. Where's he hidin'?"

"Up in Olally meadow," said Alvy. He lowered his eyes, he sank into abysmal depths. Every dream stood in ruins and his conscience was a loud voice saying, "You're just a fool kid, you're afraid, you're crooked, there is no good in you and never was." He lifted his eyes to Trumbo and dully spoke: "That's all I know."

"Goodby, Alvy," said Trumbo. "Keep right on riding."

Alvy swung by Trumbo, obsessed by the memory of Coleman's black eyes boring into him. He heard Coleman say again, "If a man gives his word he keeps it if it kills him." Never otherwise would he have attempted what he did; but the things inside him were more than he could bear and Coleman's words were alive and loud in his ears; and then he had one more great surge of bravado, one more dream of producing triumph out of disaster. Prompted by it, he swung and drew his gun.

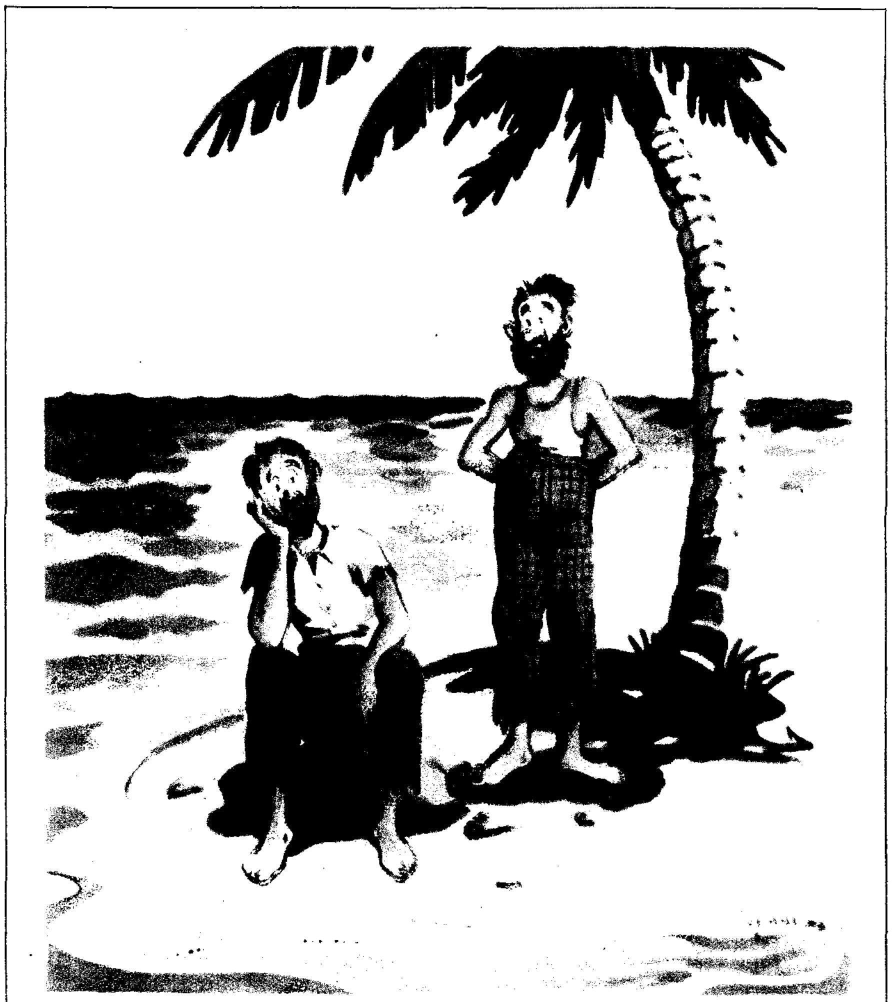
His great moment never came. Trumbo had already drawn and now held his revolver steady on him. Trumbo said, "I thought so—you're a cheap kid," and fired once. Alvy heard the sound and he felt the bullet knock him back. He slipped from the saddle and he fell through space. The strange thing was that he seemed never to strike ground; he fell on and on through this endless space, out of the land of the alive.

Trumbo rode forward and bent in the saddle, long looking down at the lank, immature face. He said aloud, "I have not done that for three years." It would have been better, he thought, if he had not killed the kid; for the act brought forward an older pattern of his life. It took him back to his wilder days when he had made something of a name for himself as a tough far south of the Basin. From that name and from that past he had deliberately fled, wise enough to know that a man with a reputation for fighting sooner or later invited his own death.

He had run away from his record; somewhere down the trail there were men who still hunted him. This was what Stuart had found out about him. This was why Stuart wanted him. He had a skill Stuart needed. Watching the dead kid, he shook his head and regretted the act. There was no reaction of pity, no particular human feeling; and by this he knew he had not destroyed his past years or the qualities which had produced them. They had slept and now were awake.

HE RODE to the edge of timber to scan the open range northward; and he thought, "Coleman smelled it. He knew I had used a gun." Coleman was a wise man. Coleman was the same type, except for a different strain in him. Coleman could kill, but never except for a well-grounded reason.

He was also thinking in his close way of what had to be done. Stuart had tried to trap him on Horsehead and leave the death of Doña Gertrude at his door. Stuart had failed, but would try again. The death of the woman was a shadow over them all, to be removed only by removing the spectators at the scene. Trumbo never concealed harsh things from himself; so now he ticked off in his mind those men who had to die if he were to remain in the Basin: Coleman, Pairvent,



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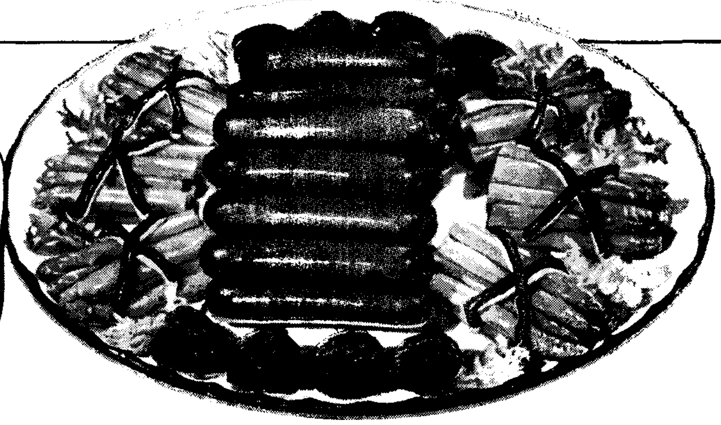

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Baldy, Ed Drum, Ray Miller and Ben Solvay. There was also the woman; but if she left the country he would be content. Beyond that, there remained the problem of Stuart, but that was for another day. First things first.

He turned back to his ranch and half an hour later rode into the yard and stepped down at his porch. As he did so, Dan Stuart came out of the house and faced him.

"You kept me waitin'," he said.

Trumbo, staring at his unexpected visitor, observed the confidence in Stuart and at once swung about. The Star Cross crew was at the moment coming out of the timber. He had been neatly outmaneuvered, but even then he felt himself on sound enough ground to show Stuart a sharp grin. "Still need me, Dan?"

"That's why I'm here," said Stuart. "We'll cross the river and climb the hill until we find Coleman's outfit."

Trumbo said, "What made you figure I'd stay at Horsehead last night, takin' the blame?"

Stuart gave Trumbo a surly stare. "You're old enough to defend yourself."

"You've got gall enough for an elephant."

"I want to see Horsehead hangin' in a row, kickin' as they hang."

Stuart had gone through the same thought that he had, reaching the same answer. Doña Gertrude was a fact before them all, unavoidable and not to be ignored. For a moment Trumbo had a strange pulse of warning. Maybe Doña Gertrude, dead, was stronger than all the living and maybe her hand would point at them forever. He shook it aside. "I'll go along."

"We'll pick up Spade on the way," said Stuart.

ANN STUART left War Bonnet by morning and reached Horsehead three hours later, immediately noting the new grave in the pines. She stopped to call out, "Hello, house," and raised no answer. Dismounting, she walked through the house, had a look at the rear yard and put her head inside the crew quarters. She noticed the two horses penned in the corral, let them out and pumped water into the near-by trough for them.

She had so long traveled around the Basin that she took no great amount of time guessing Coleman's whereabouts. They would not, running from gunfire, go out on the flat. They would have hit for the nearest possible shelter—the ravines and deep pine thickets lying back of the house. The next question was, how far would she have to go to overtake them? The answer to that depended entirely on the kind of man Coleman was; and, therefore, she had her answer. He could not be frightened, and he would not give up Horsehead and so he would not be far off.

She paused by Doña Gertrude's grave, remembering the Spanish woman so clearly—her gentle hospitality, her old woman's sweet-sharp wisdom; and she cried a little over Doña Gertrude's grave, and turned away.

She went into the kitchen, knowing the Horsehead men would be hungry. She found a muslin flour sack, collected half a dozen cans of tomatoes, some dried apricots, a mess of onions and potatoes, and the bread on the table; out in the cooler above the well she discovered a chunk of boiled beef. Returning to the kitchen, she ground up a supply of coffee, found a coffeepot and a frying pan, and prepared to mount. She had trouble lifting the sack to the saddle and spent some time tying it to *the horn.*

As soon as she rode into the trail she observed the prints of many horses hoofs scuffed in the dark dust; these were, for a half-mile, all upward bound prints. At that point one set came downhill; somebody had started back for the ranch. Meanwhile, she got to thinking of Valencia Wilder. The girl would be with the men, since there was nothing else for her to do—and her presence would be an extra problem for Coleman. The thought troubled her; she could not keep from her mind the question of Coleman's interest in Valencia.

The girl had a dark and intense pair of eyes, beautiful hair and a face that would stir any man, even so strong a *man as Coleman; or particularly a man* as strong as Coleman, for precisely because of the depth and the width of his nature he would have heavy appetites. He could appreciate a pretty woman; she had seen that appreciation in his eyes at Gateway and in the hills, she had seen the flare of his sudden-warmed thoughts. He was in that respect very human. Yet though it had been a deeply personal interest it had not been offensive; even as he had struck into her with his eyes, arousing her, he had smiled away his trespass.

What would he see in Valencia—what answer would there be for him in the girl's eyes? The thought rode with her and never quite left her mind.

This inward search had nothing to do with her eyes. They rummaged the trail steadily, the trees and the tracks on the ground. She caught the smell of the pines, she heard all the little sounds and knew what they were. She was a fair, alert girl with expressive gray eyes, with little changes occurring around her lips, by turns grave and humorous as the spirit moved her, and she carried herself with reliance.

At the jaws of the meadow she paused, seeing the tracks turn in. She sat still in the saddle, looking about her, and at last she called toward the timber on the opposite side of the trail, "Come on out of it."

Baldy appeared, bearing his surprise. "How'd you know?"

"A good general always puts out pickets."

"Well, keep on goin' up the trail. We just got rid of one woman. Don't need another."

She smiled at Baldy. "Had anything to eat lately?"

Baldy looked glum. "No. You got somethin' to eat in that sack?" He drew a troubled breath. "Listen, girl. You're a Stuart. What you foolin' around Horsehead for? Here's a bunch of men all bound for a hangin' since they was eight years old. You're doin' yourself no good."

She smiled again and moved into the rock defile. "Your heart's all right, Baldy, but I can see your stomach's got the best of you."

THE echo of her horse traveled ahead of her through the stony corridor. When she turned the bend into the meadow she met Pairvent head on, his gun lifted and his strange mud-black eyes sighting at her along its barrel. She noticed his startled expression; he lowered the gun and turned rapidly on his heels as though he had committed an improper act. *Coleman came up from* the far side of the meadow.

She watched him with a greater attention than she realized; she was anxious to see the first reaction on his face and she found her heart beating higher. He stopped at the head of her horse, sober and troubled. His glance searched her thoroughly and then he reached for his hat and she saw a trace of a smile and the change in his eyes. It brightened the whole day.

He said, "How'd you find us?"

*"I told you once I could find you any*where. These are my mountains." She untied the thongs holding the muslin sack. "Are you hungry?"

He caught the bag as it fell and opened the top, and the broadest possible smile

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lighted his face. "Heaven must be owned and operated by women like you. George—you're the cook."

Pairvent came back and looked into the sack; he gave Ann a grudging glance of approval and took the sack away, calling to Ray Miller: "Catch up a fire, Ray."

Coleman had not asked her to step down and now he was serious: "You're makin' a tough situation for yourself. Your father's probably in the hills now. How did you come?"

"Up from Horsehead."

"Better go back by Gateway."

"Let me stay a little while."

A day's growth of whiskers glittered like metal filings on his face and, except when he smiled at her, the whole set of his features was harsh. Looking down upon him she noticed the width of his shoulders and the heavy roundness of his neck muscles. She put a hand to his shoulder and at that instant she saw the flash of warmth come to his eyes. He lifted his arms and as she dropped to the ground he took her whole weight for a moment. He stepped immediately back and looked away from her. She had stirred him. Knowing it, she felt an uplift of spirit. It was good to know she had the power to do that.

He said, "I sent Alvy down to have a look at the ranch. You see him?"

"No, but there was one set of tracks going downhill. They faded out about half a mile from the house."

"Probably he's playing Indian somewhere."

"Don't trust Alvy. He might betray you. I know he used to ride over to Drew's. There was some arrangement between them."

"I suspected that. There was an arrangement between Trumbo and Pairvent also."

She said, "You still put trust in Alvy after that?"

"There's some good in the kid. I am hoping he'll grow up."

"You're a kind man, Tracy, but you've not got a single rider you can depend on."

"You can dig as deep a hole with a broken shovel as with a sound one, if you've got to."

She looked into the meadow and saw only Pairvent and Ray Miller crouched over the fire. Alvy was out on scout, Baldy hidden in the trail. "Where's Ed Drum and Solvay?"

He pointed to the rim of the sheer canyon wall. "Ed's up there. I sent Ben on to Gateway with Valencia."

He mentioned the girl's name casually but his hands went to his pocket for his cigarette makings and he looked down as he built his smoke; there was some feeling in him about her, some memory. Ann said: "Why did you leave Horsehead?"

"After Doña Gertrude was killed I couldn't risk the same thing happenin' to Valencia." He lighted his smoke and looked directly at her. "I had not meant to bring Doña Gertrude's name into it."

She said, "Do you think it was my father, or one of his men?"

"There's no name on a bullet, but it was your father who started the raid." He shook his head. "I wish you were not here."

"I told you the other day how I felt."

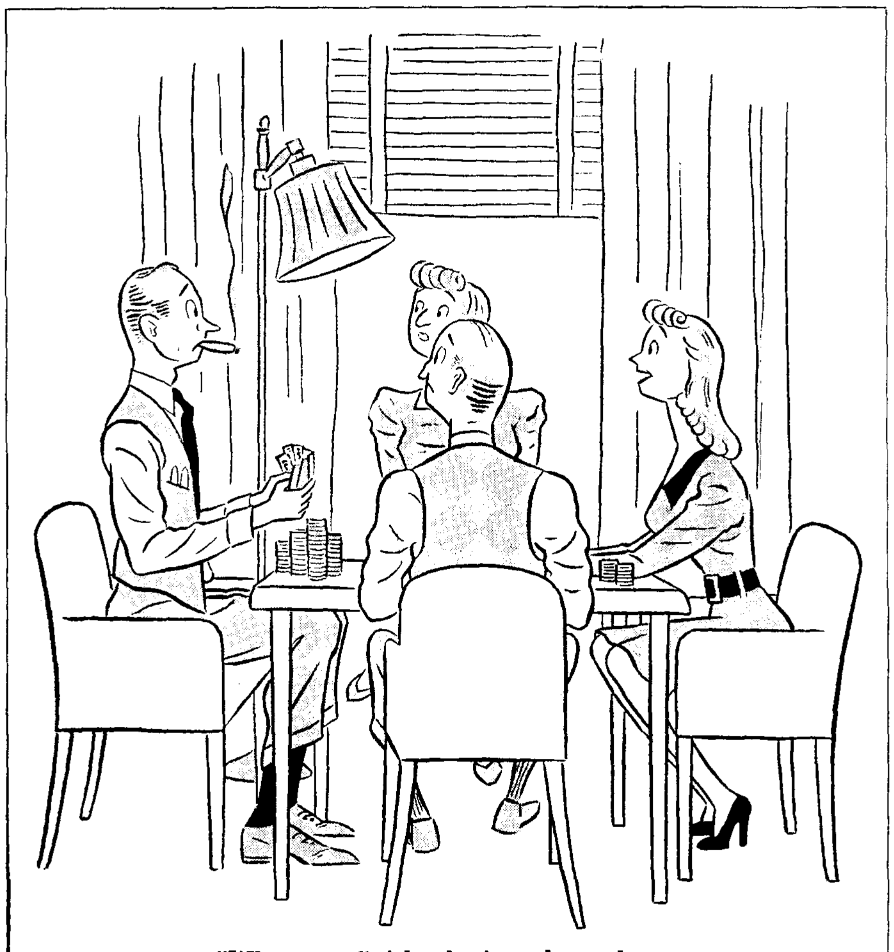
HE LIFTED his head and she saw the regret in him. "That does not change it. It is beyond your power to change. If we met and drew, you would be between us. If I shot, it would be the same to me as though I were shootin' you."

His admission hit hard; it overfilled her heart and she had to turn away from him to keep from seeing the things that must have come to her face. "You should not say that. You are entirely free."

"You'd better go back to Star Cross," he said.

She had intended telling him of her broken relations with her father. Now she knew she could not. His sense of responsibility was strong enough that he would make her troubles his own—and he had enough of his own. She said: "Pairvent's got something cooked up. You go eat. I want to talk to you before I leave."

He turned to the fire. Ann led her



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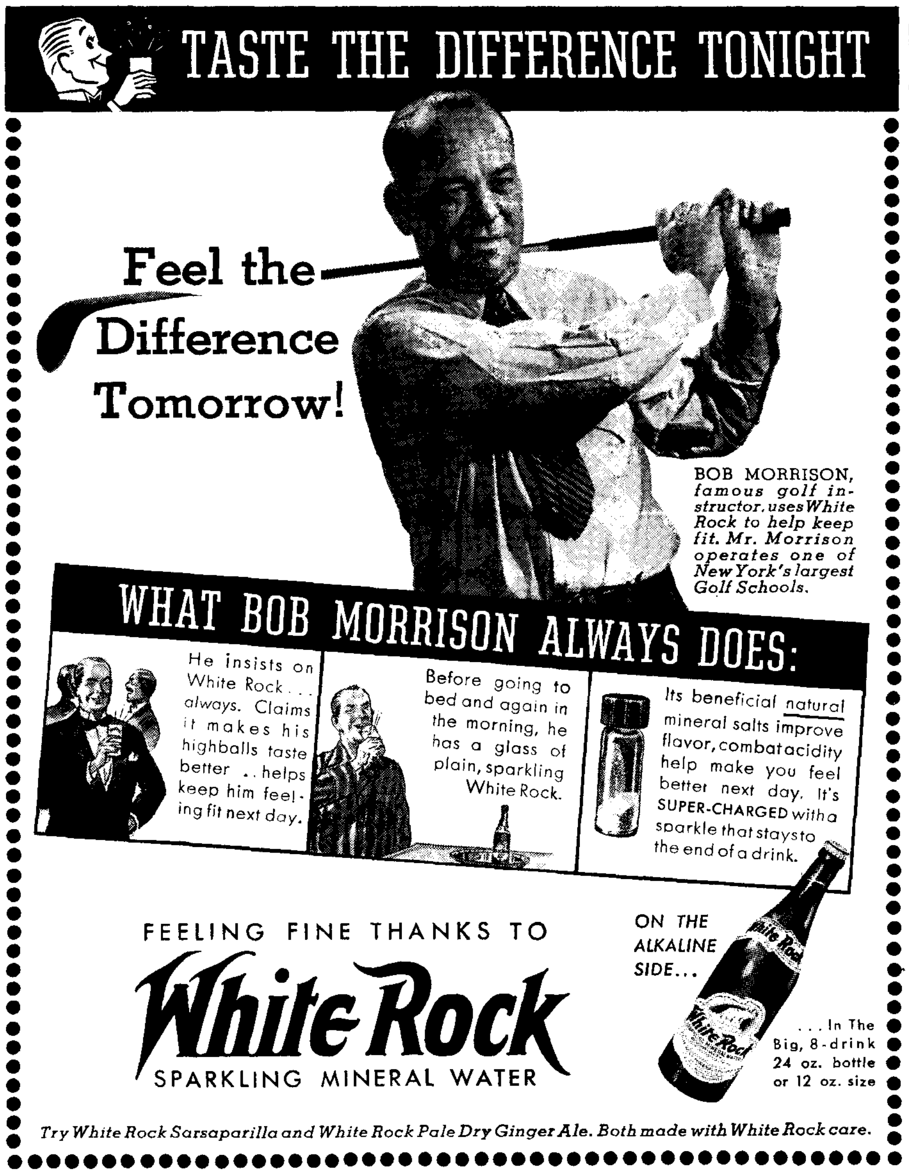
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horse to the creek's side for water, her glance meanwhile running the top rim of the canyon wall. It was near two o'clock and the sun was still high, but when the light struck the canyon and the timber it was partly lost. There was a blackness upon these hills that no sun touched. She thought of many things in those few minutes, of this wild, heartbreaking land, of her father, of Drew Trumbo and of Valencia; and always of Coleman.

He returned from the fire, made cheerful by the meal. He stood near her, rolling a cigarette and smiling. His eyebrows were as black as his hair and as thick. He had a short white scar to the left of his chin. She lifted her hand at it. "Where'd you get that?"

"Four years ago, when I brought some cattle up the trail. We stopped for a day at Dodge City." The memory of it made him grin. "There was a saloon called the Nugget. So we all went in and maybe we were a little bit stout. Only clear thing I remember was that a girl came over the floor and started to sing a song at me. I do not recall who objected. We fought our way out of the place, down the street and all the way back to camp. It was a nice night."

"You like your pleasures to be strong, Tracy."

"All a man's got at the end of life is a set of memories. Things done well and things poorly done. The great sin is to end up with nothing done." He threw away his smoke and his glance seemed to pull her forward to him. "I can't live easy and small. A man is full of things meant to be used or given away, or maybe destroyed. The more he spends the more comes back. That is all he is, something to be used, scorched by the sun, warped by the wind, to have his fingers smashed and his body bent, to fall down and get up. To hunt and find."

"To hunt for what?"

He shrugged his shoulders, he would go no farther. Then his temper changed and he lifted his eyes to the rim, turned alert. "Alvy should have been back long ago. I do not like the smell of this place."

"If he has betrayed you—"

He turned and called to Pairvent: "George, we'll get out of here." Suddenly haste was upon him; it made him seize her arm and lead her back to her horse. He gave her a hand up and turned to his own horse. He sent a call up to the cliff: "Come in, Ed!" He put his horse to a gallop and threaded the rock defile with Ann at his heels. The sound of it had brought Baldy out of the timber. Baldy said, "What's up?"

COLEMAN stopped. He made a motion for silence and he looked down the trail, listening, and he faced the trail's upper side and watched it a long while. He heard nothing and he saw nothing and still it was plain to the girl how some kind of clear warning disturbed him. He murmured, "They're comin' from one direction or the other. I can't tell which one."

Ann said, "If Dad's near here I think he will be on the Horsehead side."

Coleman swung uptrail at once. Ed Drum had meanwhile turned off the rim and now advanced down the trail. The sight of the group coming along at so fast a gait set him about; and he ran before them, on through the trees and around the short bends. A mile or thereabout onward, Coleman called a halt.

"George," he said, "pick another hideout."

Pairvent sat still, thinking, and seemed to find no suitable point in his mind. He said: "We got to stay away from the river or they'll box us in. As for these hills, west, I never put a horse through 'em. Maybe—"

Ann crowded around Coleman and on past Ed Drum. "I know where to go."

Coleman said, "I don't want you in this, Ann."

She looked back, almost laughing at him; and turned and led the party away. Some distance from the original starting point, she left the trail and struck straight through the thickening trees, upward into half-passable land. They dropped to a walk, the horses grunting and sighing with the heavy labor of the climb. The sun still remained above the horizon and still touched the high peaks of the range; but in here, twilight had already come.

TRUMBO, leading Star Cross, stopped briefly at Horsehead to have a look at the yard; and noticed the two horses roaming through it. "Somebody's been back," he pointed out. He took to the hills at once, going upward by one grade and another. Two hours from Horsehead found them in the roughest possible country, with Stuart grumbling his dislike for the slowness of their advance.

They made a hard, slanting descent into a ravine and toiled up its far side; and at this point Trumbo signaled behind him for a quieter approach. Sliding forward, again downgrade, they came to the edge of timber and looked out upon an open flat boxed in by a high cliff on the other side—upon the Olally meadows quitted by Coleman not quite ten minutes before.

Trumbo noticed the remnants of the fire and he made a close survey of the rocks; he swore at himself and he led the party into the meadow, turning through the rock defile to the main trail. He caught the smell of dust and he drifted downgrade until he lost it and came back, pointing upward.

"Not far ahead of us."

Tap said, "Better be a little careful."

"Go on, Drew," urged Stuart. "We're wasting time. It'll be dark as the inside of a gut in another hour."

Trumbo said, "This dust smell is goin' to give them away. We're on the right track."

"Go on," said Stuart, more and more impatient. "Get it done."

(To be continued next week)

The Garrulous Dean

The incomparable "Dizzy" Dean is now broadcasting baseball games in St. Louis in a way that alternately exhilarates and maddens his listeners. His wanderings into nostalgic bypaths have added to literary lore and have also been a cross to fans wanting to know how the game is going. Lately, the Browns were putting on a rally when Dizzy lapsed into a bit of reminiscence. The broadcast then went like this:

"That ball was fouled off. The empire picks it up, takes a look at it and throws it out of the game. Folks, when we was kids a ball like that woulda lasted us through for the whole year. Me and Paul, we used to make our own balls out of a old inner tube. We just sneaked one of Paw's socks, put in the old tube, tied 'er up, and that was plenty fine for us."

At that, Johnny O'Hara, Dizzy's fellow broadcaster, chimed in.

"Where'd you get the inner tube, Diz?"

"Why, John, we just went up the road to some of them rich folks because, brother, in them days we was pore. And that reminds me, folks: That's ball one, ball two, ball three, ball four, Chet Laabs is just walked, Criscola has just singled and, brother, there is two runs in. I hope you didn't miss nothin' while I was dissertatin'."

BRAIN WAVES

By Hannah Lees

There's not so much guesswork in brain surgery nowadays because scientists have discovered a way to make your gray matter show whether it is functioning properly without opening your skull

Brains at work generate delicate electric currents and the electro-encephalograph, at right, records and charts them for diagnostic purposes

IFOR THOMAS

"LISTEN," you say, "I've just had a brain wave," and, looking smug and excited, you come forth with your latest bright idea. But you won't be able to say that much longer, at least you won't be able to look smug about it, for scientists are finding that we all have brain waves and not just on the rare occasions we brag about but all the time, awake or asleep, thinking or dreaming. They're beginning to find, what's more, that while these brain waves may be nothing to brag about they can tell us some pretty important things about what's going on under our hats.

Take Miss X, for instance, who had a brain tumor. Doctors knew she had a brain tumor from various peculiar symptoms and various tests they made, but they didn't know where. Certain things suggested that it might be on the left side toward the back, but then again, other things said no. They couldn't tell what to do. That's one of the difficulties of our having skulls, of course. If a doctor knows there is some quite serious trouble in your abdomen, but isn't quite sure what or where, he can do an exploratory laparotomy—cut a nice, neat slit and look around till he finds the trouble and fix it and then sew the slit up again. He can't do that through an average skull; not conveniently, that is.

He can do something else, though. While Miss X was busy developing her brain tumor, scientists have been busy perfecting a way of recording people's brain waves—electro-encephalography, they call it, and more about it in a minute—so they took some records of hers, several records over various sections of her skull. And they found that while the waves were coming perfectly normally from most parts of her brain, in one particular place, the back part of the *right* frontal lobe, they came all haywire.

It looked as if that must be where the trouble was, but it certainly wasn't where they expected it to be, so they checked up with another procedure called a ventriculogram. Doctors don't like to make ventriculograms, they're both difficult and dangerous, but this was a few years ago and they didn't quite trust those brain waves. So they injected air into the hollow spaces inside the brain and took an X-ray to see whether an unusual outline showed anywhere. And sure enough, right where the crazy brain waves were coming from, the outline didn't look quite right. So that was that. They opened the skull right there and fortunately found a removable cyst—fortunately, because a good many brain tumors aren't that easy to make away with—and Miss X today feels as well as you and I do and maybe better. Score for the brain waves.

Electric Currents in the Body

As for what these brain waves are, well, it seems that practically all the living tissue in your body, whether it's muscle or nerve or what not, generates electricity every time it goes into action. Every time your heart beats, for instance, little electric currents are generated that can be recorded as definite waves. That record is called an electrocardiogram, and making such records is getting to be standard practice in any heart specialist's office.

Well, nerves apparently give off electric currents, too, every time they send an impulse anywhere, and since the gray matter of your brain is just a solid mass of nerve cells sending messages in all directions whether you're awake or asleep, that makes it quite a little electric generator. An inquisitive-minded gentleman, working experimentally on the brains of animals, first discovered this 'way back in the eighteen-seventies. But he also found that the current the brain cells generated was so weak—only about a tenth as strong as current the heart manufactures—that it was impossible to record it through the skull. And whatever you could do with animals you couldn't go around opening the skulls of humans, even to record their brain waves, so the discovery was abandoned for nearly sixty years, as far as doing anything practical with it went.

But there it was, filed away in libraries and in the backs of scientific minds, and when radio engineers developed amplifiers that could magnify faint electric currents into big ones, research workers remembered that faint brain electricity and got to work. They found that if you fastened two electrodes to the head and attached them to a complicated lot of apparatus, including one of these amplifiers and ending in a sort of pen writing on ticker tape, the pen would trace as nice a series of little brain waves as you please. Well, maybe as nice as you please, but not what you'd think.

If you're lying at rest, for instance, with your eyes closed and nothing special on your mind—and if you've got an average normal brain—your electro-encephalogram will be a nice, fairly even, little wave, as if the machine had started to write a small *m* and then had kept on scribbling right across the page. This series of *m*'s is called alpha waves by researchers, and they come normally about ten to a second. Some workers have come across another kind of wave that they call beta, but they're pretty vague about its significance, so far. Alpha waves vary, of course, with individuals, pretty much like handwriting; some will be big and sprawly and others will be small and compact, but if you're lying relaxed and quiet they will always be fairly small and regular.

Now you'd think naturally that those waves of electricity must come from all the thinking that mighty brain of yours was doing. But crazily enough, those brain waves of ours don't seem to have much of any connection with thinking except in a reverse sort of way. If you open your eyes, for instance, and look at something in the midst of having an electro-encephalogram made—e.g., the boys in the laboratory call it, and quite a timesaver—or if you keep your eyes shut but concentrate on a piece of mental arithmetic, the waves fade right off into nothing. Being inhibited, scientists call it, as if somehow your effort of concentration had interrupted those electrical currents and either used them up or shunted them off into another channel.

And the time when the waves get really big and wild is when you're sound asleep. Then your brain begins to give off big, loose, rather uneven waves that researchers have named delta waves. Doctors have to be pretty careful about interpreting those delta waves, for if they show up when you're awake they are indicative of various sorts of serious brain trouble, which we'll find out about in a minute. We all have them when we're asleep.

They Keep on Recording

You can't fool the e.e.g. with any fake sleep, though. Doctors have tried hypnotizing people into trances that looked so much like natural sleep that it would have fooled the patient's own mother, but the e.e.g. kept right on recording nice, normal, little wide-awake waves as if the patient were just obligingly keeping his eyes shut.

It would be nice now to be able to give you some neat, logical theory as to why all these reverse things are true, but I can't. Even the men doing the research won't pretend to theorize about it yet. One doctor with a literary turn calls it a key fashioned by physiology out of radio, but neither he nor anyone else knows yet just what medical doors this key is going to unlock, nor what will be found on the other side.

But even if they haven't evolved any really good theories yet, they've unearthed plenty of interesting little facts that are all sure to fit into some theory

(Continued on page 71)

WE CAN WIN THE WAR—IF!

A GRIM WARNING FROM LIBYA

by SENATOR LODGE

Back from combat in North Africa as a Major in the U.S. Army, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr. tells how we can win this war—and also, how we can lose it.

In American tanks, manned by American soldiers, he faced the mechanized fury of Rommel's Afrikacorps, was bombed, strafed by Stukas, attacked by Nazi tanks. He talked with American observers, British officers, German prisoners. And he tells what *they* think of our chances.

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Brain Waves

Continued from page 69

some time later. They know, for instance, that while people's brain waves vary like handwriting, records taken from the same person even weeks apart are amazingly alike, if, of course, they're taken under the same conditions. And a funny little random corollary to this is that the brain waves of identical twins have so far turned out to be so much alike that they might have been taken from the same person.

Another thing they know is that our brain waves develop more or less as we develop. Tiny babies haven't any regular pattern—just occasional random waves. Their brain cells apparently haven't really started manufacturing electricity yet. And when they do, at about six months, which is when a regular rhythm first begins to appear, it is very slow, only about four waves to a second, and doesn't speed up to the normal ten per second till the child is eight or ten years old.

Since doctors did that work on Miss X, for instance, and found the electro-encephalogram could tell them just where her brain tumor was, a great many more tumors have been e.e.g.-investigated, and the technique has become so perfected that by taking records over various parts of the skull and seeing where the brain waves go haywire in each record, they can localize a brain tumor as close as within half an inch.

And it just about can't miss, apparently. One man has collected a hundred and five cases where the brain tumor was suspected, and electro-encephalograms were made. In fifty of them the e.e.g. pointed to a brain tumor, and they found one right where it pointed. In forty-one cases, though symptoms suggested a tumor, the e.e.g. said no, and no tumor was ever found. In the other fourteen cases the diagnosis was never definitely confirmed. But the thing is, the e.e.g. wasn't once actually wrong.

The reason this is so important, of course, is that though electro-encephalograms are very difficult to make accurately and successfully, they aren't dangerous or hard on the patient or in any way as serious as ventriculograms. They are too new yet to take the place of ventriculograms completely, but they're a big help all the same to a doctor faced with a brain-tumor problem.

Abnormal Waves—Abnormal People

Naturally, one of the things doctors have worked hardest to tie electro-encephalography up with is insanity. It seemed so logical at first that a record of the electricity the brain generated would answer a lot of the endless questions psychiatrists spend so much time asking themselves and one another. They've been pretty faint answers so far.

Some doctors believe they have found a connection between dementia praecox and unnaturally large, slow brain waves—those delta waves that only come normally when we're asleep. And one doctor reports that dementia-praecox patients who have been much improved by insulin shock (the newest treatment for dementia praecox) showed along with their return to a normal outlook on life many less of those large, slow delta waves. Other doctors taking e.e.g.'s on dementia-praecox patients report no news. It's really too early for definite conclusions.

Another group of doctors working with e.e.g.'s on a group of seventy-one children with behavior problems of various sorts found that almost sixty per cent of them showed very decidedly abnormal brain waves and an additional ten per cent showed some sort of abnormalities. It would be a big step if the e.e.g. could no more than differentiate between people whose brains actually have some physical damage and people who are just badly adjusted to life.

The biggest thing to show that it is pointing in that direction is the work that's been done so far on epilepsy. You probably don't know that there are some six hundred and fifty thousand epileptics in the country, one half of one per cent of the population. I didn't till just about now. Nor that a strikingly large proportion of all our criminals are among this six hundred and fifty thousand. Yet doctors know practically nothing about what causes this disease or how to cure it. They've been working at it, and they have discovered several kinds of treatments and drugs—particularly a new one called dilantin sodium—that are a big help in controlling seizures and reducing the number of them. But they're still a little in the class with aspirin for a headache; they may make you feel better but the cause is still there.

New Light on Epilepsy

They know a little more, however, about what causes this major national headache called epilepsy than before the days of e.e.g. They know that when a person is having an epileptic fit his brain waves go all haywire; not nice, even, little alpha waves, not even, big, gentle delta waves that you have when you're asleep, but delta waves interspersed with lots of sharp, jagged electric spikes as if the brain cells were having an electric storm, and a big one.

Researchers found that more than half of the epileptics had abnormal brain waves all the time, even during their so-called normal periods—lots and lots of delta waves, the kind you and I have when we're sound asleep. The waves got bigger, much bigger during an attack, and just before one, bigger and wilder, so that often doctors could actually predict an attack coming on before there were any other symptoms. But they were sufficiently abnormal all the time to show that something was generally out of order in the brain, enough out of order to upset electrical production.

The very latest discovery about brain waves in epilepsy has been made up in Boston by a group of doctors who have made a tremendous number of these e.e.g. discoveries. Just for curiosity they got hold of a large number of parents and relatives of epileptics and tried taking e.e.g.'s on them.

Well, what these Boston doctors found was that a very large number of the normal parents and relatives of epileptics, many, many more than could be accounted for by chance, showed e.e.g.'s with abnormal delta waves, waves that, unless the e.e.g. research of the past ten years was all haywire, were definitely indicative of a tendency to epilepsy. Maybe not enough of a tendency ever to show a single symptom but enough possibly to make them likely to hand it on to their children, especially if two such people should happen to marry.

It can't mean very much yet. Electro-encephalography is still too new and, even if it weren't, we're not educated enough, eugenically speaking, to legislate about the marriage of people with epileptiform brain waves. But if it should work out that way in time, if we do become educated enough in a few generations, there may be far fewer epileptics roaming the country and filling our hospitals and jails.

THE END

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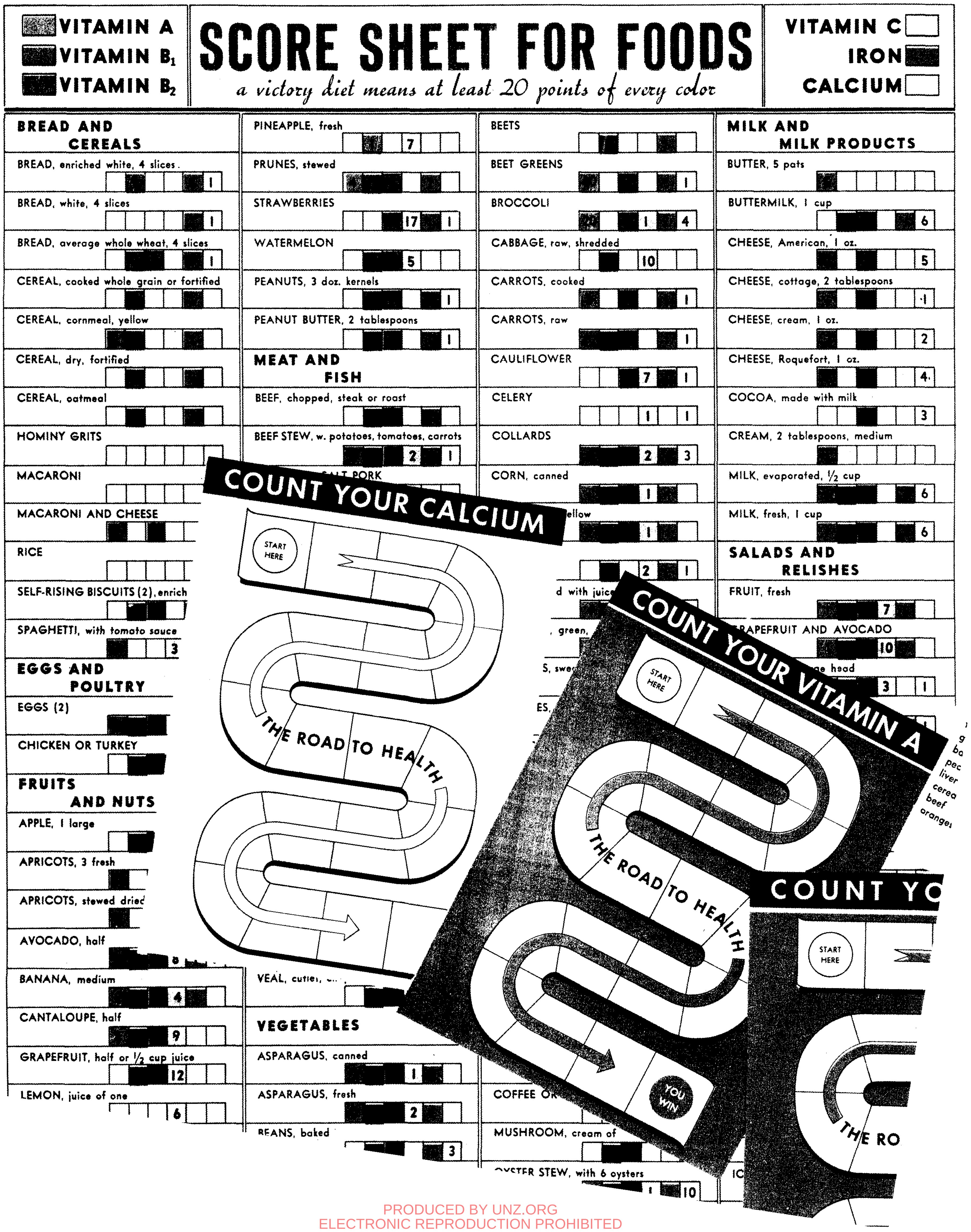


▨ VITAMIN A
■ VITAMIN B$_1$
■ VITAMIN B$_2$

SCORE SHEET FOR FOODS

a victory diet means at least 20 points of every color

VITAMIN C ☐
IRON ■
CALCIUM ☐

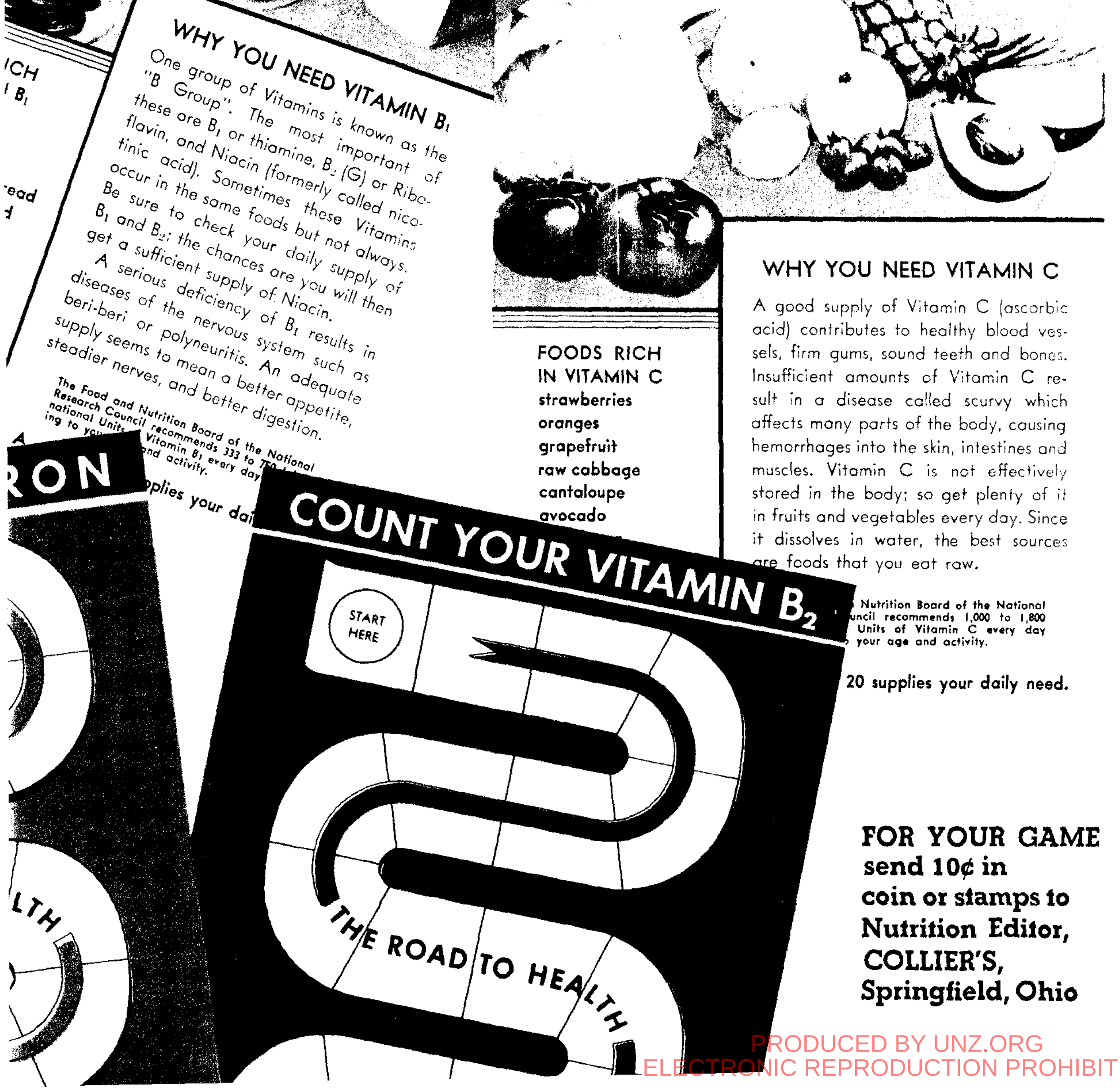
BREAD AND CEREALS						
BREAD, enriched white, 4 slices .		■			■	1
BREAD, white, 4 slices					■	1
BREAD, average whole wheat, 4 slices		■	■		■	1
CEREAL, cooked whole grain or fortified		■			■	
CEREAL, cornmeal, yellow	■	■			■	
CEREAL, dry, fortified		■			■	
CEREAL, oatmeal		■			■	
HOMINY GRITS						
MACARONI						
MACARONI AND CHEESE	■		■			
RICE						
SELF-RISING BISCUITS (2), enrich		■	■			
SPAGHETTI, with tomato sauce	■			3		
EGGS AND POULTRY						
EGGS (2)	■	■	■			
CHICKEN OR TURKEY		■	■			
FRUITS AND NUTS						
APPLE, 1 large		■				
APRICOTS, 3 fresh	■					
APRICOTS, stewed dried	■					
AVOCADO, half	■	■	■	8		
BANANA, medium	■	■	■	4	■	
CANTALOUPE, half	■	■	■	9		
GRAPEFRUIT, half or ½ cup juice		■	■	12		
LEMON, juice of one				6		
PINEAPPLE, fresh		■		7		
PRUNES, stewed	■	■	■		■	
STRAWBERRIES			■	17	■	1
WATERMELON		■	■	5		
PEANUTS, 3 doz. kernels		■	■		■	1
PEANUT BUTTER, 2 tablespoons		■	■		■	1
MEAT AND FISH						
BEEF, chopped, steak or roast		■	■		■	
BEEF STEW, w. potatoes, tomatoes, carrots	■	■	■	2	■	1
ALT PORK						
VEAL, cutlet,		■	■			
VEGETABLES						
ASPARAGUS, canned	■	■	■	1	■	
ASPARAGUS, fresh	■	■	■	2	■	
BEANS, baked		■	■		■	3
BEETS		■			■	
BEET GREENS	■		■		■	1
BROCCOLI	■		■	1	■	4
CABBAGE, raw, shredded		■		10		
CARROTS, cooked	■		■		■	1
CARROTS, raw	■	■	■		■	1
CAULIFLOWER			■	7	■	1
CELERY				1		1
COLLARDS	■	■	■	2	■	3
CORN, canned	■	■	■	1	■	
ellow	■	■	■	1	■	
		■		2	■	1
d with juice	■					
, green,						
S, swe						
ES,						
COFFEE OR						
MUSHROOM, cream of		■	■			
OYSTER STEW, with 6 oysters	■	■	■	1	■	10
IC						
MILK AND MILK PRODUCTS						
BUTTER, 5 pats	■					
BUTTERMILK, 1 cup		■	■		■	6
CHEESE, American, 1 oz.	■		■			5
CHEESE, cottage, 2 tablespoons	■		■			·1
CHEESE, cream, 1 oz.	■		■			2
CHEESE, Roquefort, 1 oz.	■		■			4
COCOA, made with milk			■			3
CREAM, 2 tablespoons, medium	■					
MILK, evaporated, ½ cup	■	■	■		■	6
MILK, fresh, 1 cup	■	■	■		■	6
SALADS AND RELISHES						
FRUIT, fresh	■	■	■	7	■	
RAPEFRUIT AND AVOCADO	■	■	■	10	■	
ge head				3		1
						1

VITA-MIN-GO is a game. The points are vitamins and minerals, and a winning score is a boost toward good health.

You don't have to toil over charts of food values. All you do is to spread out your score sheet and your six score cards. Name the foods you ate in one day, check their values on the score sheet, and play them with coins or counters on the score cards. Two eggs for breakfast? You're already four up on the green card, two on red, three on blue, five purple, two yellow. You need to make twenty points on each card to win. If you lose one day, you can win the next by eating more vitamin- and mineral-rich foods. Just turn over the cards on which you scored badly, and you'll get ideas. Did you ever know what a baked sweet potato could do for you? . . . And as for a creamy bowl of oyster stew . . .

You will find on the score sheet all the most commonly eaten foods (provided they yield enough vitamins and minerals to count a point or more on at least one score card), or you will find it easy to translate what you have eaten into its equivalent on the score sheet. Like Joe DiMaggio's hot cakes, listed below, which count as four self-raising biscuits.

The game is sound nutritionally. Its authors, Ryllis and Omar Goslin, worked it out with nutrition specialists. It is based on standards recommended by the National Research Council. Washington has distributed the first 100,000 copies to nutritionists throughout the country. So Vita-Min-Go is already a part of the national nutrition program. Now Collier's is pleased to make it available to you. It's an easy way to check on the food you eat. It is also a game, and fun to play.



WHY YOU NEED VITAMIN B_1

One group of Vitamins is known as the "B Group". The most important of these are B_1 or thiamine, B_2 (G) or Riboflavin, and Niacin (formerly called nicotinic acid). Sometimes these Vitamins occur in the same foods but not always. Be sure to check your daily supply of B_1 and B_2; the chances are you will then get a sufficient supply of Niacin.

A serious deficiency of B_1 results in diseases of the nervous system such as beri-beri or polyneuritis. An adequate supply seems to mean a better appetite, steadier nerves, and better digestion.

The Food and Nutrition Board of the National Research Council recommends 333 to 750 national Units of Vitamin B_1 every day ing to you and activity.

plies your dai

WHY YOU NEED VITAMIN C

A good supply of Vitamin C (ascorbic acid) contributes to healthy blood vessels, firm gums, sound teeth and bones. Insufficient amounts of Vitamin C result in a disease called scurvy which affects many parts of the body, causing hemorrhages into the skin, intestines and muscles. Vitamin C is not effectively stored in the body; so get plenty of it in fruits and vegetables every day. Since it dissolves in water, the best sources are foods that you eat raw.

Nutrition Board of the National uncil recommends 1,000 to 1,800 Units of Vitamin C every day your age and activity.

20 supplies your daily need.

FOODS RICH IN VITAMIN C

strawberries
oranges
grapefruit
raw cabbage
cantaloupe
avocado

COUNT YOUR VITAMIN B_2

START HERE

THE ROAD TO HEALTH

MR. AND MRS. JOE DiMAGGIO are interested in food and not merely from reasons of hunger. Joe is not only a man who bowls over third basemen with hot shots through the infield, but he also owns a famous restaurant in San Francisco. He was particularly eager to hear about Vitamin A.

"That stuff that makes you see better," says Joe.

Ballplayers have special eating habits—a heavy breakfast, no lunch before the game, and a heavy dinner. Here are the meals on which Joe's score in the game was based:

BREAKFAST

One-half grapefruit
Three hot cakes (enriched flour)
Two pieces whole-wheat toast, buttered
Coffee

DINNER

Shrimp cocktail
New England clam chowder
Hamburger (double serving)
Potato pancake
Buttered roll
Mixed green salad
Custard pie
Coffee

On that, his score averaged 17 out of a perfect 20.

Vitamin A—green card—17
Vitamin B_1—red card—17
Vitamin B_2—blue card—18
Vitamin C—orange card—17
Iron—purple card—20
Calcium—yellow card—14

If Joe had worked in a cheese sandwich or a glass of milk that night, or had taken another vegetable at dinner, he would have had an even better score. It may be coincidence that Joe grabbed the vitamin game with avidity just at the time he was in a hitting slump; and it may be an even greater coincidence that he began pounding the ball again soon after.

"Carrots for me," says Joe. "I hear if you eat carrots you can see in the dark, like an owl." ★★★

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North Wind

Continued from page 22

good chance he would not be a fourfold champion today had it not been for a unique pacemaker, Arne Andersson of Gothenburg, who has been Gunder's faithful shadow on the road to world records and who in any other circumstances would have been a champion himself. It was just as much good luck for Gunder to have met such a competitor as it was bad luck for Andersson not to be running in another era.

But Gunder has had bad luck, too, and had Swedish sports officials been still more bureaucratic than they are reputed to be, he might have suffered the fate of Arne Borg or Nurmi. Just after he set his first world record at 1,500 meters in 3.47.6 last autumn he was denounced for breach of amateur rules and finally banned from all competition for ten months. The Swedish Athletic Union ruled that he had accepted too much money from a local club by taking 68 crowns, or about $18, for expense money.

I asked him about it and he said: "No, it wasn't too much money." But he wants to forget about it now because he considers it a matter of the past. As far as his career is concerned it is an important part of his past because it led to an amazing comeback. Disqualification was a hard blow to his pride but not a crushing blow. Instead, it brought out a new strength and determination as tough as the rugged hills of his native Jaemtland. He said that for the first time he had a real purpose in running. He became ambitious. He would make people sit up and take notice.

He began training among the friends of his childhood; in his native forests and along the shores of the rocky lake where he had played as a child. He was determined to show his friends and adversaries alike.

But it was when he swept through the forest paths that his determination and confidence mounted highest. Pure, fragrant air filled his lungs. His feet seemed hardly to touch the resilient surface of the tracks, twisting through the forest and winding through moss-covered clusters of granite around the lake. Always he had liked a soft, elastic track and this became his favorite training ground.

He never forgot his goal and, when the snows came, he went on with his training, sometimes on skis and sometimes on long hikes, still accompanied by his faithful partners. When his period of suspension ended and the starter's gun again sent him flying around the track, Gunder knew he had succeeded.

Shattering Records Galore

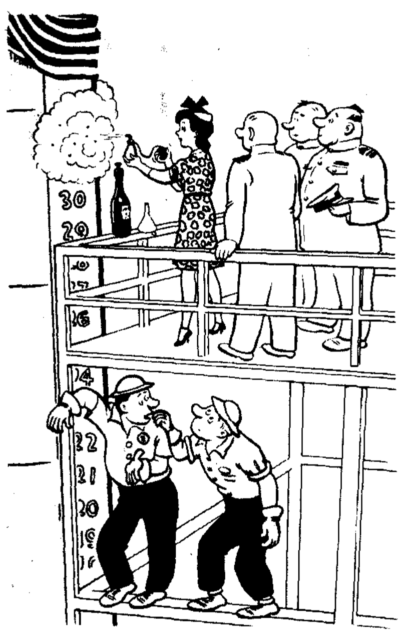
The previous world mark had been 4:06.4 made by Sydney Wooderson in England on August 28, 1937. Haegg ran it in 4:06.2. Then came an even more remarkable feat. Forty-eight hours after breaking the world's mile record, he lengthened his stride and went after the two-mile record. Miklos Szabo of Hungary had done 8:56 in 1937. Taisto Maeki of Finland had lowered that to 8:53.2 in 1939. Greg Rice had done better than that indoors (which doesn't count in international competition), but Haegg proceeded to annihilate *all* two-mile marks. He ran the distance in 8:47.8!

The first race had been on July 1st, and on July 17th he furnished his masterpiece in breaking the 1,500-meter record. Jack Lovelock had done 3:47.8 at the Olympic games in Berlin in 1936. It had been a great triumph and nobody had been near him at the finish. Haegg finished in 3:45.8, an astonishing achievement!

On July 21st he concluded his twenty-one days of miracles by setting a new world mark for the 2,000-meters by doing it in 5:16.4 at Malmoe, beating the former record by Archie San Romani of 5:16.8.

When he whirls against the tape at the finish of a record-breaking race he is a picture of relaxation. His hands are open and relaxed. There is no visible strain in either his face or his body. He is as smooth as the gentle breeze drifting through the forests of Jaemtland.

Swedish sports writers have compared Haegg with Jesse Owens, the great American sprinter. They say that you will find such perfect harmony of movement, such complete unity of mind and body, such mastery over every muscle only in Haegg or Owens—or perhaps in a jungle-bred panther. Haegg's distance records are due, they say, to his rediscovery of natural rules of running that are as old as mankind but forgotten in an age of asphalt and automobiles.



"We're building them so fast they have to conserve champagne that way"

Collier's COLIN ALLEN

There is, of course, more to it than that. Haegg also has all of the physical qualities which make a great runner: slow pulse, long "dry" legs, broad chest, good lungs, a strong heart and a light body. Any two of these qualities might make him a first-class runner. All of them put him in a class by himself.

Gunder never seriously tried any other sport except for a bit of high jumping. He could clear about 160 centimeters (five feet, three inches). He doesn't believe in any sort of gymnastics to improve his condition. His diet is as simple as his daily life; he eats what he likes.

His casual conversation about training and style would make an expert shudder. The experts, for instance, recommend a warm shower after a training run. Gunder takes a cold shower.

"Doesn't it make your muscles hard?" I asked him.

"Well, maybe it does," he replied carelessly. "But I like a cold shower."

He says it with such assurance that you feel one of the reasons that he is always in good form is that he never thinks about it. He doesn't worry about it, either.

"I sleep like a log whether I'm going to run the next day or not," he said with a smile when I inquired whether he was nervous before a race. "But sometimes I do have 'start fever,' especially at a shorter distance like 800 meters."

Gunder's idea of how to run a race is something to baffle even the most indifferent student of track events, but it is sure-fire excitement for the crowd. Unlike most champions, he cares little for records or titles. He would never understand why Nurmi carried a stop watch as he ran and he would scorn Glenn Cunningham's uncanny ability to regulate his speed by a fixed schedule. Gunder responds to the crowd. He's out for the thrill or as he says, "the fun of it."

He likes to win and, when thousands of people are cheering and yelling, he likes to please the crowd. But even then he never bothers much about interim times or tips on when to hold back and when to sprint.

"I run the way my muscles and nerves tell me," he explained. "When I feel the time has come to sprint I sprint."

Usually, he sprints just enough to come in a few meters ahead, but who could ask more?

He Doesn't Mind Crowds

This ability to come in first has not made him boastful or given him an attitude of superiority. He is the kind of fellow you like to meet or compete against. Some sports authorities, talking about plans for him to run in the United States, express fear that international fame might have an adverse effect on Gunder. They recall the famous Finnish runner, Maeki, whose 5,000-meter record still stands, and remember that when he returned from America in 1940 many thousands of cheering admirers saw him run two laps "for show" before a race at Helsinki's Olympic stadium. When the race started, Maeki ran six laps and then was forced to drop out while a slim blond youth named Gunder Haegg raced on to victory at 5,000 meters for the first time.

But those who know Gunder well do not share these fears. Nor do they seem reasonable on the basis of the runner's casual conversation.

"What about the crowds?" I asked him. "Do you like big crowds?"

"Yes," he replied. "Crowds are all right when you're running. They help somehow. But afterward it gets a bit thick with all the handshaking business."

"And the newspapers," I went on. "They print a lot about you now."

"Yes. They print too much."

"Have you any plans for the future?"

Gunder shook his head. "No. . . . Well, running."

"For how long? The next ten years?"

"No, make it twenty years," he corrected.

"What about America, now that you've accepted the invitation to go over there next winter?"

"Well . . . I'm going," said Gunder.

I asked if he had ever run indoors and he said he had not. Well, he had a new experience coming; something to be learned the hard way under the glaring spotlights of New York; something far removed from the cool paths of northern forests. What would it be like for Gunder to run at Madison Square Garden?

You can't say that the rocky hills of Jaemtland don't breed confidence. Gunder had the answer.

"That should be fun, too," he said.

THE END

Slugger

Stamina to fight…to fight harder and longer…slugging out cannon shells, slamming out bullets. Power to fly…to fly higher and faster…screaming down out of the sun, slugging it out up where there's room to fight.

—That's what's in the 'planes America builds. They're sluggers with speed, cannon-carrying, armed to the wing tips.

—That's what it takes to sweep the Axis from the skies: mighty fighter 'planes with a heavyweight's hitting power, the speed and shiftiness of a lightweight champ.

And Lockheed builds such a hard-hitting, cannon-carrying fighter…the P-38 Lightning interceptor pursuit. Planned for defense…to smash attackers…it now serves on the *offense* in the skies of America's fighting fronts. Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Burbank, California.

for protection today, and progress tomorrow, look to

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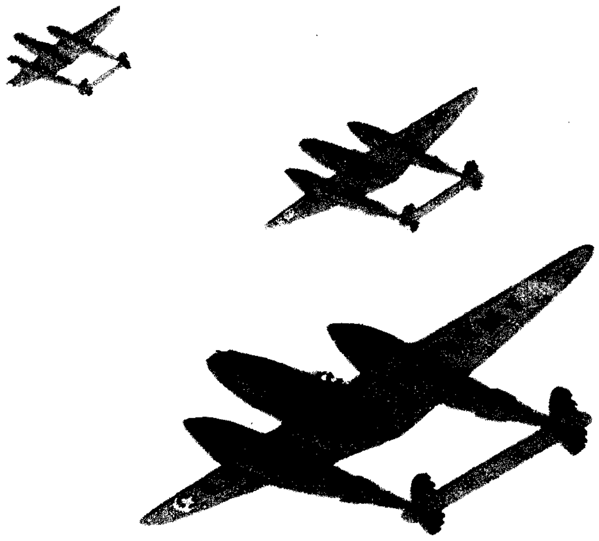
FOR LEADERSHIP



ALL FIRST CLASS MAIL by AIR
IT'S COMING!

Boat Trip to Dieppe

Continued from page 13

Robert said, "Tell Fighter Command to give us cover for the withdrawal."

It was just eleven o'clock and now officially the raid was over. More wounded arrived. Our decks were covered with them now. One bedraggled, soaking-wet figure stumbled aboard. He was a doctor who had been with the landing forces and happily he was unwounded. Our ship's doctor uttered a cry of relief when he saw that help had come. The two went to work. The two doctors had no time to operate or to dig for shrapnel and bullets. They could only clean wounds and give the merciful needle of morphine to deaden the agony.

In the wardroom, there were twenty men lying on the floor. When bombs fell near or our four-inch guns made the whole ship tremble, they never moved. All of them were a little stunned by the tremendous noise and blast that had lasted now for six hours. One man who seemed familiar stumbled into the room. He tried to stand straight but then he collapsed as I grabbed a bottle of brandy and put it to his lips.

"It's a hell of a story, isn't it?" he grinned and then he passed out again.

I was pretty proud of my profession then. This was Wallace Rayburn of the Montreal Standard, one of the two correspondents who had managed to reach shore. I helped strip his wet clothes off. He had been hit by shrapnel, not seriously, but he had also been forced to swim for it and he was exhausted.

A tall blond kid looking very Midwestern came into the wardroom in his Ranger uniform. He was Sergeant Kenneth Kenyon of Minneapolis, Minnesota, and he was looking for his Ranger pal Sergeant Matchel Swank, also of Minneapolis, but Swank wasn't with us.

"It was bad on shore," young Kenyon said. "But, my God, how those Canadians can fight!"

Just then Sergeant Swank appeared. He'd been looking for Kenyon. His right arm was bandaged. It was only a small piece of shrapnel. I gave them each a drink of brandy. Neither had ever tasted it before and they didn't like it.

"Does the wound bother you?" I asked him.

"No," he laughed. "I knew nothing could happen to me. My father gave me a small Bible to carry with me. It brought him through the last war and it's going to bring me through this one. Pop's in the Army too."

(Confidential note to Sergeant Major Swank, Camp Dix: That kid of yours is only nineteen but he's a good man. Congratulations!)

The Long Voyage Home

I walked on deck for a last look. Dieppe was burning in three places. All of the men had been embarked and it was time to go home. The Destroyer Berkeley steamed by us slowly. Once a single Dornier drove through the Spits to drop its bombs. They missed us, but the Berkeley wasn't so lucky. She was hit directly, and a thin splinter of flame shot forty feet in the air.

It was a bad hit. The ship listed slowly and you knew she had received her death blow. Motor launches came hurrying, motor torpedo boats came at fifty miles an hour to help. Men tumbled from her sloping sides into the sea to be picked up. We circled the stricken ship looking for survivors. A moment after the last man had been plucked from the water, another British ship blew up the Berkeley according to orders. She sank within twenty seconds.

Now there was a movement among the ships all around us. The raid was over. We were on our way home, but our ship remained where she was. One by one the others formed in line and headed away from Dieppe. Our engines finally started to hum and we too moved, but we moved not away from Dieppe but toward it. Roberts was going in again on the chance that we might find a few survivors in the water near the beaches.

The next twenty minutes were not pleasant. All the shore batteries still in action turned on us. The Dorniers and the Focke-Wulfs saw what they thought to be a crippled straggler and they came at us again and again. Shells and bombs threw up huge jets of water close to us, but we steamed steadily on.

I went into the wardroom. If we were hit, the men down there wouldn't have a chance. The wardroom was below the water line. A little Yorkshire steward whose name was Joe Crowther was going from one man to another. Joe is twenty-one. He told reassuring lies.

"We're on our way home now," he said in his slow Yorkshire accents. "It won't be long. Dieppe is far behind us."

The Brave Little Steward

Then we were hit. The bomb landed forward and the ship trembled. The noise reverberated from one steel wall to the other, and your head rang with the concussion. Through the noise, the laughter of Joe Crowther came.

"That's our new six-inch gun they're firing," he told the wounded. "If you didn't know better you'd think it was a bomb."

The wounded who had lain tense, their faces drained of color, relaxed. The color came back, and Joe went among them saying, "A nip of brandy; it'll warm you up. Isn't often you can drink free on His Majesty's Royal Navy."

Joe looked at me and winked. We had no six-inch guns on board, but these wounded didn't know that. If I were handing out V. C.s leading Mess Steward Joe Crowther of Bradford, Yorkshire, would be the first to be given one.

Finally, Roberts was satisfied that no useful purpose could be served by remaining any longer. Reluctantly he gave the order to return. It was nice to hear the throaty roar of the motors sending us along at fifteen knots. They still tried to get us with their bombs, and a Focke-Wulf 190 almost made it. I was on deck when it came from nowhere. It was only a hundred feet above us and it raked us from stem to stern with its cannon and machine guns. It dropped two bombs, one of which hit us. I reeled into the gangway, knocked sideways by the blast. Then it was gone with the discomfited Spits giving chase.

We went on toward England. We caught up with the flotilla just before entering the ten-mile German mine field. Roberts had told his men that he'd be first through the mine field. We slipped ahead of the others for the tortuous one-hour trip. We were all exhausted and a little punch-drunk from the nine hours of constant battering.

I found four U. S. Ranger soldiers sitting together with not a wound among them. They'd been with the No. 4 Commandos. They were Staff Sergeant Kenneth Stemphen of Russell, Minnesota, Corporal William Brady of Grand Forks, North Dakota; Sergeant Alex Szima of Dayton, Ohio; and Corporal Franklin M. Koons of Swea City, Iowa. They were tired but happy. They could talk of nothing but the Commandos.

"I'd like to get hold of that louse back home," husky Corporal Brady said, clenching his big hands, "who told me that the British can't fight. My God, I never saw anything like it!"

"We'd have been dead a dozen times if it hadn't been for our superior officers," Szima added. "They're the greatest fighters in the world. They make us look like sissies."

"How about that sergeant major we carried out?" Koons said. "He had a hole in his belly you could stick your fist through and yet every few minutes he'd yell 'Down!' and we'd drop flat, and sure enough, machine-gun bullets would go over his head."

"I fell for that propaganda at home myself," Stemphen said. "Who the hell started it anyhow? Talk about the Russians! If they're half as good as these British they're terrific."

We steamed on, and now the mine field was behind us. The Spitfires flew sedately overhead. They had the sky pretty much to themselves. We relaxed a bit and laughed a little and drank brandy, and even the wounded joked about the blood on their uniforms. We were able to check up a bit. Our crew had been hit badly. Many of them were casualties. All of the "walking wounded" stuck to their posts. It's true what they say about the British navy.

Then ahead we saw a very sweet sight, the shores of England. That shore looked almost as good as the shore of America would have looked. We steamed on and, looking back to the great line of little ships that steamed on so proudly, you couldn't help but choke a little. Nearly all had come back.

Had the raid been a success? Our casualties had been heavy. But quite definitely the raid proved a lot of things and taught us a lot. It had taught us that a large landing force can be transported across the Channel with a reasonable chance of arriving there. It proved that tanks can be landed.

Lessons Learned at Dieppe

My own view is that the two things lacking were a terrific air bombardment before the landing, and the use of parachute troops. It is true that when you do a preliminary bombing you forfeit the element of surprise. It is also true that only by bombing or dive bombing can gun batteries effectively be silenced and troops allowed to land without having to face a suicidal fire. Parachute troops dropped a few miles inland could have taken the pill boxes which bothered our men so and could have prevented reinforcements from coming up from the rear.

There will be a second front some day. But the question of a second front is not a political question, as so many people seem to think. It is entirely a military question. The military leaders of the United Nations are studying the Dieppe raid today, learning lessons they needed to learn. War can only be fought by trial and error. It can't be fought on paper. Men died during those nine hours we were at Dieppe but their lives were not wasted. When the final assault takes place, every lesson learned during those nine horrible hours will be utilized. Lives will be saved then because of the Dieppe raid.

But the greatest lesson of all that we learned at Dieppe was this. Given the opportunity, the British and Canadians fight like Russians. That is nice to know.

THE END

"Rust killed it! I forgot to clean out my radiator with Sani-Flush"

A clogged radiator can lay up an automobile—cause dangerous overheating and expensive damage. Don't take chances when it's so easy to keep the cooling system clean and free with Sani-Flush. Costs only a few cents.

Don't take chances on just flushing with water. Sani-Flush is thorough. Use it yourself, or ask your service station. *Sani-Flush is absolutely safe in auto cooling systems, when used according to directions on can.* It's in most bathrooms for cleaning toilets. Sold in grocery, drug, hardware and 10c stores. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.

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When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

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HEAVY BODY
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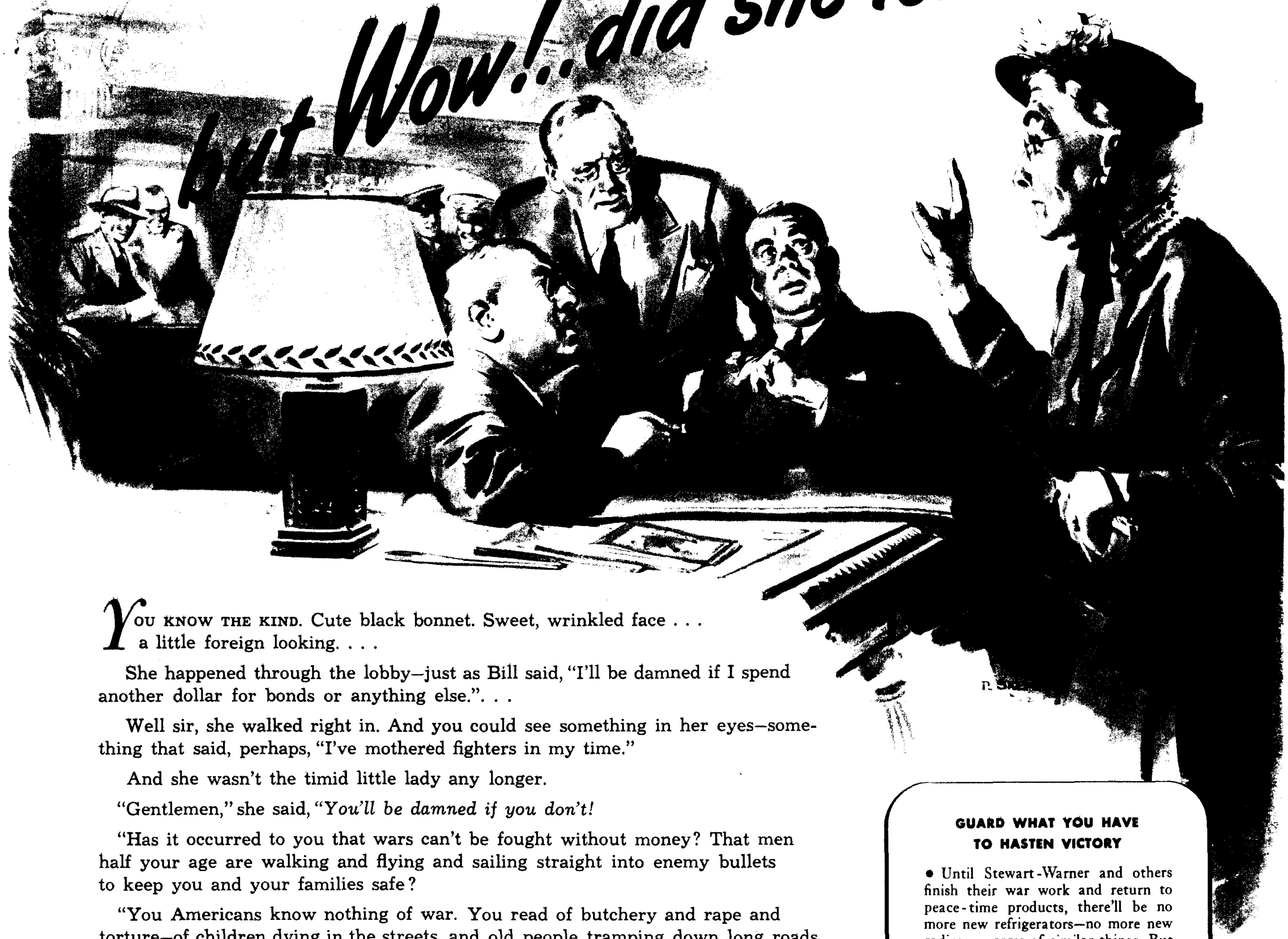
JUST A LOVELY TIMID OLD LADY... but Wow!..did she tell 'em!



YOU KNOW THE KIND. Cute black bonnet. Sweet, wrinkled face . . . a little foreign looking. . . .

She happened through the lobby—just as Bill said, "I'll be damned if I spend another dollar for bonds or anything else.". . .

Well sir, she walked right in. And you could see something in her eyes—something that said, perhaps, "I've mothered fighters in my time."

And she wasn't the timid little lady any longer.

"Gentlemen," she said, "*You'll be damned if you don't!*

"Has it occurred to you that wars can't be fought without money? That men half your age are walking and flying and sailing straight into enemy bullets to keep you and your families safe?

"You Americans know nothing of war. You read of butchery and rape and torture—of children dying in the streets, and old people tramping down long roads that lead nowhere.

"But you haven't lived it. It hasn't come to burn and ravage your homes—and kill those you love. But it can this time. And if it does—you'll wish you had bought bonds—with every dollar you possess."

IT WAS sort of quiet after the little old lady had gone. I guess we were all thinking how right she was. And thinking about a lot of Americans who haven't come through—for the kids who are carrying the guns and flying the planes and sailing the subs out there where death is maybe only a minute away.

Doesn't it make you feel small—and a little ashamed—when you figure it's only a loan of your money they're asking for? That you can send your dollars to blast Jap Zeros out of the sky—and have them back with interest to buy a new car or refrigerator or fur coat when it's over?

Why don't you take a good square look at this thing? A good tough look. Your dollars are needed—just a loan. Needed to get this mess over with—quick! Will you let your country use them for a while? Every last dollar you can spare!

GUARD WHAT YOU HAVE TO HASTEN VICTORY

- Until Stewart-Warner and others finish their war work and return to peace-time products, there'll be no more new refrigerators—no more new radios or scores of similar things. But—care for what you have now, and it will see you thru!
- Your dealer is prepared to do his part—to stretch the life of your radio—refrigerator—car—or home appliances—by expert service and repair.
- Call on him at the first sign of trouble! A simple adjustment—a minor repair—can often prevent serious trouble.
- And remember that a *correctly* lubricated part wears almost indefinitely. Use top-quality lubricants regularly—Alemite for your car and the proper grade of machine oil for appliances. Every repair part saved by care frees metal and machines to bring victory just that much quicker!

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION

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[illegible]

"I've found extra savings at my thrifty A&P Super . . . just like striking gold in an oil field. I have discovered 33 quality-famous Ann Page Foods that let our family enjoy tip-top treats at down-to-earth prices. Only A&P has these good things to eat! Because A&P both makes and sells them, you share in the savings offered by factory-to-you methods of marketing. Just try a few Ann Page Foods today. You'll praise their 'homey' quality and rave about their low prices. Visit your A&P Super today—start beating the high cost of eating tomorrow."

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Nectar and Our Own Teas
Sunnyfield Butter
Mel-O-Bit Cheese
White Sail Household Products
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Podden the Expression

By Kyle Crichton

Take a talent for comedy, a gum-rubber pan and a mind like a scalpel, and you have the makings of the most meteoric rise in entertainment history. Please meet Zero Mostel

ZERO MOSTEL is a large, boneless man resembling a shad. He is not big in an obscene and senile way; he is not even youthfully fat; he seems merely to be something loosely in burlap. His face is not only mobile but it has a faint trace of beauty. He perspires easily. He is a comedian.

When these words were written, Zero's professional career was exactly five months old and he was a sensation. He had just negotiated a three-year contract with M-G-M which was to pay him $4,000 a week for two pictures a year; he was playing at the Paramount Theater in New York at $1,000 a week; he was appearing weekly on the Lower Basin Street program on the radio; and he was doing three shows a night at Café Society Downtown where his first great success had been made.

After these small chores, he took the subway for an hour's ride home to the Bronx. On those few occasions when his feet wouldn't carry him any longer, he fell dead into a hotel bed around Times Square and called up his mother next day to explain.

"That subway ride, Mom," he said. "I couldn't face it."

"Complaints always," Mamma answered sternly. "What if Mayor La Guardia should hear?"

Nothing as meteoric as Zero has ever happened in the American theater. Five months ago, he was merely the neigborhood cutup who stood before the piano in the parlor and made his friends laugh. It was never his own piano or his own parlor. He was there raising money for a cause. Did China need relief? Get Sam Mostel and talk somebody into letting their house be used.

"Sometimes we'd raise forty-eight, fifty-two bucks," says Zero. "Not for me. For relief."

By profession he was a painter. "With the easel, with the thumb—a painter," says Mostel hastily. He lived in a place on West 28th Street with three other artists. They lacked room, they also lacked a bath. When they wanted something more than a rinse, they went to a public bathhouse.

"In this world," Zero says, with a shrug, "not even the water is free."

After graduating from Seward Park High and City College in the art department, there had been some good days, a lot of bad ones. During the bad ones, he worked in factories. During the good ones, he was on WPA.

"Twenty-three dollars and eighty-six cents a week, a very odd sum, but acceptable," reports Zero.

On WPA he was a lecturer on art, of which he is a serious student. His chalk talks became so popular that the supervisors looked into the matter. No such

Zero as Charles Boyer playing Pepe le Moko with Hedy Lamarr

interest in the history of painting ha ever before been discovered. They ar rived at the lecture hall to find half th audience on the floor, rolling around i pain. They were laughing themselves t extinction. If this seems like the usua press-agent yarn, remember that th same material that convulsed the WP audience is now being paid for in gol running freely like molten lava.

Sketches Taken from Life

But his knowledge of life and th material he uses for his sketches cam from his work in the factories. When h failed to hold up his end on a 500-poun cask, which would have killed him i had dropped on him, the older membe of the crew spoke to him quietly.

"If this was the Titanic and it wa sinking," he said, "would you jump in th first lifeboat, Sammie, or would you g down with the ship? Now take up you end and remember."

From these same surroundings cam the finest of his new numbers: Fresh Ai "I'm working in the shop all day and th machines go whrr-whrr and I come hom at night to my room. What is it a ma

He wants a "bit of—podden the expression—fresh air"

Senator Pellagra, the darling of the Isolationists, works himself up to a pitch. Finally he demands: "What was Hawaii doing in the Pacific, anyway?"

wants when he comes home to his room? A man wants a bit of—podden the expression—fresh air." What follows is a pathetic and hilarious saga of his quest for same.

The legendary story about Zero is that he was found by Barney Josephson at a relief party and hired for Café Society Downtown. The true story is that Himan Brown, a radio producer, brought him to Ivan Black, press agent for Café Society, and an audition was arranged with Josephson. He liked the Mostel material but felt that Zero was too amateurish for a night club. Inspired by starvation and the enthusiasm of Black, who kept pestering Josephson about the young man (he is still only twenty-seven), Zero finally wedged himself into Café Society Downtown after five months' delay. Black drummed up excitement and had the New York critics there for the event.

"What do you call those eggs they find in the Gobi Desert?" asks Zero. "That's what I laid! One of those big ones!"

There were no laughs, there were embarrassed and uneasy conversations among the guests. "Five hundred wise guys had given me advice before I went on," says Zero. "Don't do this, take that out, don't move around. It's lucky I did move around. I might have got killed."

That was at the dinner show and he was equally bad at the midnight show. But at the 2:30 shambles he decided to do his stuff as he used to do it in the parlor. He had them screaming after five minutes with his Senator Pellagra skit, his burlesque of Jimmy Durante, his satire on Charles Boyer. Within three weeks, he was signed for the Lower Basin Street show; in six weeks, he was on Broadway with the Keep 'Em Laughing vaudeville show, which he stopped at every performance.

"Here on the head, hit me," sighed Zero, when the money started to come in. "All the time I am with dreaming."

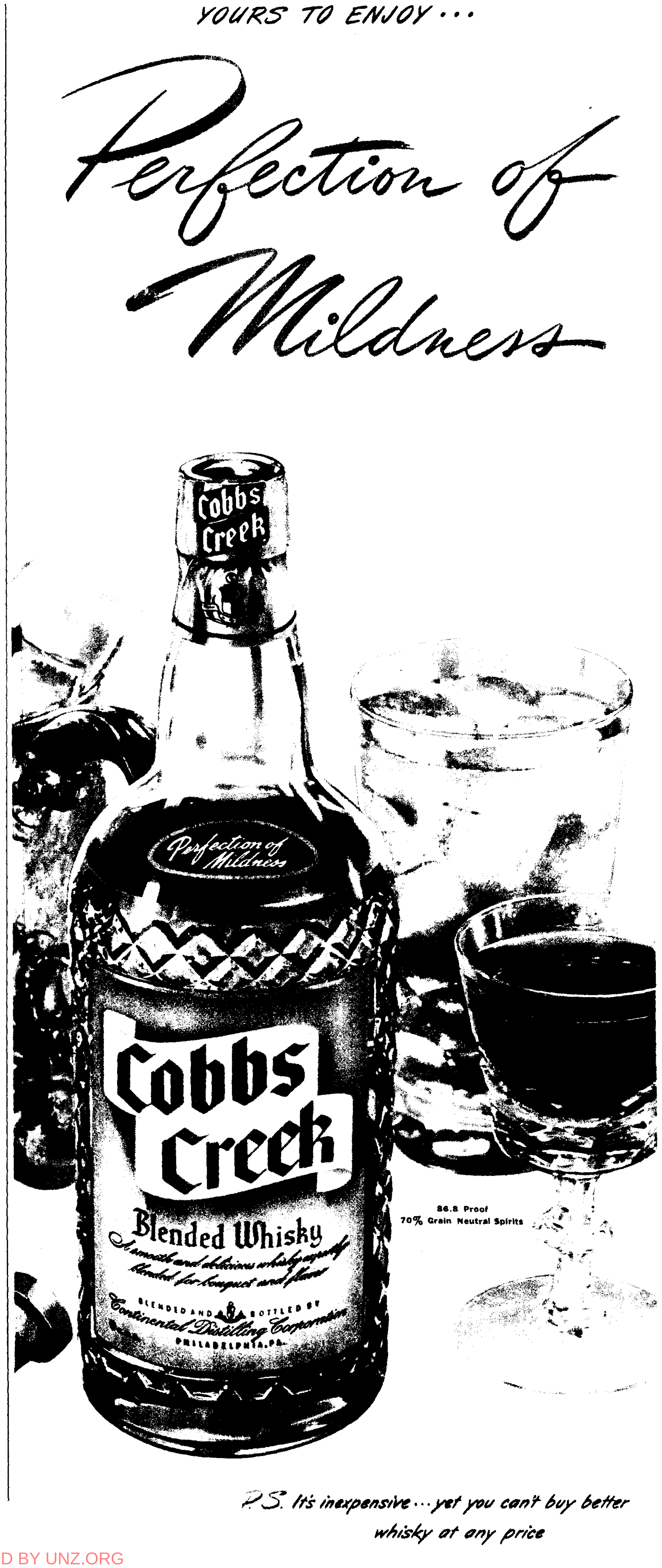
What really gave him his start as a comedian was his experience as a member of the R.O.T.C. at City College. He was the least likely-looking soldier ever seen, as was testified to by General Drum on inspection, upon seeing a form sticking out behind a line on parade.

"Now there's a young man you're going to have to reconstruct," said the general. "At present he's all caboose."

There was the other highly serious occasion when, upon hearing the order

More Boyer, this time turning on the heat with Hedy. He is showing her his sophisticated side. "Let me run through your hair, Hedy," says he, "barefoot"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARTIN HARRIS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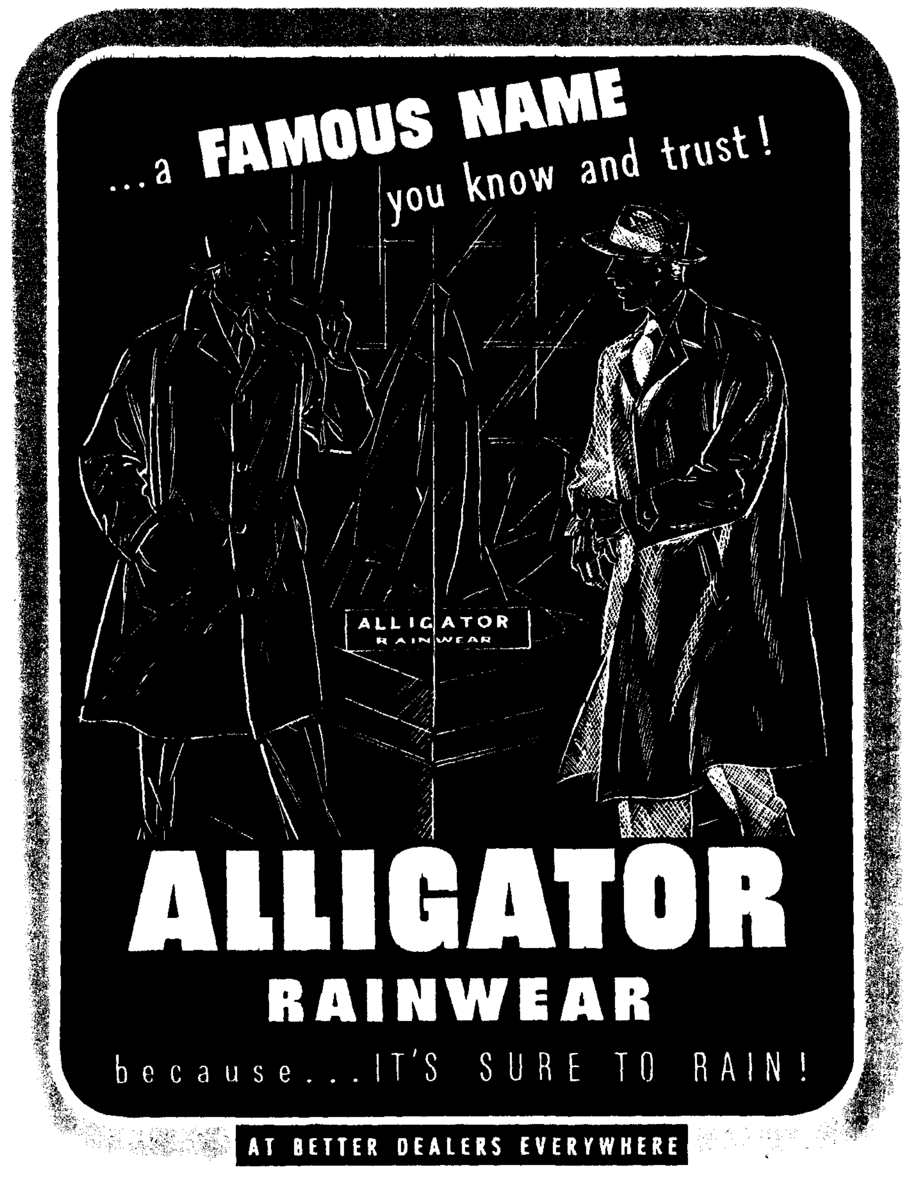

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"Forward march," Zero instead started to crumple like an airless accordion.

The major was irate. "Why are you at ease when the others are marching?" he demanded.

"It ain't me at ease, *mon capitan,*" howled Zero in return. "It's the uniform."

These episodes endeared him to the student body but he had no ambitions along dramatic lines, never appeared in college plays, and in fact achieved something of a miracle by flunking his diction course in high school, an almost impossible feat. His old high-school teacher has been at Café Society to see Zero since his success. He looked hard, shook his had bewilderedly and said, "It's a phenomenon."

The R.O.T.C. situation became so critical that on inspection days the staff officers tried to get Zero out of sight. They sought to detail him on special duty.

"Private Mostel, would you be so good as to go to the gymnasium with a message for Corporal Schtunk?" they would ask uneasily.

"I gotta drill," Zero would say, professing not to understand.

"But we excuse you from drill," said the staff.

"I gotta drill," persisted Zero. "I gotta get hard, I gotta get strong. I gotta get ready to die for dear old City College."

Liked Art Courses

They kept clear of him after that, and he went his way, taking nothing but art courses if he could help it, and liking one freshman art course so much that he insisted on taking it over all through his four years.

"Passed it eight times," says Zero.

All the time he was accumulating the material he was later to use in his act. He works up his own stuff and had no copy of anything until he got on the radio where recordings were made of his broadcasts. He still has no written material. With engagements piling up on him, he will soon need a writer but it won't take much to help him. Given even a rumor of an idea, he starts developing it. His friends have urged him to move into town and avoid the long ride to the Bronx but he gets his ideas from being with the people. He also has acts of his own which he saves for the subway.

One of them has to do with aged women not getting seats. When he sees that from the platform, he enters the train with his eyes fixed relentlessly in their sockets, playing blind. He wends his way through the coach, accidentally slapping male faces as he feels his way along.

When he gets to the seat where the old woman is hanging to a strap, he looks blankly at the seat occupant until that harassed gentleman finally gets up. Zero sits down, carefully holds his newspaper upside down and begins to read it by Braille. He runs his hand over the lines. He moans at bad news, he chortles at the amusing items. Then he suddenly asks the old woman to have his seat and works his way out of the train, slapping certain evil-looking pans more lustily than before.

"Once a guy gave me two bits," said Zero. "Luckily I hadn't smacked him."

Friends contend that Zero (a name given him by Ivan Black over his violent protest, he thinking that Sam was good enough for any man) gets his humor from his mother, who is a character on her own. The rest of the family are pretty sober people, but Mamma has wit.

Mostel (accent on the last syllable as if it were spelled Mos-tell) has a head start on most comedians because he is living what he is doing. His energy is boundless and while he may be giving, officially, only three shows a day, he is actually giving a hundred. He lives what he is, which is a young man with an amazing comic gift, combined with a genius for comic observation which verges on vivisection. He had no professional training when he began and it didn't matter. Experience has taught him things about timing which are invaluable to any artist but the thing that counts is his material. His face is elastic and he uses it for comic effect as successfully as anybody in the profession.

If it were a matter solely of doing things humorously on the stage or screen, there might be a chance that his vogue would die as suddenly as it began, but it happens that his whole life is a stage. When he encounters something he hates in his daily life, he tries to murder it by ridicule. One of his aversions is servility. Lately he dressed up two acquaintances as youngsters and led them into an elegant New York men's store.

"I want two dozen imported English shirts for these kids!" he announced loudly as soon as he entered.

A clerk came forward rubbing his hands obsequiously. "What size, please?" he asked.

"Eighteen in the neck and forty-eight in the sleeve," said Zero promptly.

The clerk was too polite to mention that no such sizes existed in children's wear. Instead, he was tactful.

"Would you mind if I measured the little fellows?" he asked humbly.

"Measure them!" repeated Zero, flourishing his cane. "I've *told* you what size they wanted!"

"Certainly, certainly," said the clerk, hastily apologetic, "but if I could just measure them . . ."

"Take off your jackets, lads!" ordered Zero, whereupon his phony friends jerked off their coats and revealed that they had nothing on underneath. They stalked out of the shop carrying their jackets jauntily over their arms and showing more hair on the chest than any juveniles had a right to possess.

"Am I in high dudgeon!" cried Zero, as he passed the manager on the way out. That worthy gentleman cowered behind the shirt counter, holding his breath until they were well away.

Just One Good Suit

When Zero began his career he had one good suit, a blue serge job that fitted him somewhat haphazardly like a tent. His enthusiastic followers considered this genius and warned him not to vary the pattern. However, there came a time when he had to get something else, the original triumph having turned a slaty-gray tinge from usage. He went to a tailor, and his friends trembled. One sight of the new brown model reassured them but made Zero unhappy.

"I got it figured out now," he said morosely. "They *can't* fit me."

He is a 210-pound figure of a man and, in addition to the mobile face which allows him to characterize the stupidities of mankind, he has a way of running his arms in and out of the sleeves of his coat to express fear, modesty and chagrin. He insists heatedly that he is not double-jointed.

"I'm just relaxed," he says.

The fear of fame going to his head is negligible because he considers everything in life ridiculous, including himself. Recently when affairs reached a stage of confusion where he was fed up with success, he said irately:

"If they don't like what I'm doing, I can always go back to being a painter." He paused at the horrified looks of the bystanders and added with a shrug, "Of course, I wouldn't *eat!*"

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

part of air-combat units these days.

Bomber crews have a chance to pack heavy jackets aboard, just in case. But the pursuiter, sweltering all day in the wattled and fronded "alert hut," where the temperature is 110 or greater, may have to swoop into the air at a breath's notice. On the ground, he would die if he wore more than shorts and a thin shirt. But when he's got to fly—he's got to fly. Time only to buckle on his chute, which is always ready in the seat. Yet a few minutes later, at 10,000 feet, he may be flying in bitter cold, even through snow or hail. It's been known.

THEN, there are sudden rains in blinding sheets, so that you think you're flying through liquid tin. Black local squalls that blow up from nowhere, like genii escaping from bottles, to shroud the volcanic peaks; terrifying winds to blow you off course; lastly, those incredibly monstrous thunderheads that are seen only in the tropics. Devil's caldrons of the skies, they will tear your plane rivet from plate if you venture into them. Under or near them, the air is rough enough; in them, it's literally boiling.

To this day, most airmen believe that the Hawaii Clipper which disappeared between Guam and the Philippines in 1938 was dissolved in a thunderhead. One recent bomber flight over Timor reported seeing what must have been the daddy of all thunderheads—a single cloud, 15 miles wide at its base, floating at 12,000 feet, and extending from there more than 41,000 feet to its peak; or into the outermost layer of the earth's atmosphere.

Nobody knows really, except on paper, how much of the stress and strain of "thermals"—the up-and-down currents caused by heating and cooling air; "bumps" or "pockets," to you—a plane will stand; or more important, just how great the strength thermals might develop. Even so old a hand as General Royce has respect for the unknown factors in thermals versus plane; if he's deadheading in a plane, you'll hear him bellow if the pilot takes one minute longer than necessary to get through a layer to the quiet air on top.

IN THE Other War, the ambition of every soldier was to murder the bugler. In this war, among pilots Down Under, there is a fixed resolve to murder some day the fellows who wrote all those books about balmy tropical isles, grass skirts and the wind in the palms. Then, spend the rest of their lives—in Maine or Minnesota. . . . W. B. C.

Blue Anemones

Continued from page 12

Maitland of the Sappers, and a sergeant pilot, who had accompanied him. No one spoke as he went up the ladder; Maitland and Carr followed. The sound of their footsteps must have been audible for miles, so complete was the desert stillness. . . . When, at the end of twenty minutes or so, they switched off lights and descended again to the moonbright plateau, Captain Maitland stared blankly at Bimbâshi Barûk.

"It's supernatural," he said, and he seemed to be afraid of his own voice. "It's a Marie Celeste of the air."

The facts justified his words. They had been able to identify places occupied by various members of the party for the reason that nothing, apparently, had been disturbed. On one table they found an open attaché case initialed "D.C." It contained two recent handbooks on Persia, a sealed box of a hundred Turkish cigarettes, and a copy of the Egyptian Gazette. Near it was a writing pad beside which lay a fountain pen and a pair of reading glasses.

A letter headed "En route to Teheran," and jerkily written, began with the words "Dear Jack." A purely personal note to a friend, it contained such sentences as, "Lucky I gave up smoking years ago, as good cigars are unobtainable here," and it concluded: "We are approaching a place called Rutbah which I understand is about halfway to Baghdad (where we spend the night). Desmond." There was a P.S. It said, "At the moment of writing there seems to be . . ."

At this point, clearly enough, the general had laid down his pen. On the rack were a uniform cap, gloves, and a regulation revolver. Similar equipment was found in a neighboring rack and on the table a pigskin portfolio bearing the words: "Colonel P. J. Western." It contained some large-scale maps and a quantity of forms and official correspondence. An open novel lay face downward beside a pack of playing cards. There was a cup containing coffee dregs.

Aft of these places they identified that occupied by Captain Wallace. He had been solving a crossword puzzle from an old issue of the Daily Telegraph. A short cane and a "brass hat" were near by. A portside seat adjoining told a like story, the story of a smooth and uneventful passage suddenly interrupted. There was a sewing bag on the floor in which were balls of wool and some illustrated pamphlets containing instructions for making jumpers. Part of such a knitted garment lay on the chair, needles in place, a fur cloak over the chair back.

On the table Bimbâshi Barûk noted a Persian dictionary, a volume of Keats and a Baedeker's "Palestine and Syria," in German. All were closed, but the last was marked by a long strip of red wool. A camera (Miss Lotus Yuan was a photographic expert) and a vanity case filled with cosmetics, perfumes and other toilet articles rested in the rack.

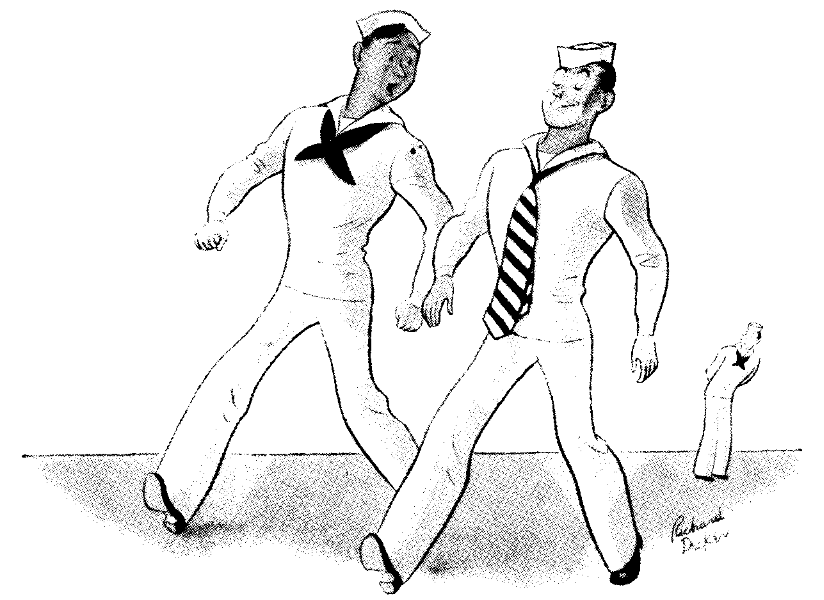
The baggage room was empty. The vacant cockpit and its instruments were left for later inspection. Barûk found himself particularly interested in the steward's pantry. Four clean glasses and a dish of biscuits and hors d'oeuvres stood on a tray, a cocktail shaker beside them—and the shaker was full. He seated himself on the sand, leaning back against the ladder, and began to fill his pipe.

"Deliberation," he remarked, "should always precede action."

But he knew that he was baffled.

BIMBASHI BARUK was still deliberating when dawn broke and when sunrise threw golden spears of light across the wilderness. He had completed his inquiry and was boiling down findings to a working residue. Established facts were these:

All logbooks and other records had been removed, together with heavy bag-



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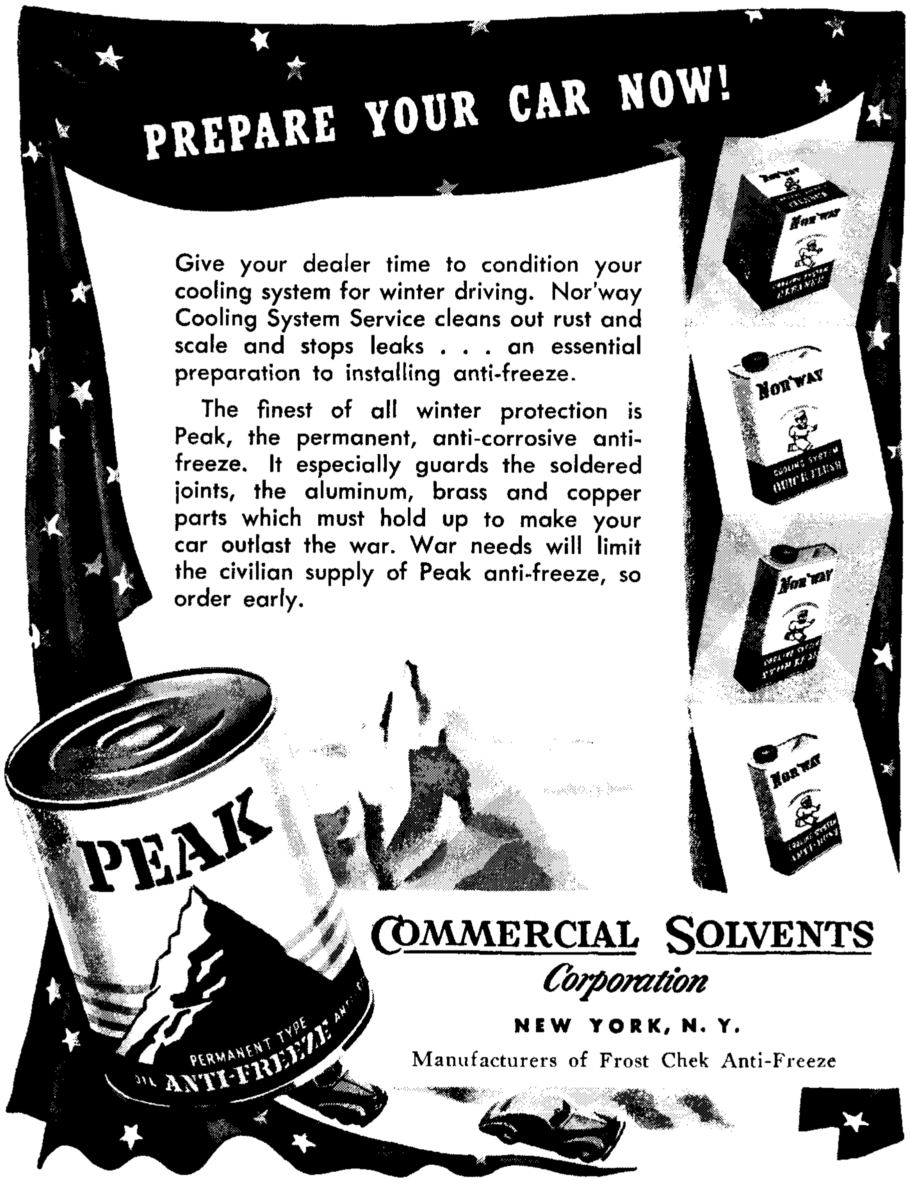
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gage. There was evidence to suggest that the passengers' personal belongings had undergone careful searching before being replaced where they were found. The engines were in order and there was enough petrol in the tanks for at least another two hundred miles. He knew that one case in possession of General Cooper might well have tempted enemy agents. This was a large leather portfolio, metal reinforced with three strong locks, and it contained scale plans and detailed directions for extending existing facilities by road and rail and speeding up Anglo-American supplies to Russia some three hundred per cent.

THERE were many problems which defeated the bimbâshi, but he had ample data, if only he knew how to use it, as he proceeded to point out to Captain Maitland.

"An important item," he said, "is General Cooper's P.S.: 'At the moment of writing there seems to be—' "

" 'Something wrong with the engines' is the conclusion of the sentence which leaps to one's mind."

"But there is nothing wrong with the engines."

"No. What about 'Something unusual taking place?' "

"Helpful, Maitland. I rather lean to that conclusion myself. Then there is the cocktail shaker."

Captain Maitland, reddish, unimaginative, inclined to put on weight, stared; he had light blue eyes which meant little but ignorance of fear.

"There is nothing unusual about the cocktail shaker."

"On the contrary, it is full. How long, after a cocktail has been prepared, does it remain in the shaker? A matter, not of minutes, but of seconds. Whatever disturbed the journey, therefore, entirely put Dimes off his stroke. He forgot to pour out the drinks. Again, at what hour should you expect cocktails to be served?"

"Six o'clock."

"This gives us the time at which interruption probably occurred: six o'clock. We may assume that Walburton at this hour was following his proper course, and I have worked out where he should have been at six o'clock. General Cooper's unfinished postscript bears this out. You agree with my figures, Carr?"

"To within ten miles, sir," the air force officer replied eagerly, "from the time when he set out for there. I have marked a likely spot on the map."

"About three miles short of a place called El Dag. Anybody know anything about El Dag?" Nobody knew anything about it. "We have to suppose, then, in endeavoring to reconstruct what happened, that at El Dag, Walburton saw or heard something which led him to behave in a really singular manner; namely, to pass over Rutbah, and then change his course and come here. Why here? It would be difficult to give a pilot directions to a spot like this, wouldn't it, Carr?"

"I should say impossible—unless ground signals were used."

"Ah," murmured the bimbâshi, and his heavy-lidded eyes half closed; "that is a point." His eyes woke up again. "We come, now, to Baedeker's 'Palestine and Syria.' What are we to make of 'Palestine and Syria'?"

"That's perfectly simple," said Captain Maitland. "Miss Yuan, a highly intelligent girl, was checking details of the route in a guidebook."

"Of course she was," the bimbâshi conceded. "But why did she mark a certain page with a piece of red wool?"

"It was the page she was reading at the time something occurred."

"There, Maitland, I fear I cannot agree with you. In my opinion, it was the page she had begun to read *after* something had occurred."

"How do you arrive at that, sir?" Carr asked.

"Very simply." Bimbâshi Barûk took the book from a capacious pocket in his camel's-hair coat. "She has not only marked the page but she has also placed a penciled ring around the paragraph. This is the paragraph: 'Wâdi el Hamiz (the *Hamiza of the Crusades*), a small, dried-up oasis on the Plain of Roty; once a resting place for caravans on the ancient road from Aleppo to Basra. Contains a ruined mosque erected by En-Nâsir in 1318; is uninhabited.' "

He returned the book to his pocket and glanced inquiringly from face to face. "Any comments?"

"Rather!" The cry came from Carr; he was galvanized. "El Hamiz is about sixty miles northwest of Rutbah, just over the Syrian border and plumb between the two pipe lines. There was a project floated not long before the war to make it a refueling station on a new commercial airway. The route was from Beirut to Basra and intended to connect with a steamer service from Trieste. It was a German-Italian scheme, and I think our people smelled a big rat. Anyhow it was washed up. There is supposed to be water somewhere, and I understand that artesian borings had actually begun."

"Have you been there?"

"Personally, no; but it's marked on all our maps as a good emergency landing. I fancy that the airfield had been partially laid out, but of course it would be overgrown now."

"No doubt," the bimbâshi agreed, and his regard momentarily grew dreamy again. "You will note, Maitland, that El Hamiz is not on the normal route to Baghdad, although Miss Yuan had carefully marked it. But I hope that I have made it clear that quite a lot of our evidence doesn't add up. For example, how can we fit in the deliberate misinformation given to Rutbah?"

"What misinformation?" asked Maitland. "I saw the plane myself, watched it through my glasses until it was nearly out of sight. The pilot's report was handed to me. Simply read 'All's well. Walburton'."

"THAT," said Bimbâshi Barûk, "is the deliberate misinformation to which I refer. Bearing in mind the fact that at Rutbah, Walburton was twenty minutes late, a considerable time must have elapsed since the steward had prepared cocktails—and they were never served. General Cooper never completed his postscript—" He looked from face to face, noting effects as the implication of this small but remarkable episode became clear to Maitland and Carr.

"Good Lord, sir!" Carr exploded. "It almost looks as though—"

"On the evidence found in the plane, you mean, it almost looks as though the party never reached Rutbah?"

"But I can trust my own eyes!" cried Maitland. "With respect, I don't see that your reasoning is necessarily right. It is always possible, for instance, that a member of the party was taken ill."

"There is a medical officer at Rutbah. Walburton would have made a landing there, rather than report 'All's well.' "

"At any rate," Carr exclaimed, "he wouldn't have brought the patient *here!*"

But Bimbâshi Barûk had permitted his attention to wander: he was gazing analytically at a wheel of the undercarriage. In morning light it presented a curiously speckled appearance, seeming to be mottled with countless flecks of light blue. This phenomenon demanded closer inquiry, and he moved across, knelt down, and began to scrape bright fragments from the wheel. Holding a number of these in his left palm, he stood up, turned—and his somewhat saturnine face was transfigured.

"Look!" He extended his hand. "Blue Wind—flowers: *anemones* . . . Walburton landed somewhere else before he landed here—at some place carpeted with early wildflowers! Anemones are among the first. You used the words quite recently, Carr, 'But of course it would be overgrown now—' "

"El Hamiz!" cried Carr. "Good Lord, sir! Walburton must have been forced down at El Hamiz!"

"Are you mad, or am I?" Maitland demanded. "If Walburton landed at El Hamiz, why did he afterward cross Rutbah and report 'All's well?' "

"There is no evidence whatever," said Bimbâshi Barûk, "to show that Walburton ever did cross Rutbah . . ."

RUTBAH regained, the bimbâshi had speedy corroboration of a theory which had presented itself to his mind as the only logical explanation of an episode otherwise inexplicable. Colonel Roden-Pyne had phoned an order to the effect that he was to be called up the moment Bimbâshi Barûk returned. The call was put through. . . .

"Hello, B. B.—urgent news for you. Anything to report?"

"I have found the missing plane."

"It was the real one, eh? Well?"

"Not a soul on board."

"No?" Colonel Roden-Pyne's voice gave the impression of a flat tire. "But the transport plans?"

"I regret to say are missing. I have come to the conclusion—"

"Wait a minute. There's something you must know. The new code (I call it Ack-Toc) is out of commission. The other side has got hold of it! I have the man responsible—native clerk—but it's cold consolation. They knew all about General Cooper's journey—even the identity word—"

"That is the conclusion to which I had come."

"What! How?"

"It's a long story, and I am in the middle of a job."

"Any hope?"

"Some. The plane has just come in, and I find myself curiously interested in the fact that General Cooper is a nonsmoker. I have an inquiry to make on this subject before starting."

"Where for?"

"El Hamiz . . ."

Reconnaissance by plane of El Hamiz revealed, notably, a V-shaped patch of brilliant blue shining like an enameled victory sign set in the desert. This was the abandoned airfield, now a meadow of wildflowers. Near by, lay a long, squat building, surrounded by what appeared to be the remains of a wall. Excluding an assembly of carrion crows, which took to the air as the plane approached, no living thing was visible.

"Apparently not in enemy possession," said Carr; and then: "Hello! what's that?"

A flash of light had showed momentarily from a point between the wall and the low building.

"Field glasses," replied the bimbâshi; "somebody watching us."

Carr banked in a sharp turn, and they swept back over the airfield. Almost at the same moment a man came running out into brilliant sunshine, below; he was waving some white object which might have been (and was) a towel. Bimbâshi Barûk focused his glasses. He saw that the man with a towel was attired in shirt and trousers, both of khaki color; that he had a profusion of gray hair.

"Shall I make a landing, sir?"

"Yes."

They sank down onto a carpet of blue anemones with shallow sandy soil beneath and some firm flat foundation. As Bimbâshi Barûk climbed out, the gray-haired man, breathless, but clear-eyed, came up.

"Do I address Brigadier General Cooper?" the bimbâshi said.

"You do."

"I am Major Barûk, and more than happy to see you well, sir."

But General Cooper's manner remained unaccountably furtive, even when he acknowledged the bimbâshi's salute and accepted his hand.

"Do you entertain some doubts concerning me?" Barûk asked sharply. "Possibly Flight Lieutenant Carr can reassure you."

Indeed, the youthful joy of that officer had a most beneficent effect, and General Cooper explained himself.

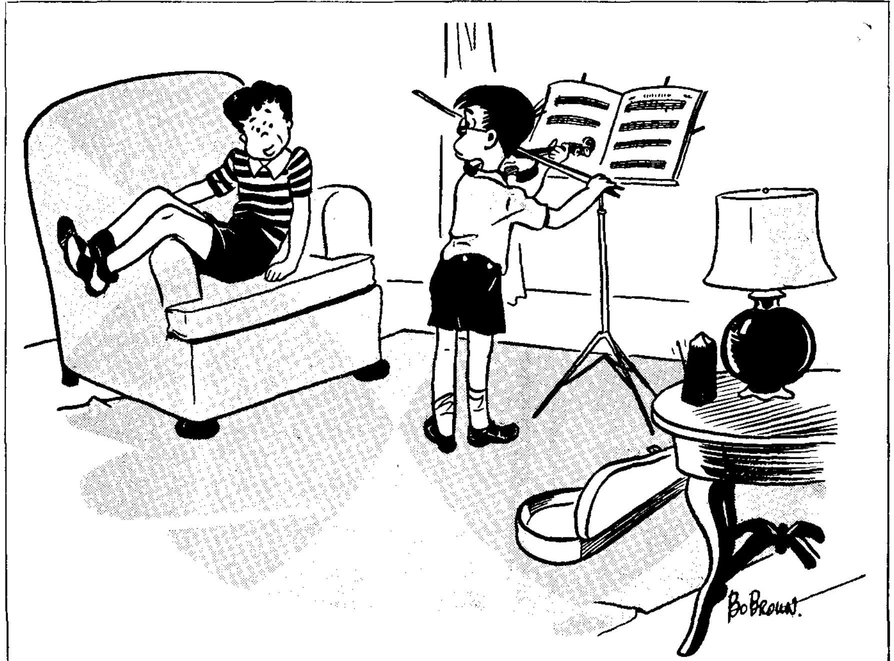
"I apologize most sincerely, Major," he said. "I believe you will understand when you know the facts."

But even as he spoke, the bimbâshi was glancing around him interrogatively.

"You are wondering about the other members of my party?" the general suggested. "If you will come across to temporary headquarters—" he smilingly indicated the squat building—"and permit me to complete my toilet, which your welcome arrival interrupted, I will tell you the story."

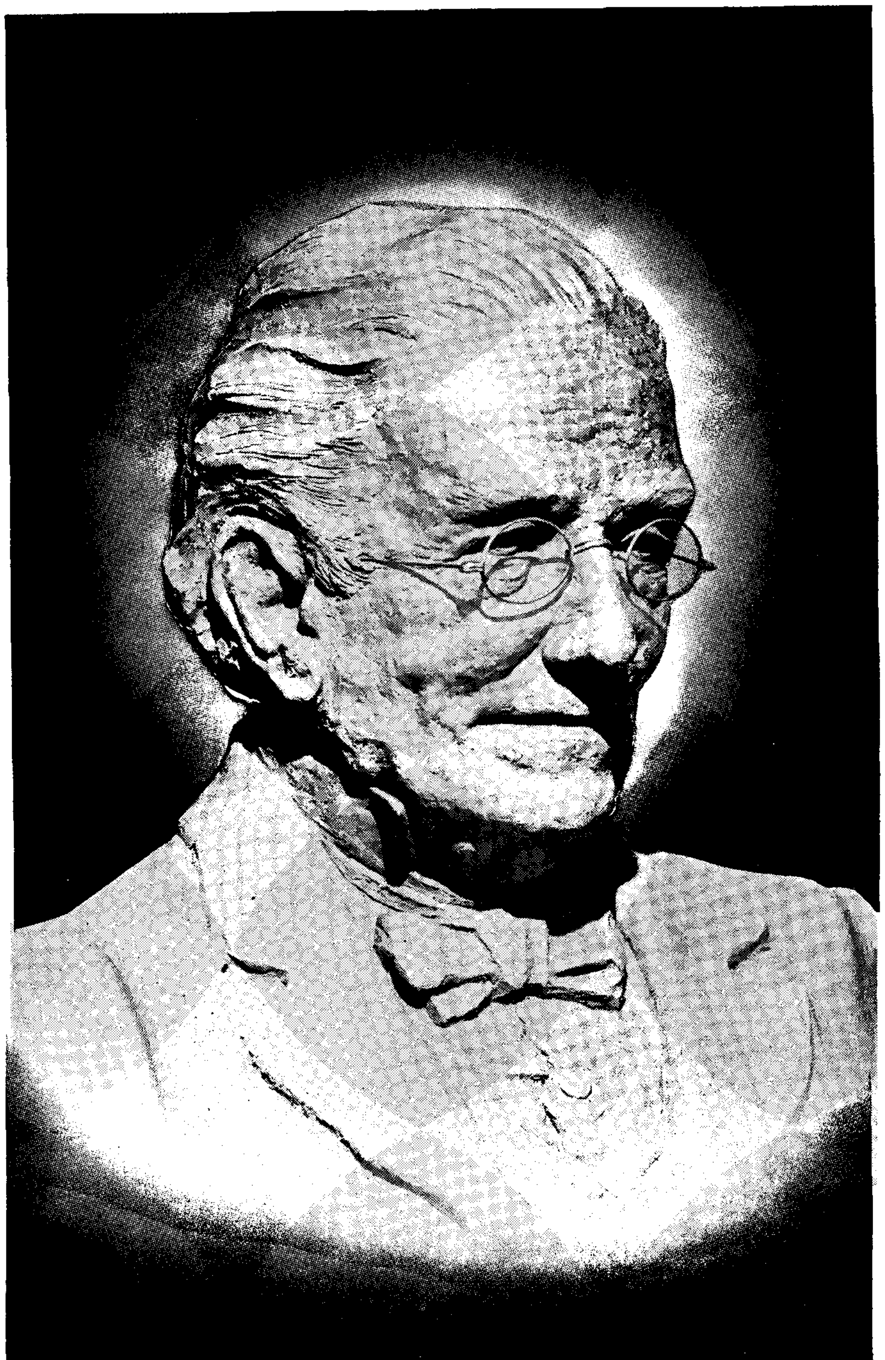
And this was the story:

"About three minutes of six it hap-



"What are you going to be if the neighbors let you grow up?"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN



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STOP GOO

pened. The steward was mixing drinks and I was writing a letter. I noticed some disturbance, and Sergeant Marks came to tell me that urgent orders had just come through. An unidentified plane was between us and Rutbah, and we were instructed to change direction north-northwest and make for a place called El Hamiz, where we would find a British party. There we must land, and await further orders. I asked him 'Is El Hamiz a regular airfield?' He said he didn't know, but that the situation was evidently serious as we were warned not to use our radio.

"We couldn't disturb the pilots for details, but Miss Yuan had a guidebook in which El Hamiz was mentioned. She marked the paragraph and passed the book around. It didn't sound promising; in fact, even drinks were forgotten, and everybody was looking out for enemy aircraft . . ."

Walburton arrived at El Hamiz, exchanged messages, and alighted on the azure runway. A party of armed men wearing British battle dress surrounded the plane; a lieutenant of artillery received the general and other passengers. Accompanied by Miss Yuan, Colonel Western and Captain Wallace, the general, engaged in conversation with Lieutenant O'Neil (for so he had introduced himself), crossed to that long, low building which they had observed from the air. "Don't bother to bring anything," Lieutenant O'Neil had said. "I am happy to tell you that the plane will be leaving again, on a new course, almost immediately."

ENTERING a bleak, concrete apartment, lighted by iron-barred windows, General Cooper found himself and his friends under cover of a machine gun, the nose of which protruded through an opening in the wall! Lieutenant O'Neil stepped outside, closed the door and addressed them through one of the windows.

"I must apologize for this interruption of your journey, but I am merely obeying orders. I am a German officer. Any sound will result in the machine gun opening fire. This I should very much regret. Your heavy baggage will be restored to you. There is water and some rations."

A trifling misunderstanding arose, but was soon settled, before the R.A.F. complement of the plane, escorted by three armed men, marched up to join the general's party. Sergeant Marks was seen to be developing a black eye. When all were securely locked in:

"I spotted the dirty business a minute too late," the sergeant explained. "There's a *Jap* in charge out there!"

Such, indeed, proved to be the case, for the Oriental in question presently appeared at a barred window. The yellow gentleman was liberal with apologies, but explained that the transport plans carried by General Cooper were indispensable to his purpose. He was sure that so many resourceful officers would find a means of extricating themselves and their charming lady companion from this predicament. He retired; so did the machine gun.

"We broke out in eighteen hours, Major. It was a tough proposition. Marks and Dimes worked miracles."

"But where are they?"

"Marks and Dimes set out right away on the trail to Rutbah. They took enough water and rations to last the journey, on a low quota, if they didn't meet up with anybody or find a well on the road. Wallace and Camper followed (we drew lots); then Walburton and Western."

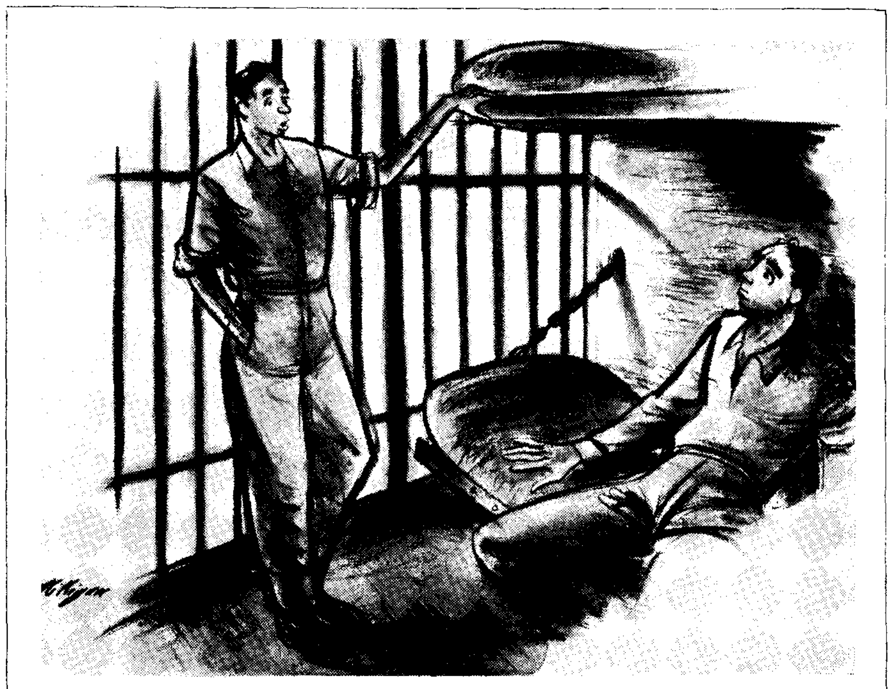
"But Miss Yuan?"

"No doubt she, too, has been completing her toilette, for here she comes."

Bimbâshi Barûk turned, as a slender girl entered from sunshine. She wore a suit which Bond Street might have delivered that morning; her stockings and shoes were Fifth Avenue. Glossy black hair framed a face which resembled a placid ivory mask, but the fine, slightly oblique eyes said that there might be snow on sleeping volcanoes. Her acknowledgment of General Cooper's presentation of Bimbâshi Barûk was that of one making a new and welcome acquaintance in the park.

"This place is a regular fortress, Major Barûk," she said; her voice was that of a silver bell and she spoke English which had no trace of accent. "It is built of concrete: you can see the mixers overgrown with wildflowers. It was their storehouse, I suppose, and they had to provide against Arab raiders. The airfield is as you see it—a carpet of blue anemones."

"To blue anemones," declared Bimbâshi Barûk, "I owe the pleasure of meeting you. But I fail to understand how you have existed here for more than three days and still contrive to resemble a cover design for a New York magazine."



"For once I had an alibi. The night the First National got robbed I was in Scarsdale, robbin' a house"

COLLIER'S JOHN MILLIGAN

"We found a water tank," said General Cooper. "It was pretty foul, certainly. But there was enough of iron rations left us to keep the party alive for a week in a pinch. Our heavy baggage was handed back—with the exception of one portfolio."

"But I left all my make-up in the plane," added Miss Yuan. "I am not as a rule so pale as this. When the general first sighted you, we were terrified—"

"I venture to doubt it."

"We thought it was the enemy returning; we thought they had found out."

"Indeed!" Bimbâshi Barûk's white teeth were revealed in a smile which collaborated successfully with his blue eyes. "Found out what?"

"That the plans in General Cooper's portfolio were not the plans of the Persian supply route! You see, there are plenty of old maps and plans in Cairo, and I had a sort of intuition—intuitions are not Hitler's copyright. I scratched out some lettering and put other lettering in. It was easy."

"She had a hunch, Major," said the general. "It was right, too. We left the original plans at American headquarters. Those in the portfolio don't mean anything. I guess the Japanese thief beat it right for the Persian border, or he'd be back by now. Miss Yuan tells me that this holdup is the work of a certain Mr. Ko."

The bimbâshi turned to Miss Yuan, who was watching him contemplatively. "Do you mean that the man that you saw was Mr. Ko?"

"No, no," the Chinese girl replied. "Marquis Karasu would not have been so easily tricked. The marquis is clever. He is my enemy, the enemy of my people. I had never seen the man who was here. But what I persuaded General Cooper to do was this: I made photographs, much reduced, like aerographs, of the plans and of the text. These, we brought with us. I could easily have printed suitable enlargements in Teheran when we arrived. The negatives were in the general's attaché case on the plane, and—" she performed odd little gestures with slim fingers—"the plane has gone."

Bimbâshi Barûk patted her gently on the shoulder.

"My dear Miss Yuan, your intuition has not been wasted. We have recovered the plane. Mr. Ko has failed through a fault, common to his type of mentality, that of overelaboration. The plane was flown to Rutbah, at a most terrific speed, to make up lost time, and, as he had stolen the code in use, messages were exchanged which allayed immediate suspicion.

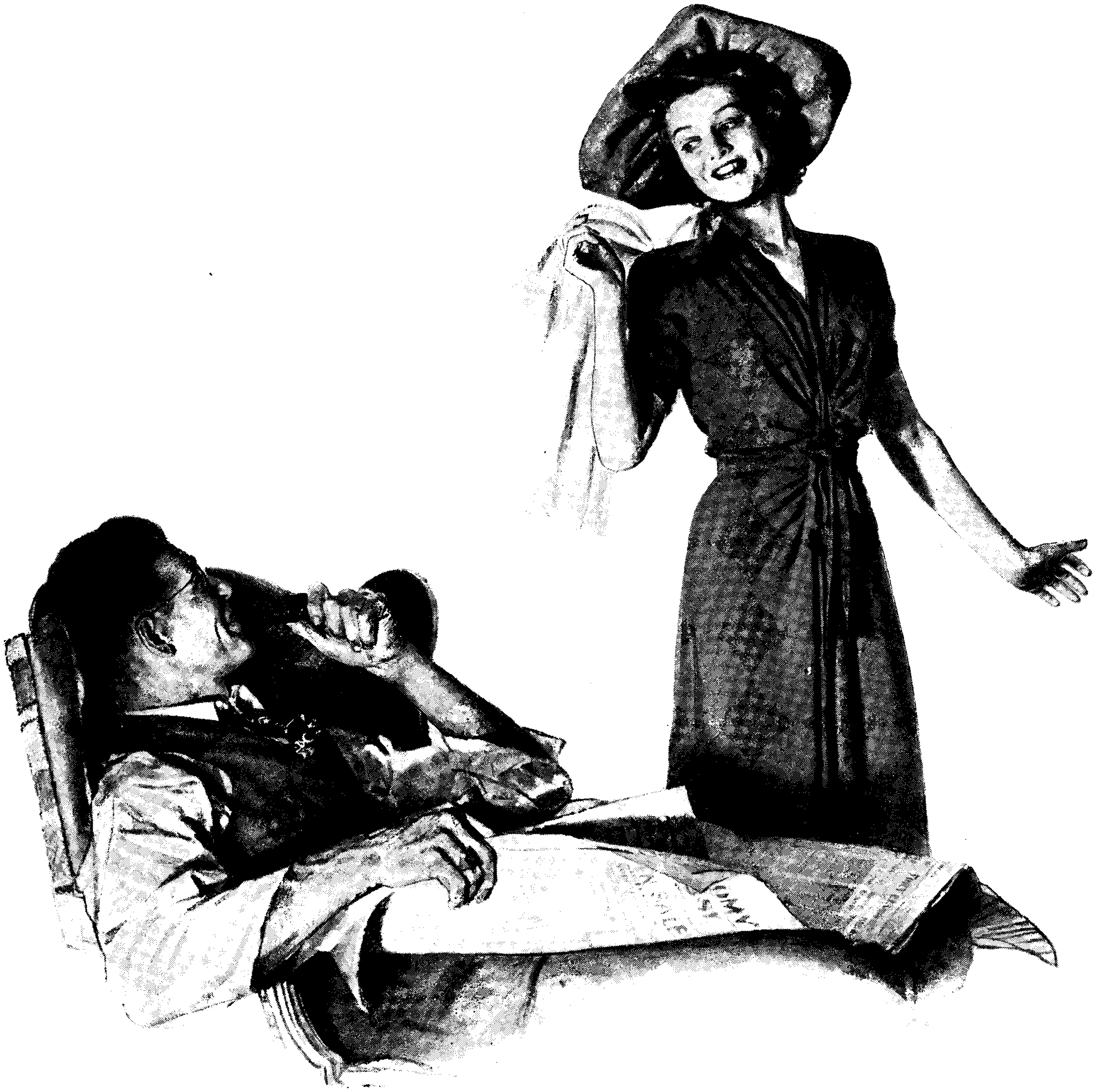
"His chief object in getting rid of the plane was to defeat air reconnaissance here in case the radio messages had been picked up by someone else. Then, it was abandoned in the Syrian Desert, no doubt at a prearranged spot where some sort of transport for the pilots was waiting, and everything on board was left as found, further to confuse inquiry. They needed time for their journey, you see. I am concerned about your companions, I confess." (As a matter of record, Marks and Dimes reached Rutbah some hours later and the other parties were picked up by patrols.) "But your aerographs are in safe hands."

"WHAT'S that?" cried General Cooper, and his expression changed magically. "What's that?"

"I considered it my duty to read your unfinished letter, and I noted, sir, that you were a nonsmoker. Some hours later the significance of this, considered in conjunction with the presence in your bag of a tin of Turkish cigarettes, dawned upon me. I examined the seal, and found that it had been, very neatly, tampered with. I broke it—and discovered the films. May I congratulate you, Miss Yuan? It is a pleasure—and a vast relief—to know that we have you on our side."

Miss Yuan took the bimbâshi's extended hand, and a faint flush, like that in the heart of a lotus, crept over her ivory cheeks.

THE END



MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

THERE'S MARY IN HER NEW FALL HAT...looking young and sweet and like a bride again.

"Sa-a-ay!" Joe says, "You ought to be in pictures!"

And that's worth more than orchids—to Mary. That's one of the little things that make *big* differences to all of us.

Little things...the nice trifles people say to you... the simple pleasures you enjoy...

That's what makes your good days better—helps you through the bad ones. That's what keeps you smiling. That's *morale.*

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer or ale . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

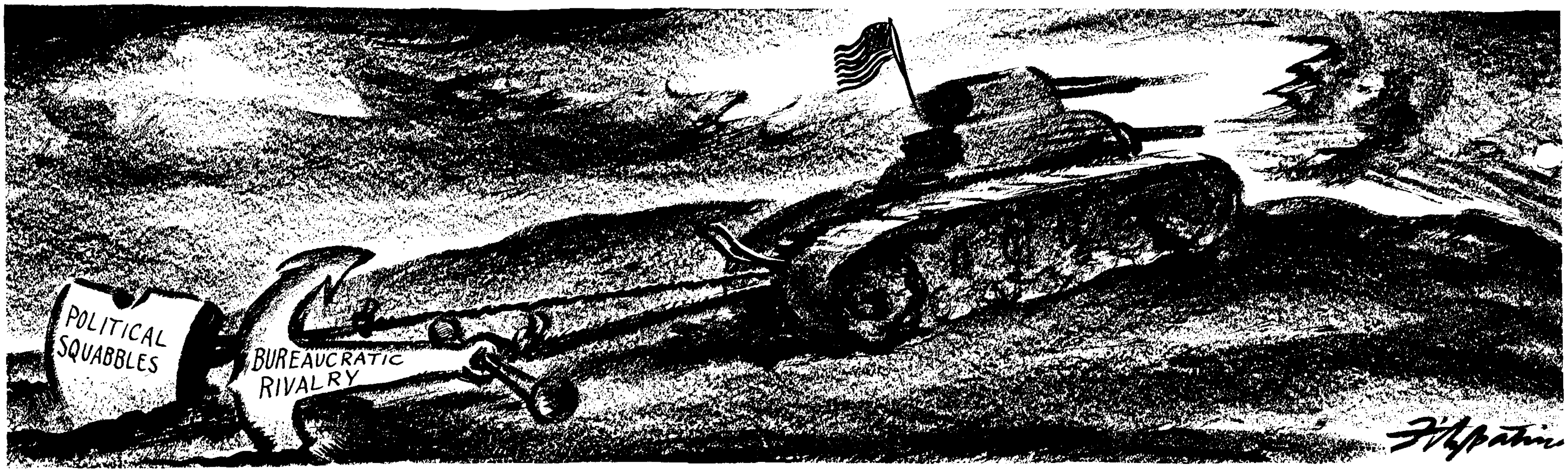
A small thing, surely—not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirits, keep up the courage.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A cool, refreshing glass of beer—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

COLLIER'S WILLIAM L. CHENERY, Editor • CHARLES COLEBAUGH, Managing Editor • THOMAS H. BECK, Editorial Direct



AND NOW, WHAT'S HOLDING US UP?

LORD STRABOLGI, Great Britain's noted Labor peer, had a slashing article in a recent Collier's, which we hope none of the customers skipped.

Entitled "What's Wrong with the British Army?" the Labor lord's commentary stated the case against the Old School Tie and its clutch on British army commissions as succinctly as we've ever seen it stated. The gist of Lord Strabolgi's complaint, as you'll remember if you read the article, is that the British army, though composed of 3,500,000 men of as gallant fighting stock as Wellington or Kitchener or Haig ever led, is officered in the main by a lot of tradition-tied, backward-looking though entirely well-meaning men drawn largely from the British middle class.

In consequence, Britain's officer class habitually gets ready to fight the next war on the principles learned at great cost in men and treasure in the last war. Things have come to a point where Englishmen are now telling one another jokes like the one about a sudden boom on the British stock market during one of the Libyan retreats—the boom being finally traced to a rumor that the Germans had captured 25 British generals.

Lord Strabolgi has high hopes that the present war may see the end of the Old School Tie system, and its replacement by a scheme for getting officer material wherever the best material happens to be found, regardless of social rank, schooling and financial standing.

This will be a valuable reform when and if it comes to pass. But while we're considering the mote in the eye of the British army, how about some attention to any beam there may be in our own eye?

In plainer English, why aren't we winning the war faster?

We have now been in the war for more than nine months. Our war production is going great guns. We have good officers and are getting better ones all the time. Our privates and noncoms are praised by all observers for their intelligence, aggressiveness and thorough training. Why, then, doesn't our fighting machine click more swiftly and effectively into action? What's holding us up?

We're only laymen, of course; we don't pretend to be experts. But we think one of the answers, at least, is plain to any layman. We think bureaucracy and politics-as-usual at Washington constitute the chief present drag on our war jeep, which ought by now to be more nearly a juggernaut.

Boards and bureaus for this and that are multiplying like guinea pigs—so much so that they are spilling over from Washington into other Eastern cities. A board, once created, almost never dies. It takes to fighting other boards for power, prestige and bigger pay rolls. Thus it wastes time which it should be spending to help fight the war. Multiply that situation by several hundreds of boards, and you have a Situation on the way to becoming a SITUATION.

The situation is particularly bad in the War Production Board, with bureau fighting bureau, dollar-a-year men fighting Socialist, Socialist fighting Communist, and so on and so forth. The WPB situation is not helped by the fact that Donald M. Nelson, head of the WPB, is so fine a fellow that he can't fire anybody, or even risk hurting a friend's feelings by hinting that the friend turn out a bit more work and a bit less talk. Washington's only finer fellow in this respect than Nelson is the President himself.

Another thing which is helping us win the war not at all is the feeling which still prevails in Washington that nobody is fit to help fight the war unless he was in 100% agreement with the President's foreign policies before Pearl Harbor.

As for politics-as-usual—Australian newspapers are charging ever more bluntly at this writing that Gen. Douglas MacArthur has been sidetracked and underequipped in Australia because the New Dealers fear a possible MacArthur candidacy for President some day.

There is still a large and fanatical group in official Washington which is determined, not so much to win the war, as to use the war as a means of bringing about a collectivist revolution in this country.

The War and Navy departments carry on much of their peacetime rivalry and standoffishness in the thick of this war.

These are some of the raw materials out of which an indictment of our war effort to date can be justly built.

Our main handicaps at this time are political and bureaucratic . . . and handicaps of that kind are as capable of losing a war as handicaps of any other kind.

"FOR BETTER OR FOR WORSE"

BELIEVE it or not, we ran the other day into the case of a young lady whose fiancé did not measure up to her standards in regard to culture, holding his liquor and losing money at bridge.

"Just wait till we're married," she was wont to say with a toss of her pretty head, "and all that will be taken care of."

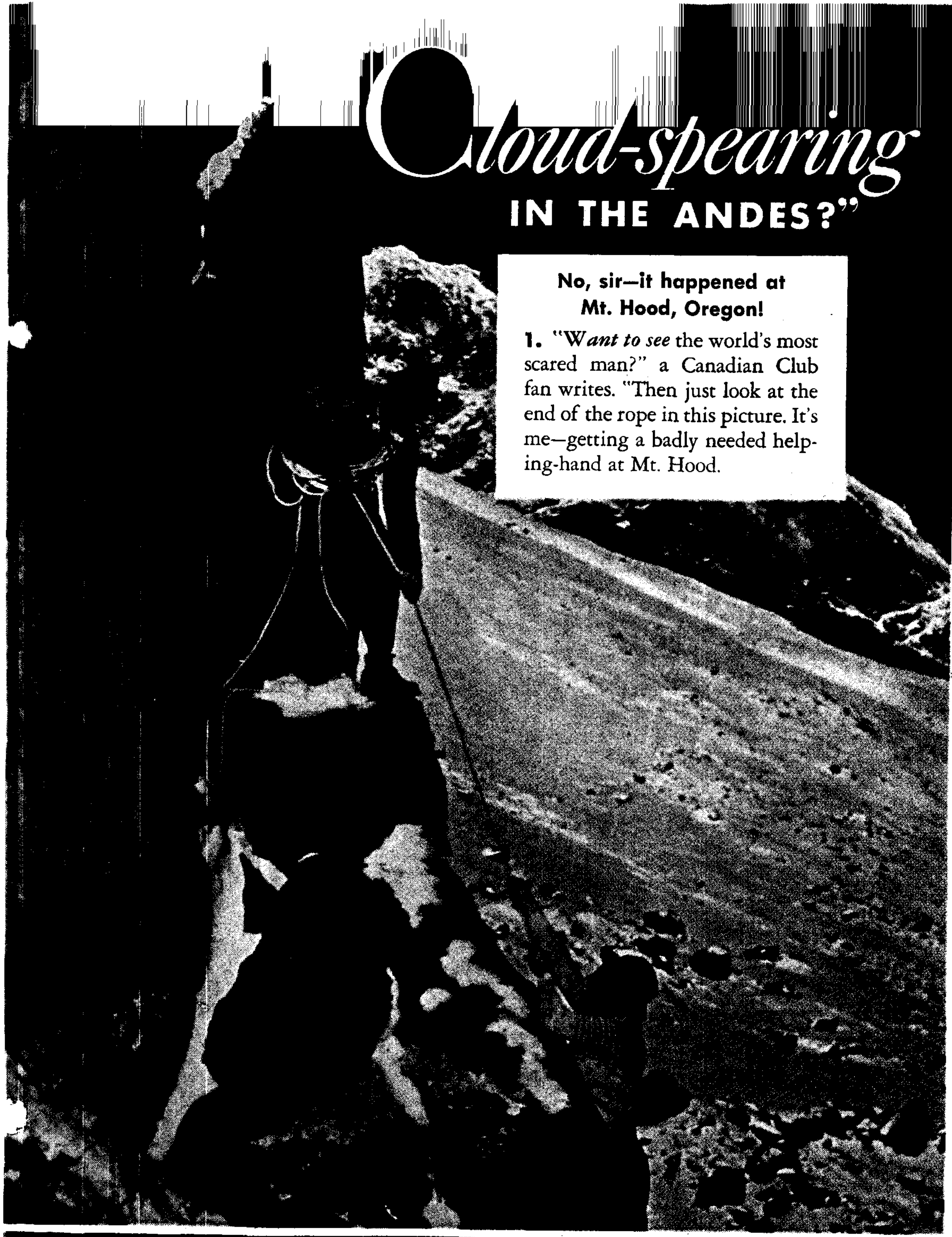
We thought this attitude had passed out with the Eugénie hat if not with the bustle. But if there is still one American girl, as we now know there is, who hopes to reform the man after she has married him, there must be numerous others.

For such girls—and for any young men who may have reformist plans for their intendeds—we will now deal out as reliable a piece of advice as has ever been tested down the ages in the crucible of human experience. That advice is: Don't.

If the person to whom you are engaged doesn't meet your main specifications for a life companion now, the chances are 99 to 1 that he or she never will, and that nothing you can do after the ceremony will improve matters. Whoever put the phrase "for better or for worse" into the marriage ritual knew human nature. You take a husband or a wife for what he or she is, not for something you hope to turn him or her into—or you point your marriage for the rocks from the start.

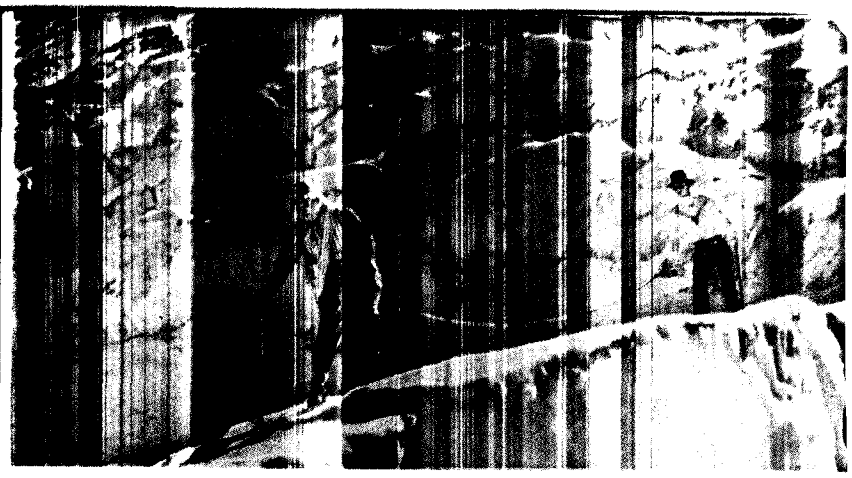
Reformers in public life are bad enough, as a rule. A reformer in the home is an endless cause of misery; and not only to the object of his or her reforming ambitions but to himself or herself as well.

"Cloud-spearing IN THE ANDES?"



No, sir—it happened at Mt. Hood, Oregon!

1. "*Want to see* the world's most scared man?" a Canadian Club fan writes. "Then just look at the end of the rope in this picture. It's me—getting a badly needed helping-hand at Mt. Hood.

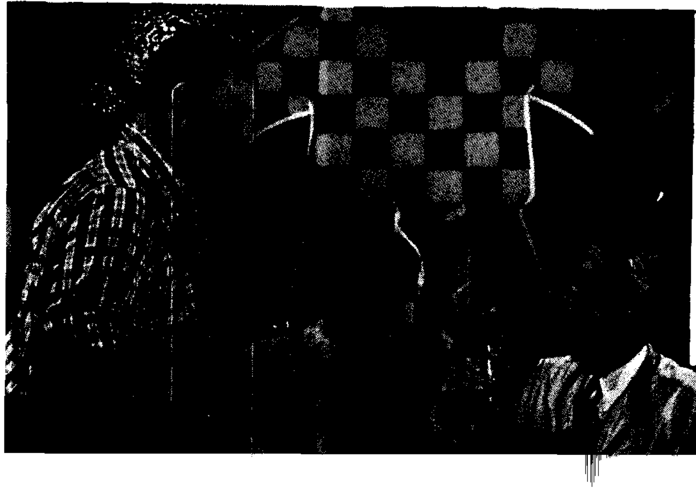


2. "*Being led along* a slippery path with a sheer drop on both sides wasn't any too nerve-soothing, either. I'd have given anything to be at home, over a Canadian Club and soda. Even more so, when . . .

3. "*My guide led me* up a steep crevasse between towering walls of ice, and asked if I'd like to hear a hair-raising echo.

4. "I *gasped* I wouldn't, but he yodeled anyhow. Whew! I expected tons of that ice to come avalanching down on us.

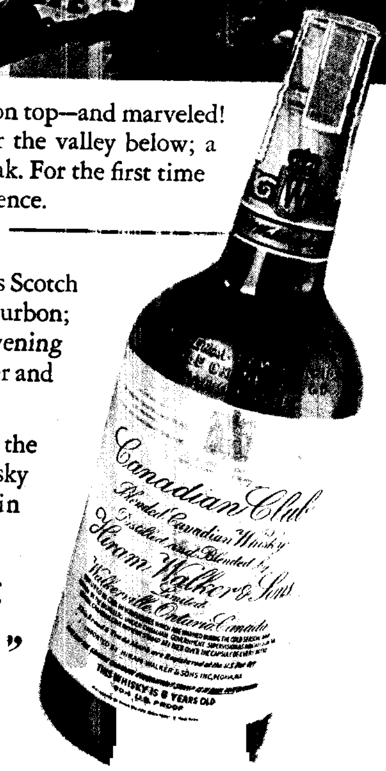
5. "*Suddenly* we pulled up on top—and marveled! A veil of clouds floated over the valley below; a plume of snow blew off a peak. For the first time in my life I *heard* absolute silence.



6. "*Oh, the climb down*—but that, too, was worth while. For back at our lodge we settled down to discuss our climb over that friend of sportsmen everywhere—*Canadian Club!*"

Why have so many Americans switched to Canadian Club lately? Because of its unique, delightful flavor. No other whisky in all the world tastes like Canadian Club. It's *light* as Scotch—*rich* as rye—*satisfying* as bourbon; and you can stick with it all evening long—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after.

That's why Canadian Club is the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States (and in Scotland, too!).



IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois

Women in the War

AME
L
THE
VILIAN
SH&A M

In this photo the Motor Corps of the American Women's Voluntary Services is represented. The young lady standing is dressed for duty behind the wheel. Blue-gray tunic, skirt, visored cap, dispatch case, brown leather belt. The seated driver wears her working uniform for *under* a car. The Camels are an important part of the uniform, too. The same grand flavor and extra mildness that make them such a favorite with men in uniform click with women in uniform, too.

The trim, alert drivers of the British-American Ambulance Corps look very smart in their blue-gray "R.A.F. style" uniforms. These girls can read a map like a field marshal, drive in the pitch darkness of a black-out, assemble a motor, do a man's work any day. Steady nerves are a must on a job like theirs. Notice how many of them smoke Camels. And remember, Camels are the favorite with the men in the armed forces.

Wherever you find the Services you find Camels

Steady Nerves ...that's the order of the hour not only with the *men* in all the armed services but in all the *women's* services, too.

Here is a member of The National Security Women's Corps. An ambitious recruit, having passed her courses, is entitled to wear this smart uniform of slate blue with brown belt and overseas cap. Motor mechanics, rifle shooting, map reading, hospital aid, fire wardening are just a few of the courses studied. The cigarette—Camel, of course. Camels are a favorite in the services.

This crisp, efficient-looking young lady is dressed for service as a Hospital Aide in the American Women's Hospitals Reserve Corps. You see Camels everywhere in the women's services. "They're so mild. And they taste so good," women say. You hear that all over.

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
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